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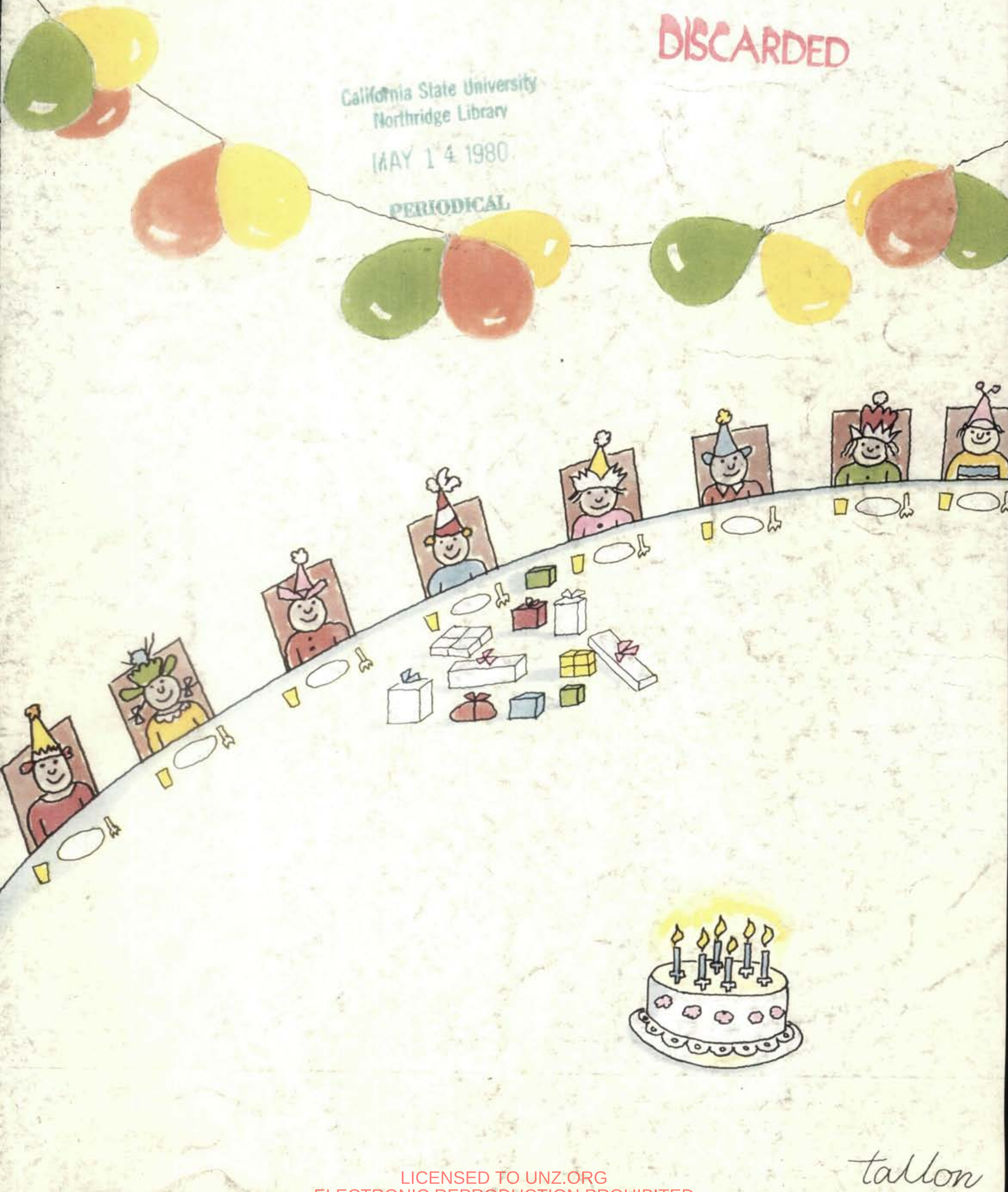

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE AMERICAN CLOCK—A play by Arthur Miller, set during the Depression. The cast of fifteen will portray more than fifty characters. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. Previews through Saturday, May 17, after which it will open at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, and move to Broadway in early fall. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 14, at 2:30.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—A potpourri of dance numbers from Broadway musicals of the past ("Walking Happy," "Bye Bye Birdie," and "The Sound of Music," among others). (Harkness House, 4 E. 75th St. Monday through Friday, May 12-16, at 7:45; Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 20-22, at 7:45. For information about tickets, call 879-5750.)

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—Two plays in repertory. **JOHNNY ON A SPOT** is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/10/80.) Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, at 8. . . . ¶ The American première of Gorky's **BARBARIANS**, a turn-of-the-century comedy about a couple of engineers who come to a small provincial town to build a railroad. The play is only fair, but the performance is admirable. Sheila Allen, Roxanne Hart, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. The new translation is by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. (4/28/80) Friday, May 9, at 8; Saturday, May 10, at 2 and 8; Sunday, May 11, at 2 and 7; Tuesday through Friday, May 13-16, at 8; and Saturday, May 17, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BARNUM—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BENT—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Starting Monday, May 12, Caroline Lagerfelt will replace Miss Danner. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, May 11, at 3.)

BLACKSTONE!—Magic and illusion by Harry Blackstone, Jr., and a troupe of thirty, which includes a disappearing 6,500-pound elephant. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14. Opens officially on Thursday, May 15. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LE CENTRE INTERNATIONAL DE CRÉATIONS THÉÂTRALES—Peter Brook's Paris-based company presenting three plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), **L'OS** and Alfred Jarry's **UBU**: Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **THE IK** (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"): Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS** (in English): Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 5 and 8. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (3/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CITY JUNKET—A comedy by Kenward Elmslie is the inaugural presentation of the Eye and Ear Theatre, for which Red Grooms did the sets and costumes. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3:30.)

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE—An English musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1946 Irving Berlin musical **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** is the final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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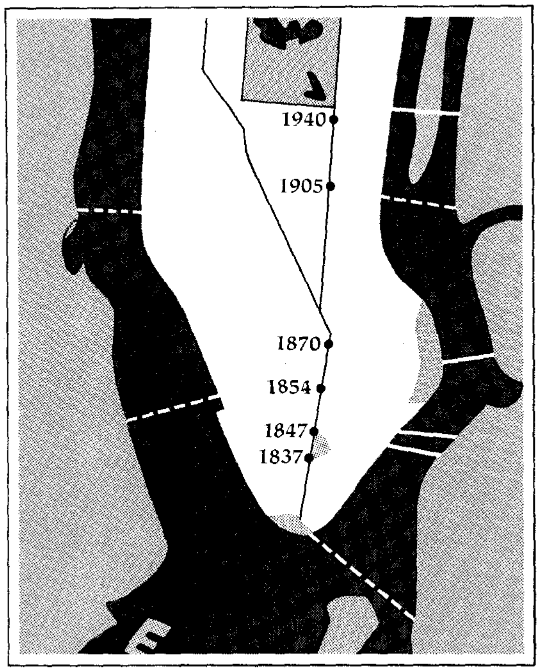

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Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Happy New Year—An attempt by Burt Shevelove to mingle portions of Philip Barry's "Holiday" with half a dozen songs by Cole Porter. Not a good idea, as Barry and Porter would probably have been the first to say. (5/5/80) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Heartbreak House—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Frank Hamilton, Louise Troy, Michael Lipton, and David Sabin. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Hide and Seek—Elizabeth Ashley gallantly attempts to make a real play out of what amounts to a collection of secondhand props: thunder, rain, blown fuses, and a ghost in pigtails. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—Samm-Art Williams' play, with Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay re-creating the roles they first played Off Broadway with the Negro Ensemble Company. Douglas Turner Ward is the director. Opens on Wednesday, May 7, at 7. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, May 14, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (3/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

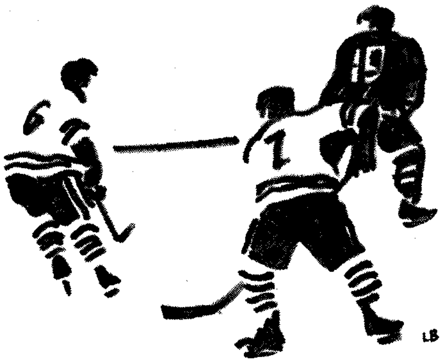
The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 11: **THE SORCERER** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 14-18: **THE GONDOLIERS**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Eric Roberts in a two-character play by Bill C. Davis. Directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)



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Mecca—A play by E. A. Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 581-1810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Musical Chairs—A musical about theatre audiences, with music and lyrics by Tom Savage, and a book by Barry Berg, Ken Donnelly, and Mr. Savage. Lee Meredith, Ron Holgate, Brandon Maggart, and Patti Karr head the cast. Directed by Rudy Tronto. Previews through Saturday, May 10. Opens officially on Sunday, May 11. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Tom Topor has written a play about a woman seeking to prove she is sane and therefore capable of standing trial for manslaughter. A courtroom drama that succeeds in large part because the woman is played by Anne Twomey. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—After twenty-odd years, a marriage is coming apart, and yet nothing better is likely to take its place. Much domestic bickering and bantering, well carried out by Laurence Luckinbill and Barbara Feldon. Starting Saturday, May 10, Michael Miller will replace Mr. Luckinbill. (5/5/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Roast—Rob Reiner, Peter Boyle, Bill Macy, David Huddleston, and Doug McClure portray comedians at a show-business roast, in a comedy by Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall. There are fourteen in the cast altogether. Directed by Carl Reiner. Previews Wednesday, May 7. Opens officially on Thursday, May 8. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore gives an impressive performance in a play that has been rewritten to turn a hero into a heroine, with unlucky results. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W.

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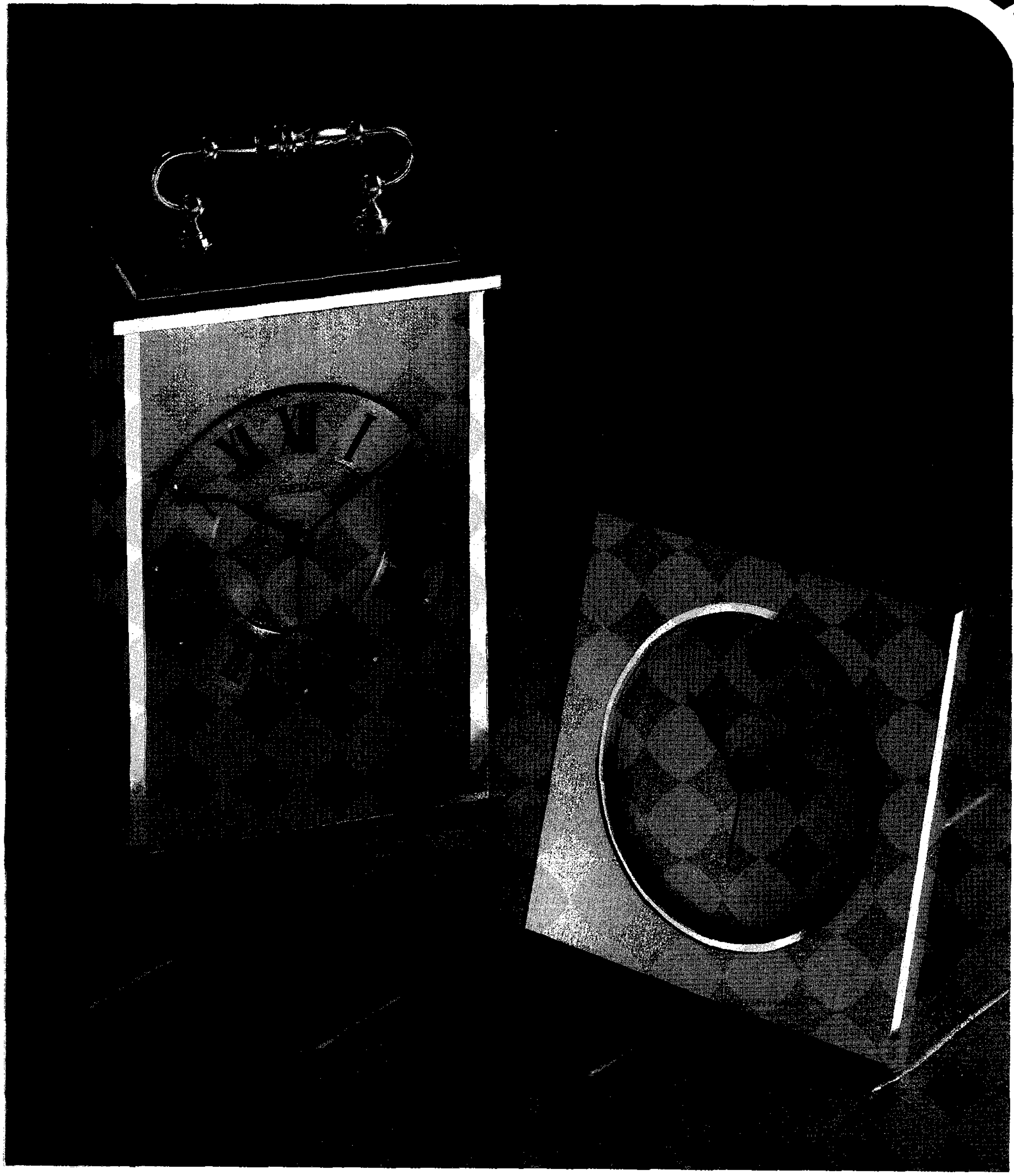

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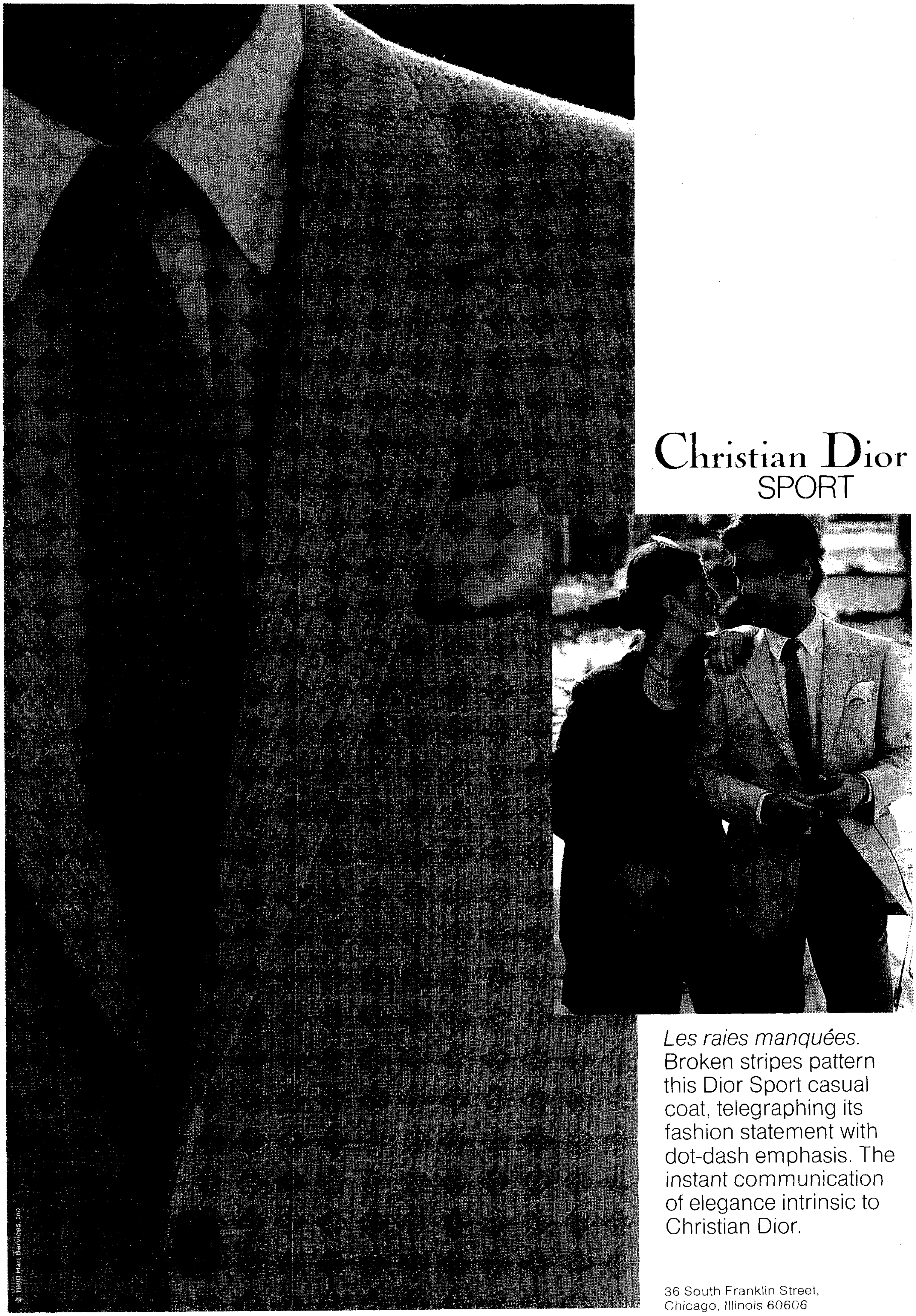

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46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,328 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **STRIDER:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

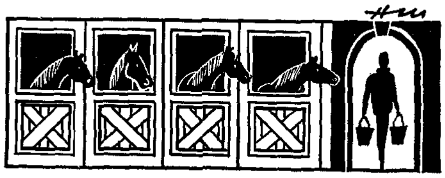
BLACK BROADWAY—A three-week engagement of black musical theatre with Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Honi Coles, Elisabeth Welch, Edith Wilson, Adelaide Hall, and others. Originally presented as a one-day event at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 787-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, May 24.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Singer-dancer Ginger Rogers has joined the lineup of Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6. Closes Monday, May 26.)

INTERNATIONAL PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL—A five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York will perform. Through Sunday, May 11: "The Biko Inquest" by Jon Blair and Norman Fenton, performed by the University of Ife Theatre of Nigeria. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 13-18: "And God Sent Noah the Rainbow Sign: No More Water, the Fire Next Time," performed by the Oval Theatre of London. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 7: "Apollo," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "The Four Temperaments," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade" (première), and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 10: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Ballade," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 10: "Firebird," "Calcium Light Night," "Ballade," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 11: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 11: "Firebird," "Episodes," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 13: "Apollo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 14: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Walpurgis Nacht Ballet," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "Episodes," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 29.)



AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 7: "Billy the Kid," "Fantaisie Sérieuse" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8: "Interplay," "Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9; Saturday matinée and evening, May 10; and Monday evening, May 12: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 13; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 14; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 17: "Don Quixote.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Concert Waltzes," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Billy the Kid," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "Concert Waltzes," "Billy the Kid," "Le Retour," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 25—Wednesday evening, May 7; Saturday matinée, May 10; Sunday evening, May 11; and Thursday evening, May 15: "Later That Day" and "Inside" (both New York premières), "Les Noces," and "Memoria.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 8; Saturday evening, May 10; and Friday evening, May 16: "The Mooche," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 9; Sunday matinée, May 11; Wednesday evening, May 14; and Saturday evening, May 17: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 13, and Saturday matinée, May 17: "Flowers," "Cry," "Memoria," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, May 7, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8: "From Gentle Circles," "Concerto Grosso," "Four Temperaments," and "Sylvia Pas de Deux.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 2: "From Gentle Circles," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Concerto Grosso," and "Pas de Dix.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Four Men Waiting," "Pas de Dix," and "Celestial Images." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DANCE AT THE MIDTOWN Y—Two programs of contemporary dance. **ANDREW DE GROAT AND DANCERS:** Saturday and Sunday, May 10-11, at 8:30. . . . **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY:** Saturday, May 17, at 7:30 and 10, and Sunday, May 18, at 8. (344 E. 14th St. 673-2207.)

LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS—Performing a new full-length work entitled "Music." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 15, at 7; Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8; and Sunday, May 18, at 2.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Fernando Bujones being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. The lineup: Pure Prairie League, a country-rock outfit, Wednesday, May 7; Rachel Sweet, an English rock star who hails from Akron, Ohio, Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10; the **ROCHES**, three folk-singing sisters, Sunday and Monday, May 11-12; guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and his quartet, along with pianist Jeff Lorber's jazz band, Fusion, Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15; and pianist **HORACE SILVER'S** quintet and the **BRECKER BROTHERS** Friday through Sunday, May 16-18,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a great swinging hard-bop pianist, works with his bass-playing associate, **RED MITCHELL**, through Saturday, May 10. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—It's **BOBBY SHORT** season again in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Short is assisted by his usual bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his new drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs in the city hang overhead in this rock-and-roll Bowery outpost. The bands: singer **BABY JANE DEXTER'S** band and Big Spender Wednesday, May 7; Tiger Beats and Vivitones Thursday, May 8; Craig Bevan & the Tourists and Drongoes Friday, May 9; and Neighbors & Allies and Son Saturday, May 10. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist **JACK SIX** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, a Lake Charles, La., blueswoman—although she's been living in L.A. for quite some time—sings, chatters, and plays piano to the accompaniment of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and pianist **BEN ARONOV**, who go on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 11, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a lively quintet—trumpeter **MARVIN STAMM**, tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE**, bassist **SAM JONES**, and drummer **WALTER BOLDEN**. They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Saxophonist and composer **SAM RIVERS**, whose music occasionally challenges one's melodic perceptions, is here playing with his longtime colleague, bassist **DAVE HOLLAND**, through Saturday, May 10. On Tuesday, May 13, **CHICO FREEMAN**, a husky-toned tenor saxophonist—and flutist and soprano saxophonist as well—will come in with a quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**BILLY ECKSTINE** has had nearly as many high points in his career as a cat has lives: in the late thirties and early forties, he was a great jazz vocalist; in the forties, he led and played trombone in a history-making big band (the band not only played ground-breaking bebop, it had in its ranks Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie); since the fifties, he has been a great balladeer; and now (through Sunday, May 11), he is singing duets with his daughter Gina. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

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Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: singer Mark Murphy is here on Wednesday, May 7; Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11, will belong to Raw Sugar, a jazz-funk band; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14, Kim Fedena, a teen-age trouper—she is fourteen and was in the cast of "Annie"—will belt out some pop songs; and on Thursday, May 15, pianist Robert Kraft and his pop-jazz group will begin a four-night stay. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This Hanratty's offers live music: stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** performs through Saturday, May 10; on Tuesday, May 13, Hal Schaefer will take command of the keyboard. Music in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. On Wednesday, May 7, Reds and Rousers; Thursday, May 8, Matchbox and Zantees; Friday, May 9, Matchbox and Buzz & the Flyers; Saturday, May 10, the Know and Single Bullet Theory; and Tuesday, May 13, Wreckless Eric. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room: on Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and his group, Top Shelf; and Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and a cool-school quartet. Saxophonist and proprietor Mike Morgenstern is in charge of a jam session Wednesday nights. Sunday is big-band night. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, who is the main event here, performs with the house quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Here is the piano-bass schedule: **JIMMY ROWLES** and **RUFUS REID**, through Saturday, May 10; and **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE**, beginning Tuesday, May 13. On Sundays and Mondays, Howard Resnick plays solo piano. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Commander Cody and his latest group are onstage Wednesday, May 7; on Thursday, May 8, **CARL PERKINS**, a rockabilly patriarch, will, no doubt, be greeted with requests for "Blue Suede Shoes," "Boppin' the Blues," and "Honey Don't;" on Sunday, May 11, singer and guitarist Jerry Jeff Walker, a good old boy from Oneonta, N.Y., via Austin, will perform; Monday and Tuesday, May 12-13, folkie Jonathan Edwards will be present; and on Thursday, May 15, **JOHNNY WINTER**, a rock and blues guitarist and a genuine Texan, will drop in. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**ANITA O'DAY** has moved in to perform her melismatic vocals with a backing combo. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The Heartbreakers, who are sort of Max's home team, are here on Wednesday and Thursday, May 7-8, along with Panic Squad on Wednesday and Big Spender on Thursday. The rest of the rock and roll: Kieran Liscoe & the Attitudes and Luigi & the Wiseguys Friday, May 9; John Collins & the Terrorists and NYN Saturday, May 10; Honey Davis and Lobots Sunday, May 11; Splits, UXA, and Blades Monday, May 12; and Peter Tork, Cotton Mouth, Erotics, and TV Toy Tuesday, May 13. Music after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is paying a singing tribute to Frank Sinatra. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but rather in the nineties: it is this club, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. On Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, **SAM & DAVE**, the high-pitched, frenetic, soul-brother singers who usually dress in pink or apricot polyester tuxes, will be here, and it will most likely be very crowded. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. Blues singer **JOHN LEE HOOKER** is here on Wednesday, May 7; Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will play pop, jazz, Brazilian, and classical music with his trio; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14, Country Joe McDonald and the Fish will have a reunion; and on Thursday, May

OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY INTO THE HEARTS OF COLLECTORS.

BELLEEK CHINA

"Soon then began the first pottery for porcelain that Ireland had ever seen; and I shall never forget the day when, standing on the foundation stone, I addressed the tatterdemalion lot who assembled, wondering at what was coming; but many a shirtless boy then listening to me lives in a slate house of his own now, and for years since has wanted for nothing, while many more are at the heads of their departments, and others, again, are gentlemen in America." ❧ So wrote John Bloomfield, describing that lovely day in 1857 when he founded Belleek. Today, a century and a score later, there is still very little Belleek in all the world. ❧ The art of making it by hand is so demanding, relatively few pieces can be created each year. "The world now speaks with awe of this art and its mystique. ❧ In Ireland is born the glory; the fame of the name Belleek." It still isn't too late to become a collector. ❧ Write for literature & names of Belleek shops. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. ❧ So legendary, it's the subject of a new book.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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15, **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MCGHEE** will arrive to perform some rural blues. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** septet makes music for listening, dancing, and digging the view Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**BARBARA COOK** will be singing at eleven-thirty Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, at this famous cabaret that established itself in the seventies. Patti Pickens sings on Sundays from six, Judy Kaye sings at nine and eleven-thirty through Saturday, May 10; and various up-and-coming performers round out the week. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a salute to producer Hal Prince is under way, with Millicent Martin, John Cunningham, Pamela Myers, and Catherine Cox performing numbers from "West Side Story," "Cabaret," "Damn Yankees," and other princely productions. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Karl Ratzer, a jazz-rock guitarist, will head up a quintet on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13-14; Thursday, May 15, has been set aside for **YOSHIAKI MASUO**, a wonderful jazz and blues guitarist, and his group; and on Friday, May 16, trumpeter Tom Browne will arrive with his band. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Trombonist and arranger **SLIDE HAMPTON** is in charge of a quartet in the French Quarter, which looks exactly like a lounge in a bustling hotel—which is what it is. Music nightly, except Sundays, between nine-thirty and one.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES**, who sounds as vibrant now as he did in the fifties, when he played with Miles Davis, is leading a quartet through Saturday, May 10. Sunday and Monday, May 11-12, will belong to bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** group; and on Tuesday, May 13, **SONNY FORTUNE**, an alto saxophonist and another Miles Davis alumnus—from the seventies—will bring in his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—*Boîtes* featuring live jazz used to settle into ground-floor brownstones, but it has become commonplace now for clubs to be transformed ground-floor loftspaces. Syncopation is such a space, and it has a bar with carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. Grace Testani, a young jazz singer, will be performing with her trio on Wednesdays. Thursday through Saturday, May 8-10, drummer **LOUIS HAYES** works with his excellent hard-bop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER**, bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**, and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**. On Monday and Tuesday, May 12-13, bassist **AARON BELL'S** quartet will be on the stand; and Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** will lead a trio. Music from about nine-thirty. Sundays, from six to nine, the Hayes band again takes over the bandstand.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Thursday through Sunday, May 8-11, **BENNY BAILEY**, a crackling hard-bop trumpeter who has spent most of the last few decades in Europe, will be here with a quartet. Friday through Sunday, May 16-18, has been allotted to some more hard-boppers—tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN**, pianist **BARRY HARRIS**, bassist **GENE TAYLOR**, and drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock, reggae, and ska bands. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, May 7, Leroy Sibbles; Friday, May 9, Neighbors & Allies; Saturday, May 10, **JIMMY DAWKINS** and his Chicago-blues band; and Thursday, May 15, **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY**. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Tycoon Thursday, May 8; Leisure Units and Kevin Ayers Friday, May 9; and Lounge Lizards Saturday, May 10. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Saturday, May 10, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA** begins playing at midnight for listening and dancing. On Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, **BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS**, the pop-jazz-rock group from the seventies, will perform after nine-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** heads a quintet through Sunday, May 11; on Tuesday, May 13, powerhouse drummer **ELVIN JONES** will bring in his current quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. **BENNY WATERS**, who was a member of the reed sections in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, *and* Jimmie Lunceford several decades ago, is still going strong, playing tenor and alto saxophones and clarinet with a quartet through Tuesday, May 13. On Wednesday, May 14, bebop veteran trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE** will take charge. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Crusaders—With Randy Crawford. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 7, at 7 and 10.)

Marco Rizo—With his percussion ensemble. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Earl Klugh—With Bob James. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Armen Donelian & Essence—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Saturday, May 10, at 8.

John Herald and Friends—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 10, at 8. For tickets, call 860-0865.

Art Lewis—With Ronnie Boykins and Jimmy Vass. (Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs, this one a discussion of the lyrics of Noel Coward, with illustrative performances by Roderick Cook, Christine Andreas, Keith Baker, and Hermione Gingold. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, May 11-12, at 8.)

Cheap Trick—With the Romantics. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

Rufus and Chaka Khan—With the Brothers Johnson and Narada Michael Walden. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Dolly Dawn, Helen Humes, Anne Marie Moss, and Jackie Paris. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Robin and Linda Williams—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, May 16, at 8.

Woody Shaw—With his quintet and with a string and percussion ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 689-9497.)

Spyro Gyra—With the 24th Street Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Gentle Giant—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Bluegrass Festival—The lineup: Emmylou Harris with a four-piece band, Buck White & the Down Home Folks, Norman and Nancy Blake, and L. W. Lambert & the Blue River Boys. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Festival of Drums II—The participants: Jerome Cooper; Djalma Correa and Baiafro; and the Saramaka and Djuka Musicians of Surinam. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 247-7117.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10: Horizon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 16-17: Mark Morganelli quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, May 9: Dave Burrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10: Sirone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 13: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15: Raphe Malik Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, May 16: Jimmy Lyons. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30.)

Squat Theatre—Friday, May 9, at 11 and 1: Nervus Rex. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 10, at 9:30 and 11:30: Sun Ra Arkestra. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open* Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Leland Bell—Landscapes of Reykjavík, among other works. Through May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Vanessa Bell (1879-1961)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Bloomsbury ornament, complete with portraits of Lytton *and Morgan and Virginia and* Clive and Aldous and the others. Through May 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Roy Carruthers—Paintings and drawings that combine distorted figures (they resemble inflated dolls), crazy perspectives, and social commentary. Through May 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Alan Davie—Large new semi-abstract paintings filled with mystical West Indian symbols by a British artist who makes his home on the

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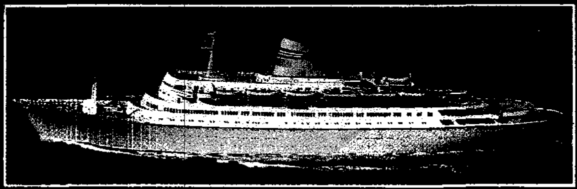

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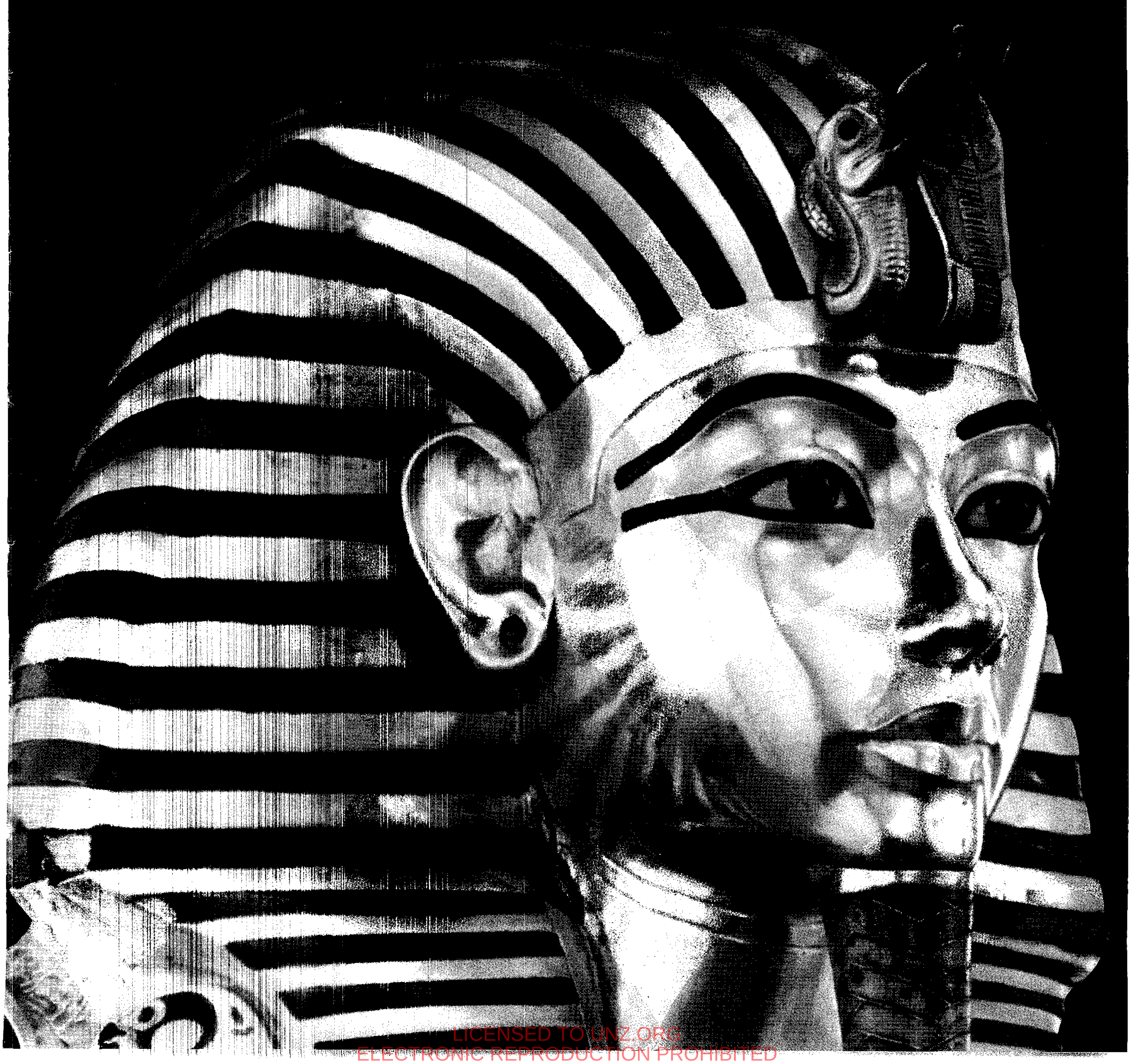

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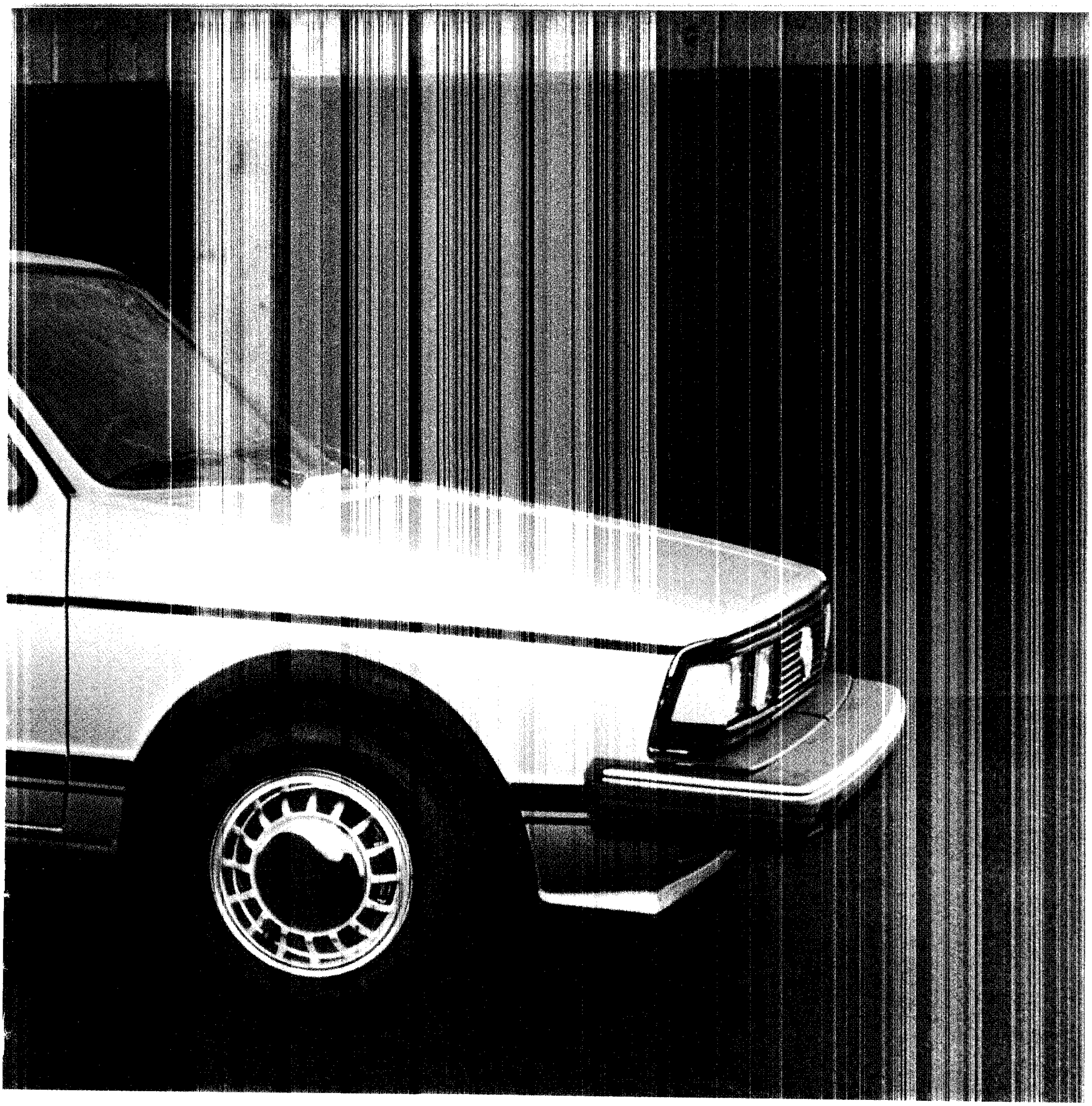

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Caribbean island of Saint Lucia. Through Saturday, May 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Recent sculptures (wall pieces and freestanding works) done in black welded steel and accented here and there with a sort of three-dimensional cross-hatching made of short metal rods. Through Saturday, May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Fantasy figures and landscapes done in delicate watercolors by an artist who has contributed a number of covers to this magazine. Through May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Roy Gussow—Paired, small-scale stainless-steel sculptural forms, some joined in a delicate balance. Through May 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Heliker—New works. Through Saturday, May 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Malvina Hoffman (1885-1966)—More than fifty representative pieces by an American sculptor who studied with Rodin and who made more than a hundred studies of racial types for Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History. Through May 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Budd Hopkins—One twenty-five-foot painted-wood sculpture representing a temple, together with a group of shaped canvases. Through May 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Neil Jenney and John Tweddle—Works from the sixties by two artists who had underground influences at the time, the former with a broad-stroke technique that foreshadowed today's New Images, and the latter with works that some people regard as a bridge between Pop and Pattern painting. Through May 24. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rodger Mack—Bronzes. Through May 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Cynthia Mollod—Recent abstract paintings in several of which the artist adds messages in a cryptic, ancient-looking alphabet of her own. Through May 24. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Two shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (open Mondays); and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 27.

Helen Torr (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through Saturday, May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Highly stylized paintings and drawings in which the artist gives us glimpses of his childhood in wartime Holland and his present life in one of the rougher areas of the lower East Side. Through Saturday, May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Thornton Willis—Pastels and oils on paper from the "Wedge" series. Through May 23. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Harriet Witkin—"Sidewalks of New York," a show of cement-block assemblages studded with glass, metal, marbles, and other street material. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through June 7. . . . **Carus**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Works on paper by well-known Expressionists—Kirchner, Nolde, Feininger, Pechstein. Through May 24. . . . **Davidson**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through June 14. . . . **Feist**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Fifty drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, by Jacopo Palma, Paul Gavarni, and John Singer Sargent, among others. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Central Park from 1860 to the present, as viewed by painters (Prendergast, Avery, Hopper, Vickrey) and photographers (Strand, Arbus, Orkin). A benefit show. Through May 30. . . . **McKee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New drawings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, Philip Guston, Loren Madsen, and Katherine Porter. Through June 6. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani, and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27. . . . **Saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Edward Renouf and Lisa Hyatt, and ceramic trucks by Dennis Clive. Through May 30.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Forty-one works on paper and six sculptures from the artist's estate; about half of the former were seen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1978. Through June 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings. Through June 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Still-life paintings. Through May 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through Wednesday, May 14. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Currie—Representative oil paintings—mostly reclining female figures and still-lifes—by an artist new to this gallery. Through May 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

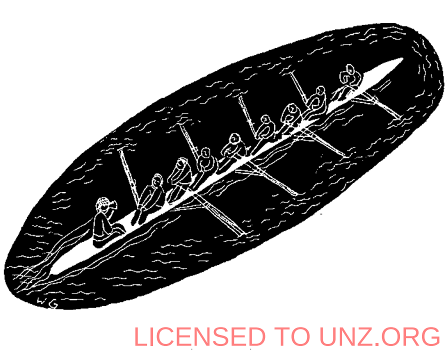
Martha Diamond—Paintings in which architectural forms are reduced to simple abstractions and set forth in strong colors. Through Saturday, May 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Late works—three sculptures, a wall construction, drawings, and paintings—by a Constructivist. Through Saturday, May 10. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Dreyfus—Sketchily painted figures, sometimes in dense crowds, sometimes in a row across the horizon, and sometimes in small groups. Through Saturday, May 17. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Will Insley / Gary Bower—Plans and elevations for a labyrinthine superstructure. / Two new paintings in which human hands, a sleeping female figure, and patches of flowers are recognizable in an abstract context. Through Saturday, May 10. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)



Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 17. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Hubert Long—A retrospective of this artist's individualistic wooden sculptures. Through May 24. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Michael Mazur—A series of skillfully executed oils and pastels turning on violence (rape) in a pastoral setting. Through May 24. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Maud Morgan / George Grant—Collages composed of Japanese mulberry paper in pastel shades. / Icons made of wood and plaster. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Eleven heads from the years 1906 through 1924, and other sculptures. Also drawings and prints. Through May 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jules Olitski / Alexander Liberman—New mural-size abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, May 14. / Nonobjective paintings on paper. Through May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Works in various mediums—ceramics, pen and ink, oils, bronze—by this Swiss-born Surrealist artist, best known for that fur-lined teacup. Through May 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tim Prentice / Ben Benson—Boxlike sculptures in a fine-gauge wire mesh, with other boxes inside them, all hanging from the ceiling like Cubist clouds. / Small Minimalist paintings in watercolor or oil on paper with touches of collage. Through Saturday, May 17. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—Geometric forms and floral designs outlined in white are among the components of these colorful pattern paintings. Through May 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Recent pattern paintings. Through June 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Paintings on overlapping canvases. Through May 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Racelle Strick—Recent works in which the artist adds emblematic designs to the uniformly striated backgrounds she is known for. Through Saturday, May 17. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Surls—Large fanciful sculptures—wagons, treehouses, winged figures—some carved from wood found on the artist's own land in Splendora, Texas, and others from telephone poles. First one-man show in New York. Through June 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

A. A. Ushenko—Allegorical paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscapes in all seasons, including a panoramic series depicting a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view from a mountain ridge near Norfolk, Connecticut. Through Thursday, May 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jo Warner—Light oil washes over quick, sure-handed drawings of plants, fruits, and vases. Through Thursday, May 15. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jeff Way—Large paintings—Astaire and his little son dancing, a Western singer, an Indian warrior—in which a sort of double exposure accents certain details. Through Saturday, May 10. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

The Geometric Tradition in American Painting 1920-1980—A two-gallery show, at the Pearl and the Esman, both at 29 West 57th St. Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by Demuth, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl; and works from the sixties to the present by Albers, Stella, Dorothea Rockburne, LeWitt, and others at the Esman. Through Saturday, May 17.

Group Shows—At the **Del Re**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Dubuffet, Ernst, and Matta. Through May 24. . . . **Kennedy**, 40 W.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

57th St.: About sixty paintings and drawings (plus two sculptures) by Americans, dating from 1840 to the present. Six Demuth and three Homer watercolors and a seated bronze figure by Leonard Baskin are standouts. Through May 23.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Allan Adams / Leonard Dufresne—A full-size carpentry shop carved out of maple—drill press, table saw, lathe, cabinets full of tools and clamps and beer bottles and odds and ends. / Small acrylic paintings of figures in interiors. Through Saturday, May 17. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ed Baynard—Outsize watercolors (five feet tall and forty inches wide) of flowers in vases—orchids, irises, gladioli, day lilies, roses. Through Thursday, May 15. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Jack Bosson / Domenick Capobianco—Abstract paintings in which streaks of bright colors are mixed with spatterwork and what appear to be lines of latitude and longitude. / Large color-field paintings in pale tones. Through Saturday, May 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 10. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Charles Ginnever—Three large multifaceted Corten-steel sculptures in this artist's Gothic series. Two are painted and the third is not. Through May 31. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jane Greengold—A conceptual show built around the color blue. Through Thursday, May 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Shelly Lependorf—Misty acrylics in which cyclonic movements may be discerned, as in a weather map from a satellite. Through Thursday, May 15. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon; open Sunday, May 11, from 1 to 5.)

Les Levine—Works on videotape, "I Am Not Blind" (1976) and "Deep Gossip" (1979). Through May 31. (Feldman, 351 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—Pieces of red slate arranged in a twenty-one-foot circular heap on the floor, and an arrangement of green-slate splinters in a ten-foot spiral. Also photographs documenting the artist's walking tours in Mexico and England. Through Saturday, May 17. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Cynthia Mailman / Sylvia Sleigh—"Commuter Landscapes," done in pale acrylics, depicting industrial suburbs, and colored Xerox prints of photographs showing uninspiring stretches of throughways—these worked over with paints by the artist. / Small watercolors of stones, and oils of flowers, mostly pansies. Through Wednesday, May 14. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Bruce Nauman / Cletus Johnson—A rough-finished plaster ring eighteen feet in diameter, and a slightly smaller cross and a triangle are laid out on the gallery floor. / Mysterious architectural miniatures with lighted signs shown in shadow boxes in a darkened room. Through Saturday, May 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Nutt / Cham Hendon—Colored-pencil drawings of a porno-surrealist world inhabited by fantasy creatures. / Paintings that satirize modern interior decoration and art-school heroes, including Matisse, among other targets. Through Saturday, May 17. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Rodney Ripps / Nicholas Africano—Multicolored works involving artificial leaves and plywood coated with oil. / Three self-portraits of the artist talking to none other than Rodney Ripps. Through May 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

David Robinson—Eight surrealist paintings of interiors. Through Saturday, May 10. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Joe Breidel—Minimalist paintings. / Photographs, drawings, and collages that have the horizon line of the sea as their starting point. Through May 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—A nine-foot pyramidal tent of painted canvas is echoed in other pyramidal works on the floor, on the walls, hung from the ceiling. Through May 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

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Carolee Thea / Barry Tinsley—Wall sculptures, abstract yet reminiscent of house forms, in wood and canvas. / Abstract steel sculptures. Through May 24. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

C. J. Yao—Photo-Realist paintings focussed largely on glass buildings and their reflections. Some of the works are fragmented, like old-fashioned photomontages. Through May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Show—Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through May 31. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Fasanella—Primitive paintings depicting a 1912 textile strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Through June 6. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Herbert George—Two plaster reliefs based on the Parthenon. Also drawings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

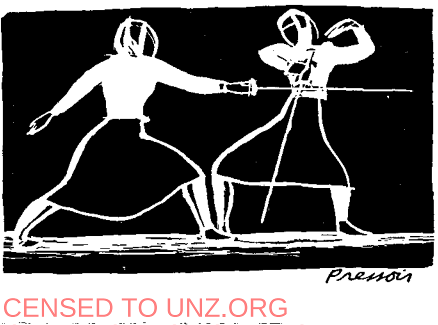
Steven Glucksberg—Abstract paintings. Through May 31. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Painted-wood cutouts, usually of realistically portrayed figures. Through May 29. (Contemporary Arts, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Bernard Tschumi—An architectural installation about three times human scale. Through Saturday, May 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko / Linda Francis—Three slides, made from magazine pictures of suspicious-looking politicians, projected on a wall. / Black-chalk drawings on white etching paper. Through May 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **donnell library**, 20 W. 53rd St.: Six artists (Michelle Stuart, Charlotte Brown, and Lois Polansky among them) showing handmade books that come close to being sculpture. Through June 2. (Mondays and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **goddard-riverside community center**, 647 Columbus Ave., at 91st St.: Still-lifes—a collage by Benny Andrews, a pastel by Jane Freilicher, a watercolor by Red Grooms, a color photograph by Kenneth McGowan, a lithograph by Saul Steinberg. Through May 18. (Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 5 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **lowenstein library gallery**, 113 W. 60th St.: Ten artists (Louise Bourgeois, Miriam Brumer, and Diane Kaiser among them) showing semi-abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures based on nature. Through May 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists who are industriously extending the frontiers of art. Through June 26. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than fifty vintage prints. One set of five interiors was taken in sequence; the inscription Atget wrote on the back gives the location as "Hôtel de Villars, 116 rue de Grenelle." Through June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Eldée Elisabeth Duschnitz and Alain Sabatier—Photographs of Provence; hers are black-and-white and date from the forties and fifties, while his are all in color and dated 1966. Through May 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Tana Hoban / Marcia Keegan—Still-lifes and portraits. / Photographs of the American Southwest. Through Saturday, May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Gernot Kuehn—Flash pictures of Hollywood night life, and black-and-white photographs of Europeans who live in isolated areas. Through May 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Helen Levitt—New York street photographs of the forties, subway prints from the seventies, and other works. Through May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Clara Sipprell (1885-1975)—Thirty still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits (of Käsebier, Stieglitz, and others) by a Pictorialist whose 1932 work "New York—Old and New" was one of the first photographs acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At **ex libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage. Flaherty's classic film "Nanook of the North" is shown Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Thirty-one photographers associated with Chicago's Institute of Design between 1937 and 1978, either as teachers or students. They include Harry Callahan, Linda Connor, Arthur Siegel, Aaron Siskind, and the Institute's founder, László Moholy-Nagy. Through May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries are closed while the museum prepares for a full-house Picasso show set to open May 22. The downstairs theatre floor remains open through Monday, May

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

12. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists, showing here for the first time. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through Tuesday, May 13. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings, sculptures, graphics, and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Audrey Frank, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Shechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through June 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. . . . ¶ More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the present, for projects that are grand in either scale or concept. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A roundup of objects pertaining to thoroughbred racing in New York: paintings, prints, sculptures, and mementos. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Through Aug. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

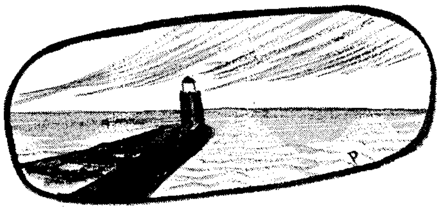
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Fifty etchings and lithographs by Camille Pissarro, as well as twenty-five prints by fellow-Impressionists Renoir, Manet, Degas, and others. Through July 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, photographs, and other works by seven artists from Toronto; a film with sound by Bruno Bussman; an installation by Guy De Cointet. Through Saturday, May 10.



Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nina Wise (performance), Thursday, May 8, at 8:30; Glenda Hydler (performance), Tuesday, May 13, at 8:30; solo exhibitions by Anne Flournoy, Kay Rosen, and M. Kathryn Mish, through Saturday, May 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ralston Farina (performance), Thursday, May 8, at 8:30; Tony Conrad (music), Saturday, May 10, at 8:30; James Nares (videotape), Sunday, May 11, at 8:30; Yoshi Wada (music), Monday and Tuesday, May 12-13, at 8:30; Richard Gallo & Sheryl Sutton (performance), Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 8:30; a sound installation by Jack Goldstein, through Saturday, May 10.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 11, from 2 to 4: Videotapes by Pierre Falardeau, Nancy Nicol, Clive Robertson, and Lisa Steele.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah," staged by Nicholas Muni, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as both violist and violinist in two special performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos on Thursday and Friday, May 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ The opening concerts in the "Beethoven 1980" series of eleven, ending June 6. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the First and Ninth Symphonies on Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 8 (with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; James Morris, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists); and the "Egmont" Overture and Incidental Music and the Piano Concerto No. 5 on Friday, May 16, and Tuesday, May 20, at 8 (with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Werner Klemperer, narrator).

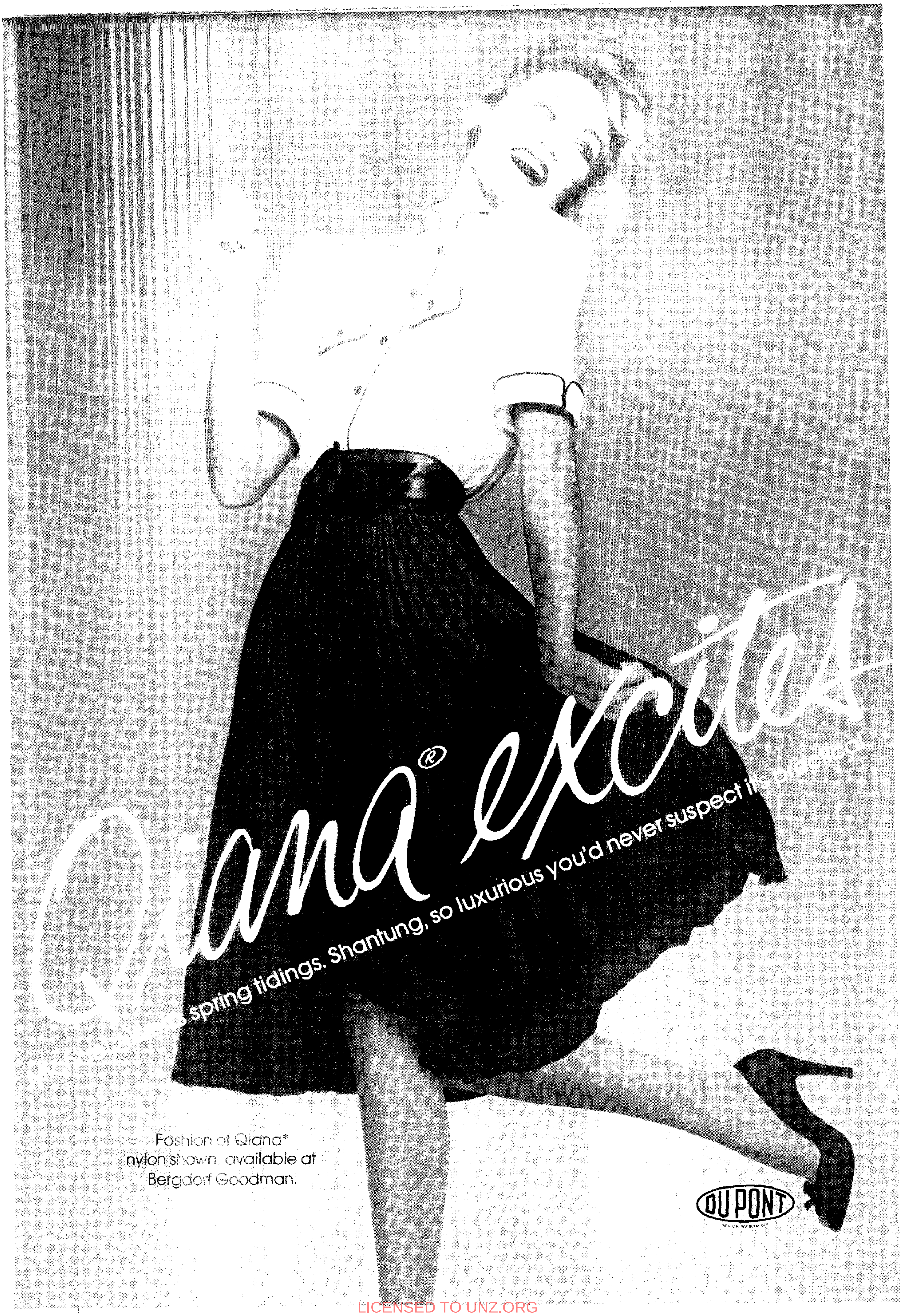
Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Antal Dorati conducting—Monday, May 12, at 8: A Tchaikovsky-Stravinsky program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 8: A Mendelssohn-Mahler program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, May 16, at 8: A performance of Haydn's "Te Deum" and Brahms' Requiem, with Julia Varady, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and the Wayne State University Symphonic Choir.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, and the Wisconsin Conservatory Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Downeast Chamber Orchestra—Burton Kaplan conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano, and Mark Kaplan, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—The last in a series of concerts of American symphonic music, this one conducted by Gunther Schuller, with Robert Miller, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Kahn conducting, with Zvi Chalash, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 2:30.)

"Israel in Egypt"—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Handel's oratorio, with Dilys Smith, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Thomas Hewes and Kurt Richards, basses; the Hunter Senior Chorus; the Horace Mann Glee Club, and the Amor Artis Orchestra. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Friday, May 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Karen Smith, soprano; Glenda Maurice, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; Michael Riley, baritone; and David Ralph, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead and Paul LaMedick directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 10, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mozart's Requiem and Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass, with Alma Jean Smith, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, contralto; John Carpenter, tenor; Richard Anderson, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 11, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program that includes Guillaume de Machaut's "Mass of Notre Dame." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The last in a series of one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Simon Preston. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 5:30.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 7, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; John Steele Ritter, harpsichord; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; and Donald Palma, double bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Geofrey and Gregory Bonenberger—Classical guitar duo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Smithsonian 20th Century Consort—A program of contemporary music performed by an ensemble from Washington making its first appearance here. With Hermione Gingold and Russell Oberlin, narrators. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season will include two premières: David Winkler's "Duo for Clarinet and Piano" and Stephen Peles' "Impromptu," performed by Rebecca LaBrecque, piano; Laura Flax, clarinet; Randall Wolfgang, oboe; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 8, at 8.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 9, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fourth and fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 10, and Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Samuel Lipman and Jeaneane Dowis presenting Beethoven's complete music for piano-four hands. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, May 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Jesse Levine, viola; and Stephen Kates, cello. The last in a series of concerts at which composers (in this case Yehudi Wyner) will be present and comment on their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, May 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Music Before 1800—A program of French and Italian baroque music, performed by Jean Lamon, baroque violin; Sarah Cunningham, viola da gamba; and Robert Hill, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 11, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the second of two identical recitals. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 4.)

Stewart Newbold—Clarinet, with Dickran Atamian, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—With Grayson Hirst, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Melanie Bean, piano; and Johannes Somary, conductor. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 11, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Monday, May 12, at 9. For information about tickets, call 759-2541.)

Emanuel Ax and Warren Lash—Piano and cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

Richard Bock—Cello, with the New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

Janus Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 13, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

William Allgood—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello, with assisting artists, in a program that features the New York première of Peter Maxwell Davies' "Vesalii Icones." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Jörg Demus—Piano, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Anthony and Joseph Paratore—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

L. Shankar—Violin, in a program of South Indian classical music. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and Daniel Waitzman, flute, in an all-Bach program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

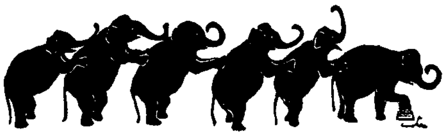
MISCELLANY

Hear America First—A program of American songs by Anthony Strilko, Nöel Llinos, Richard Hundley, John Brodbin Kennedy, and Charles M. Loeffler, performed by Carolyn Heafner, Diana Walker, and Johana Arnold, sopranos; Paul Sperry, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 7, at 8:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, May 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Monday through Wednesday, May 12-14, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 11.)



Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, May 10, at 8, if necessary.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Withers, Saturday, May 10; the Comely, Sunday, May 11; and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 17. . . . **Pimlico**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Memphis. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 11, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Friday, May 7-9, at 1:30; semifinals Saturday, May 10, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 11, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Donald Justice and Marvin Bell reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 12, at 8.) . . ¶ Eleanor Ross Taylor and Jean Valentine reading from their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 13, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Robert Bly reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Three sales of Latin-American art. Friday, May 9, at 10:15: Colonial paintings and sculptures. . . . Friday, May 9, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Mexican paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . Saturday, May 10, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Monday, May 12, at 8: Forty Impressionist and modern paintings, from the Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch Collection. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 8. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3573. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 10:15: Modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10. Admission by card only. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors, including a group of German Expressionist works. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 8, and Friday, May 16, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jasper Johns, Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and Alexander Calder; the property of Andy Williams, Carter Burden, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 10. Admission to the evening sale by card only. . . . **Christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 7, at 10 and 2: Tribal art from Africa and the Americas, and Latin-American and Spanish colonial paintings from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 13, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Cézanne and Van Gogh; the property of Henry Ford II and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 8. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2877. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 14, at 2:30: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 15, at 10:30: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 9.

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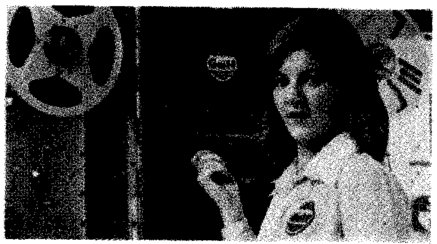

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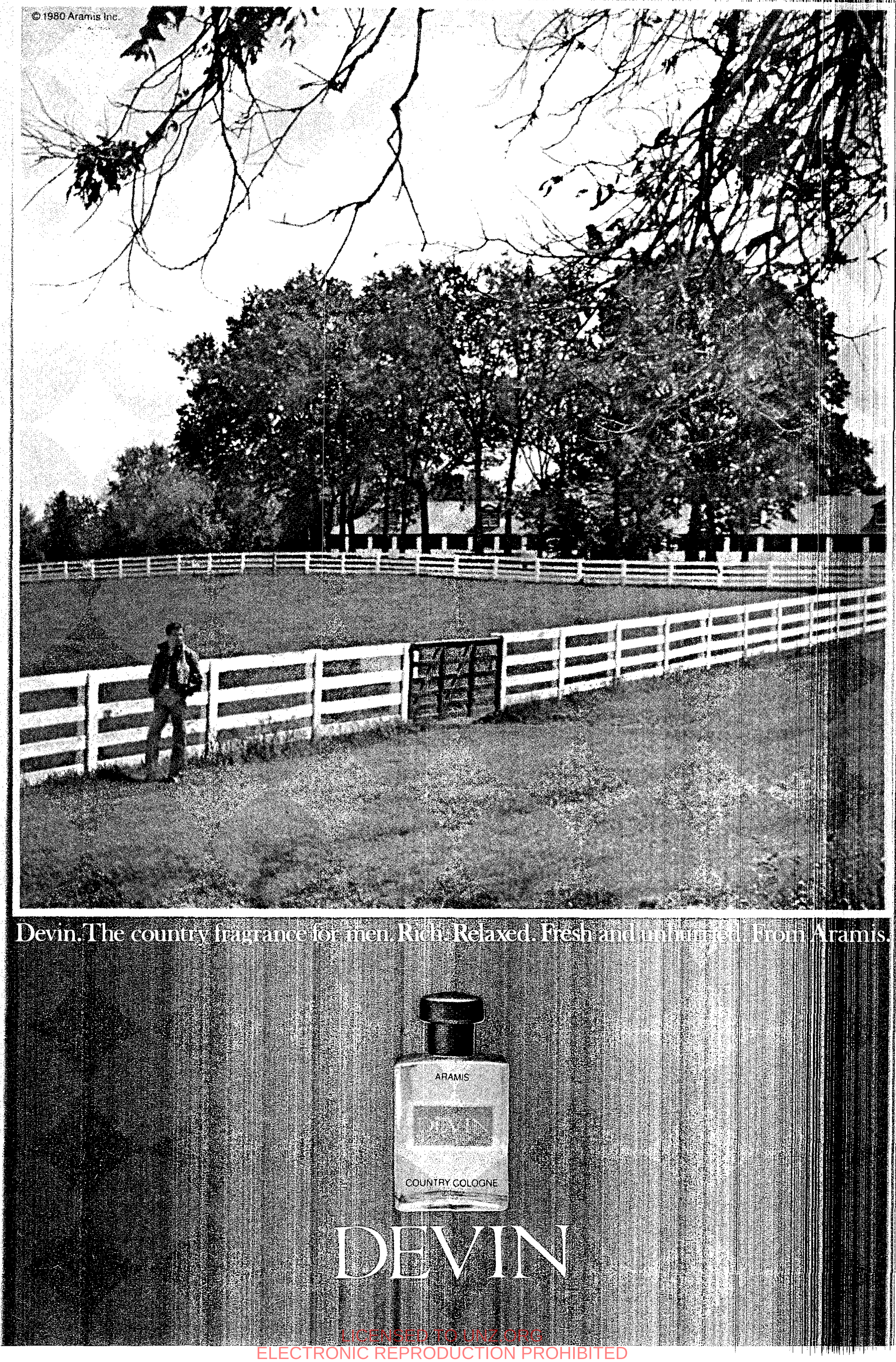
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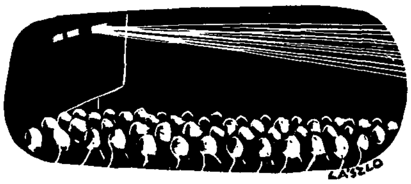
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, May 12.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
May 7: "Une Femme Douce" and "Effi Briest."
May 8-10: "The Lacemaker" and "Violette."
May 11-12: "Women" and "The Life of O-Haru."
May 13-14: "Céline and Julie Go Boating."
May 15-17: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and "Lancelot of the Lake."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 8: "The Rose" and "September 30, 1955."
May 9-15: "Little Darlings" and "Up in Smoke."
From May 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 8: "Apocalypse Now."
From May 9: "The Nude Bomb."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Heart Beat."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 8: "Serial."
From May 9: "Friday the 13th."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The 39 Steps."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Heart Beat."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"All That Jazz."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through May 15: "Best Boy."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through May 15: "Gilda Live."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky." (The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, May 7.)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Nickel."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 8: "Where the Buffalo Roam."
From May 9: "10" and "The In-Laws."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through May 8: "Sitting Ducks."
From May 9: "The Nude Bomb."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Happy Birthday, Gemini."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through May 15: "Serial."
From May 16: "Hollywood Knights."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 8: "Simon."
May 9-15: "Apocalypse Now."
From May 16: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 8: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."
From May 9: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 8: "Little Darlings."
From May 9: "Friday the 13th."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Enter the Dragon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 15: "The Black Stallion."
From May 16: "The Long Riders."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Where the Buffalo Roam." From May 9: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 8: "ffolkes." From May 9: "The Nude Bomb."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Where the Buffalo Roam."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Simon" and "Sitting Ducks."
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Happy Birthday, Gemini." From May 16: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "Norma Rae." From May 9: "Runnin' After Love."
Theatre 4: Through May 8: "The 39 Steps." May 9-15: "Wise Blood." From May 16 (tentative): "Dinner for Adèle."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 15: "Fantasia."
From May 16: "Fame."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 8: "Being There."
From May 9: "Charles and Lucie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 8: "Where the Buffalo Roam."
From May 9: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 15: "The 39 Steps."
From May 16: "Home Movies."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heart Beat."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 8: "Norma Rae."
May 9-15: "Clair de Femme."
From May 16: "Love at First Bite."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Gilda Live."
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now."
Theatre 3: "Heart Beat."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Clair de Femme."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 8: "Simon" and "The Frisco Kid."
May 9-15: "Little Darlings" and "Saturday Night Fever."
From May 16: "Apocalypse Now."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Last Rites."
Theatre 2: "The Rose." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 8: "The Changeling." From May 9: "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through May 8: "Heart Beat." (†) From May 9: To be announced.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 15: "Get Rollin'." (†)
From May 16: "Love at First Bite." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae." (†)

Embassy 5 (formerly called the Victoria), B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 15: "Little Darlings." (†)
From May 16: "The Long Riders." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 8: "Serial." (†)
From May 9: "Friday the 13th." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 15: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From May 16: "Hollywood Knights." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Enter the Dragon." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Penitentiary."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 8: "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)
From May 9: "10" (†) and "The In-Laws." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Happy Birthday, Gemini." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through May 8: "ffolkes." (†)
From May 9: "The Nude Bomb." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 7: "The Mephisto Waltz" (1971), directed by Paul Wendkos, with Alan Alda and Jacqueline Bisset; and "The Curse of the Cat People" (1944), directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise, with Kent Smith and Ann Carter.
May 8: "The Collector" (1965), directed by William Wyler, with Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar; and "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Faye Dunaway, Tommy Lee Jones, Brad Dourif, and René Auberjonois.
May 9: "The Marquise of O" (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.
May 10-11: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
May 12: "Viva Viva" (1970), directed by Michel Auder, with Viva, Louis Waldon, Taylor Mead, and Ondine (who will be present at 8).
May 13: "Early Summer" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "Double Suicide." (†)
May 14: "The Other" (†); and "The Sentinel" (1977), directed by Michael Winner, with Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines.
May 15: "Three Strange Loves" (†) and "Duet for Cannibals." (†)
May 16: "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Wizards" (1977), a full-length animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
May 17: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 7: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm.

May 8: "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.

May 9: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bova, and Leopoldo Trieste.

May 10: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

May 11: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time." (†)

May 12: "The Fiancés" (1963) and "Il Posto" (1961; "The Sound of Trumpets"), both films in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi.

May 13: "Pirosmani" (†); and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977), a documentary, directed by Harry Rasky.

May 14: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920), a silent film, directed by John S. Robertson, with John Barrymore; and "Waxworks." (†)

May 15: "Monsieur Verdoux" (1947), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Martha Raye; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre.

May 16: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "Les Violons du Bal." (†)

May 17: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 8: "The Innocent" (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and "The Divine Nymph" (1979), in Italian, directed by Giuseppe Patroni Griffi, with Laura Antonelli, Marcello Mastroianni, and Terence Stamp.

May 9-10: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.

May 11-12: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941), directed by Alexander Korda, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.

May 13: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

May 14-15: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979) and "Supervixens" (1975), both films directed by Russ Meyer.

May 16-17: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 15: "House of Wax" (1953), directed by André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

From May 16: "The Stewardesses" (1970), directed by Alf Silliman, Jr., with Christina Hart; and "Prison Girls" (1973), with Robin Whitting. Both in 3-D.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 7: "The Last Angry Man" (1959), directed by Daniel Mann, with Paul Muni, David Wayne, Betsy Palmer, and Luther Adler; and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965), directed by Fred Coe, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, and William Daniels.

May 8: "Marty" (1955), directed by Delbert Mann, with Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair, Esther Minciotti, and Augusta Ciolli; "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.

May 9: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.

May 10: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

May 11-13: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant.

May 14-17: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford; and "The Prince and the Showgirl." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 7: "Eyes Without a Face" (1959; "Les Yeux sans Visage"), in French, directed by Georges Franju, with Pierre Brasseur, Alida Valli, and Edith Scob; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

May 8: "Love Happy" (1950), directed by David Miller, with the Marx Brothers; and "Copacabana" (1947), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Carmen Miranda and Groucho Marx.

May 9-10: "The Lion in Winter" (1968), directed by Anthony Harvey, with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "Mary of Scotland" (1936), directed by John Ford, with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March.

May 11: "Jour de Fête" (1949) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

May 12: "Something to Sing About" (†); and "Beware!" (1946), directed by Bud Pollard, with Louis Jordan & his Tympany 5 and Valerie Black.

May 13: "The Apple Game" (†); and "The Maple and Juliana" (1973), in Czech, directed by Stefan Uher.

May 14: "Marketa Lazarova" (1966), in Czech, directed by František Vláčil.

May 15: "If I Had a Gun" (1971), in Czech, directed by Stefan Uher; and "Death Is Called Engelchen" (1963), in Czech, directed by Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos.

May 16-17: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 7: "The Dark Horse" (1932), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Guy Kibbee, Bette Davis, and Warren William; and "Jimmy the Gent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney and Bette Davis.

May 8: "October" (1927; "Ten Days That Shook the World") and "Strike" (1925), both Russian silent films, directed by Sergei Eisenstein.

May 9: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, Jane Bryan, and Bobby Jordan.

May 10-11: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 12: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (†); and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

May 13: "Murder Ahoy" (1964) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

May 14: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Bert Wheeler, and Robert Woolsey; and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy Carroll, Skeets Gallagher, Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, and ZaSu Pitts.

May 15: "Phantom Lady" (†); and "Night Has a Thousand Eyes" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Edward G. Robinson, Gail Russell, John Lund, and William Demarest.

May 16: "River of No Return" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe.

From May 17: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 7 at 2: "Souvenir of Gibraltar" (1975), in French, directed by Henri Xhonneux, with Annie Cordy, Eddie Constantine, and Armand Xhonneux; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 7 at 4: "In Kluis" (1977), a Flemish film, directed by Jan Gruyaert, with Bret André, Herman Jacobs, and Mirjam Nuyten; no dialogue. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6: "Daughters of Darkness" (1970), directed by Harry Kümel, with Delphine Seyrig and Danièle Ouimet. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "Berthe" (1976), in French, directed by Patrick Ledoux, with Claire Wauthion; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 4: "Pierre" (1976), in Flemish, directed by Jan Decorte, with Alfie Van Tichelen and Cora Van Wersch; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Magnum Begynasium Bruxellense" (1978), in French, directed by Boris Lehman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 9 at 3: "I, You, He, She" (1974), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman, with Akerman, Claire Wauthion, and Neils Arestrup, English subtitles; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman, with Delphine Seyrig; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2: "Pierre." . . . ¶ May 10 at 4: "Souvenir of Gibraltar." . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "I, You, He, She." . . . ¶ May 11 at 2: "Berthe." . . . ¶ May 11 at 4: "Wedding Trough" (1974), a French film, directed by Thierry Zeno, with Dominique Garny, no dialogue; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ May 11 at 6: "Of the Dead" (1979), a documentary about the rites of the dead in various societies directed by Thierry Zeno, Jean-Pol Ferbus, and Dominique Garny; English subtitles. Not for the squeamish, for adults only. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles." . . . ¶ May 12 at 6: A program of films by Howard Guttenplan. (Seats are available on a first-come, first-served basis. The auditorium will be closed from Tuesday, May 13, through Sunday, June 1.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 11: "The Points of a Star, Chapter 1: Separations" (1978) and "The Points of a Star, Chapter 2: Desires" (1979), both videotapes by Rita Myers. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting May 14: Two programs of films by Robert Breer—six films made between 1972 and 1978 will be shown at noon Wednesday through Friday and at 3:30 on Saturday, and fourteen films made between 1952 and 1960 will be shown at 3:30 Wednesday through Friday and at 12:30 on Saturday. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 8-11: "Paratroopers" (1976), in Hebrew, directed by Yehuda Judd Ne'eman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting May 15: "Max" (1921-22), a feature-length film that includes three Max Linder shorts—"Be My Wife" (1921), "Seven Years' Bad Luck" (1921), and "The Three Must-Get-Theres" (1922). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Rainer, Jacobs, Jennings, Kirsanoff, Peterson, and others. Showings May 7-8 at 7 and 9; May 9 at 7 and 9:30; May 10 at 2, 7, and 9; May 11 at 2, 7, and 9:30; May 13-14 at 8; May 15 at 6 and 8:15; May 16 at 7 and 8; and May 17 at 6 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 12.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Gramercy, Plaza, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 8. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 9-15. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 16.)

The Apple Game—The first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia in more than a decade seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but it is a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of film that deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiři Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling extremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (1/21/80) (Thalia; May 13.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Festival; through May 8.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1; through May 15.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through May 15.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Céline and Julie Go Boating (1974)—With Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (Art; May 13-14.)

Charles and Lucie—With Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garcin, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Festival; starting May 9.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 12.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (New Yorker 2. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; May 9-15.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center.)

Dinner for Adèle—With Michal Docolomansky, Olga Schoberova, and Rudolf Hrusinsky; directed by Oldrich Lipsky. In Czech. (Quad Cinema; starting May 16, tentative.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed Japanese film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that clues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as the ethics of the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13.)

Duet for Cannibals (1969)—Written and directed by Susan Sontag, who made this hermetic, guess-what's-real movie in Sweden. It's about two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules or discover if there is anything at stake. Adriana Asti acts mysterious and neurotic, and the other performers (Gösta Ekman, Lars Ekborg, and Agneta Ekmanner) seem to be stranded on the screen, trying to fill in the slack of the dry, expository dialogue and looking for clues to what's wanted of them. There's one good bit—a psychotic old man eating in a restaurant and making everybody nervous. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 15.)

Eboli—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn, considerate intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Cinema 3.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The most elegant of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that he would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. In German. (Art; May 7.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 2.)

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Fame—With Irene Cara and Lee Curreri, directed by Alan Parker. (Ziegfeld; starting May 16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; through May 15.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of Bresson's big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Art; May 7.)

ffolkes—With Roger Moore, James Mason, and Anthony Perkins; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through May 8.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting May 9.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Olympia; through May 8.)

Get Rollin'—An energetic, fitfully rewarding semi-documentary by J. Terrance Mitchell about the terrific roller-skaters (blacks, for the most part) who frequent the Empire Roller Disco in Brooklyn. The picture is gummed up by an awkward, superfluous plot (a dim attempt to convert it into a "Saturday Night Fever" on wheels), but there are affecting portraits of some of the individual dancer-skaters and a lot of vivid rinkside footage suggesting that the regulars at the Empire may have discovered a whole new way of moving and belonging. (5/5/80) (Embassy 1; through May 15.)

Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; through May 15.)

Happy Birthday, Gemini—Based on the Broadway play, "Gemini," by Albert Innaurato, with Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, and Robert Viharo; directed by Richard Benner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through May 8. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 15.)

Heart Beat—With Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard; directed by John Byrum. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through May 8.)

Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1; starting May 16.)

Home Movies—With Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas; directed by Brian De Palma. (Little Carnegie; starting May 16.)

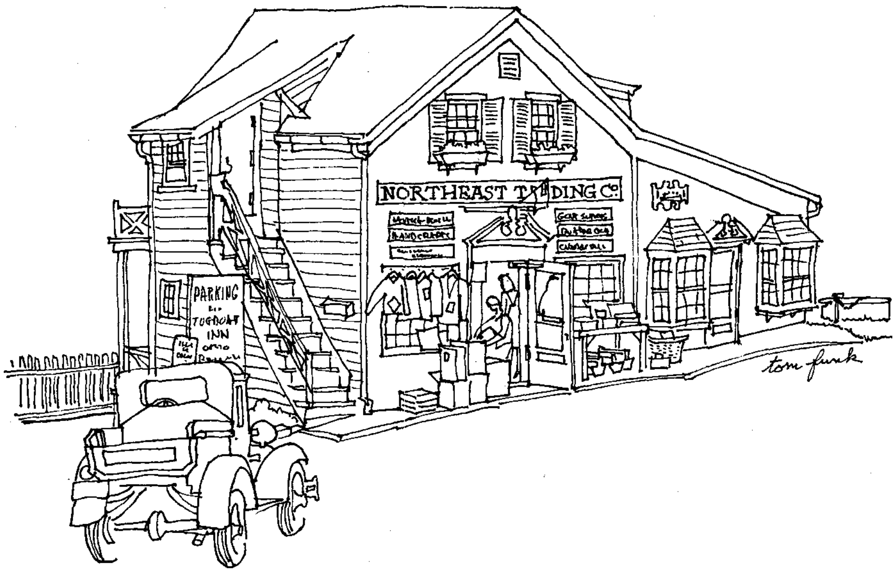
The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Gemini 1, and Rivoli; starting May 9.)

Knife in the Head—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews State 1; through May 15.)

The Lacemaker (1977)—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Art; May 8-10.)

Lancelot of the Lake (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These



are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in a heap of scrap metal that amounts to the detritus of a shrivelled code. Yet Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. In French. (Art; May 15-17.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society; the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Art; May 11-12.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Loews Orpheum 1; through May 8. . . . ¶ Forum; through May 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; May 9-15.)

The Long Riders—The story of the Jesse James gang. With Stacy and James Keach and David, Keith, and Robert Carradine. Directed by Walter Hill. (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, 86th St. East, and Forum; starting May 16.)

Love at First Bite (1979)—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting May 16.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan), and discussion of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; starting May 16.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13). The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. Alan Bates gives a dominant performance as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev. Also with Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet. The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, May 7.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 8.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting May 9.)

On the Nickel—With Donald Moffat, Penelope Allen, and Ralph Waite; directed by Waite. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

The Other (1972)—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 14.)

Phantom Lady (1944)—Its mood and its pacing lift this low-budget thriller out of its class, but the ideas, the dialogue, and the ending that the studio insisted on prevent it from being a first-rate B picture. Ella Raines is the girl in danger, Franchot Tone is the psychopathic killer, Alan Curtis is the man wrongly convicted of murder, Thomas Gomez is the police inspector, and Elisha Cook, Jr., is the drummer who is featured in the jam session that is the film's high point of excitement. Robert Siodmak directed, and the producer was Joan Harrison, who had worked as an assistant to Hitchcock. From a William Irish novel, adapted by Bernard C. Schoenfeld; with Fay Helm, Regis Toomey, Virginia Brissac, and Doris Lloyd. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)

Pirosmani (1973)—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Russian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. In Russian. (6/5/78) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this uningratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seems able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. The drawback of the film is that Terence Rattigan's script, though it improves on his play "The Sleeping Prince," still lacks invention and wit. (Regency; May 14-17.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Art; May 15-17.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 8.)

Runnin' After Love—A Brazilian film, with Bibi Vogel and Wagner Montes. Directed by Carlos Hugo Christensen. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema; starting May 9.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood,

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the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in Norman Wexler's script. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. Young moviegoers saw themselves expressed in this film, as earlier generations had seen themselves in "The Wild One," "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Graduate," "Easy Rider;" Travolta became a national cult hero, almost overnight. John Badham directed. With Donna Pescow, Fran Drescher, Barry Miller, Joseph Cali, Paul Pape, Bruce Ornstein, Martin Shakar, Julie Bovasso, Val Bisoglio, and Monti Rock III. Songs by the Bee Gees and other groups, with additional music by David Shire; choreography by Lester Wilson; cinematography by Ralf D. Bode. (Olympia; May 9-15.)

September 30, 1955 (1978)—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 8.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (34th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza; through May 8. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through May 15.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through May 8.)

Sitting Ducks—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through May 8.)

Something to Sing About (1937)—The title represents unjustified optimism. James Cagney plays a bandleader who goes to Hollywood to make a musical. Cagney gets a chance to do some of that hoofing of his that's not like anybody else's, but the story is a leaden satire of Hollywood, with a feeble suggestion of "A Star Is Born." Mona Barrie, in a blond wig, does a refreshing parody of Garbo; the heroine is overpowering Evelyn Daw, of whom not much more was heard. With William Frawley and Gene Lockhart. Victor Schertzinger directed; the story idea was his, too. (Thalia; May 12.)

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Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Gemini 1, and Rivoli; starting May 9.)

The 39 Steps—With Robert Powell, David Warner, Eric Porter, Karen Dotrice, and John Mills; directed by Don Sharp. From the same John Buchan novel that Alfred Hitchcock used in 1935. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 8. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through May 15.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 15.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Iron-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most appealing early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12.)

Up in Smoke (1978)—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. It's an exploitation slapstick comedy, rather than a family picture, such as "Blazing Saddles" or "High Anxiety"—which means that it's dirtier, wilder, and sillier. (It's also better paced.) With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax, and Otto Felix, Tom Skerritt, Stacy Keach, Louisa Moritz, Strother Martin, and Edie Adams. Produced and directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (St. Marks Cinema; May 9-15.)

Violette (1978)—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Art; May 8-10.)

Les Violons du Bal (1974)—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation, and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as the bearded, intense-looking Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical and glassy smooth. The incidents have a warmed-over old-Hollywood look, and the smartly tailored hat that the mother wears for the escape across the border and the fine gloves with which she parts the strands of barbed wire are the height of refugee chic. (If this is what the child experienced, he must have had the soul of a couturier.) Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Nathalie Roussel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

Waxworks (1924)—The three episodes of this engaging, too-little-known German horror-fantasy incorporate extravagantly villainous performances—Conrad Veidt as Ivan the Terrible, Emil Jannings (in one of his rare comic portraits) as Haroun-al-Raschid, and Werner (Caligari) Krauss as Jack the Ripper. In the Veidt-Ivan sequence, which was obviously a major influence on Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Ivan is a jokester-poisoner who enjoys presenting his victims with hourglasses timed to run out at the precise moment of their deaths; one day he discovers an hourglass labelled "Ivan." The director, Paul Leni, a former Max Reinhardt collaborator, was an extraordinarily gifted scenic artist; the macabre expressionistic décor for the Jack-the-Ripper sequence is made entirely from sheets of painted paper. William Dieterle is also in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

Where the Buffalo Roam—With Bill Murray and Peter Boyle, directed by Art Linson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Greenwich Playhouse 2. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Playhouse, and Rivoli; through May 8. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting May 9.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema; May 9-15.)

Women (1978)—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Art; May 11-12.)

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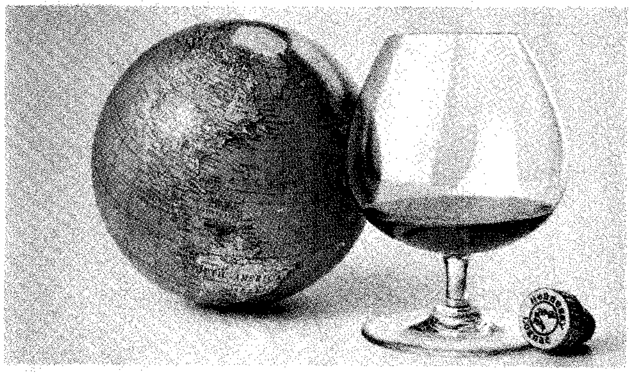

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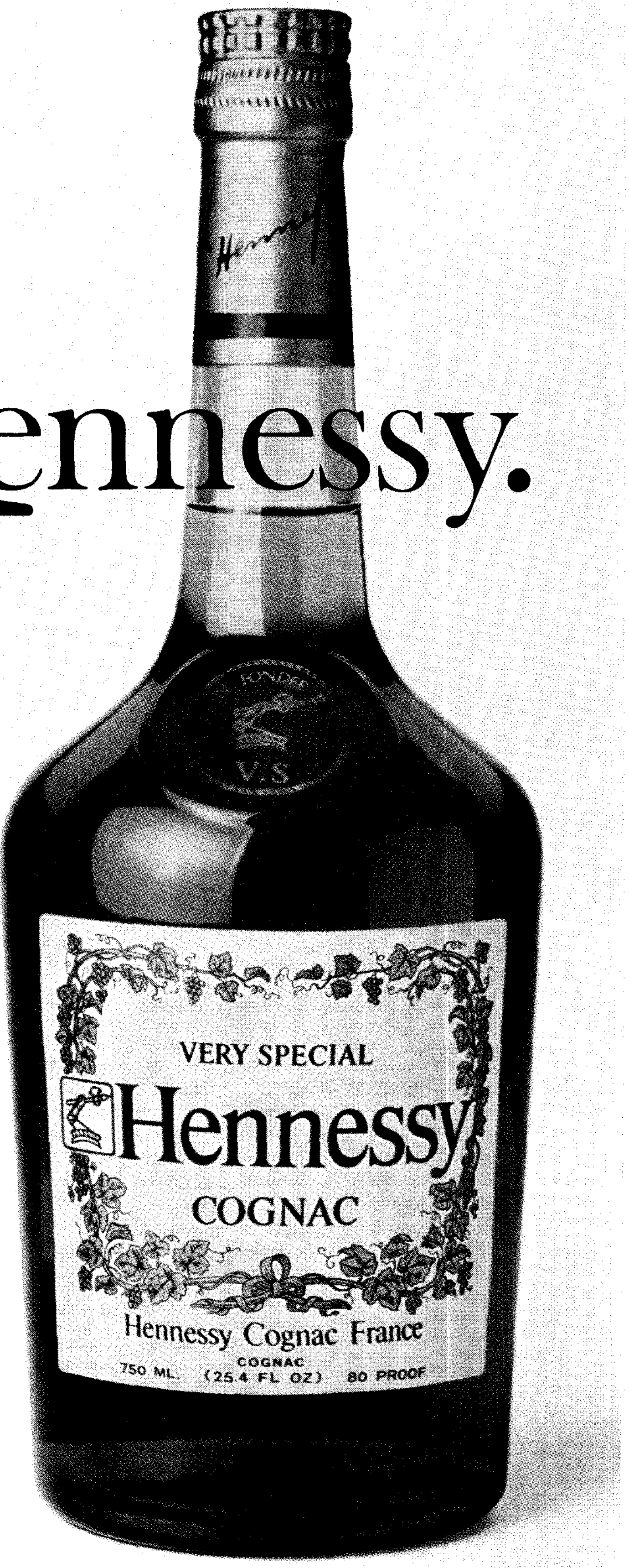
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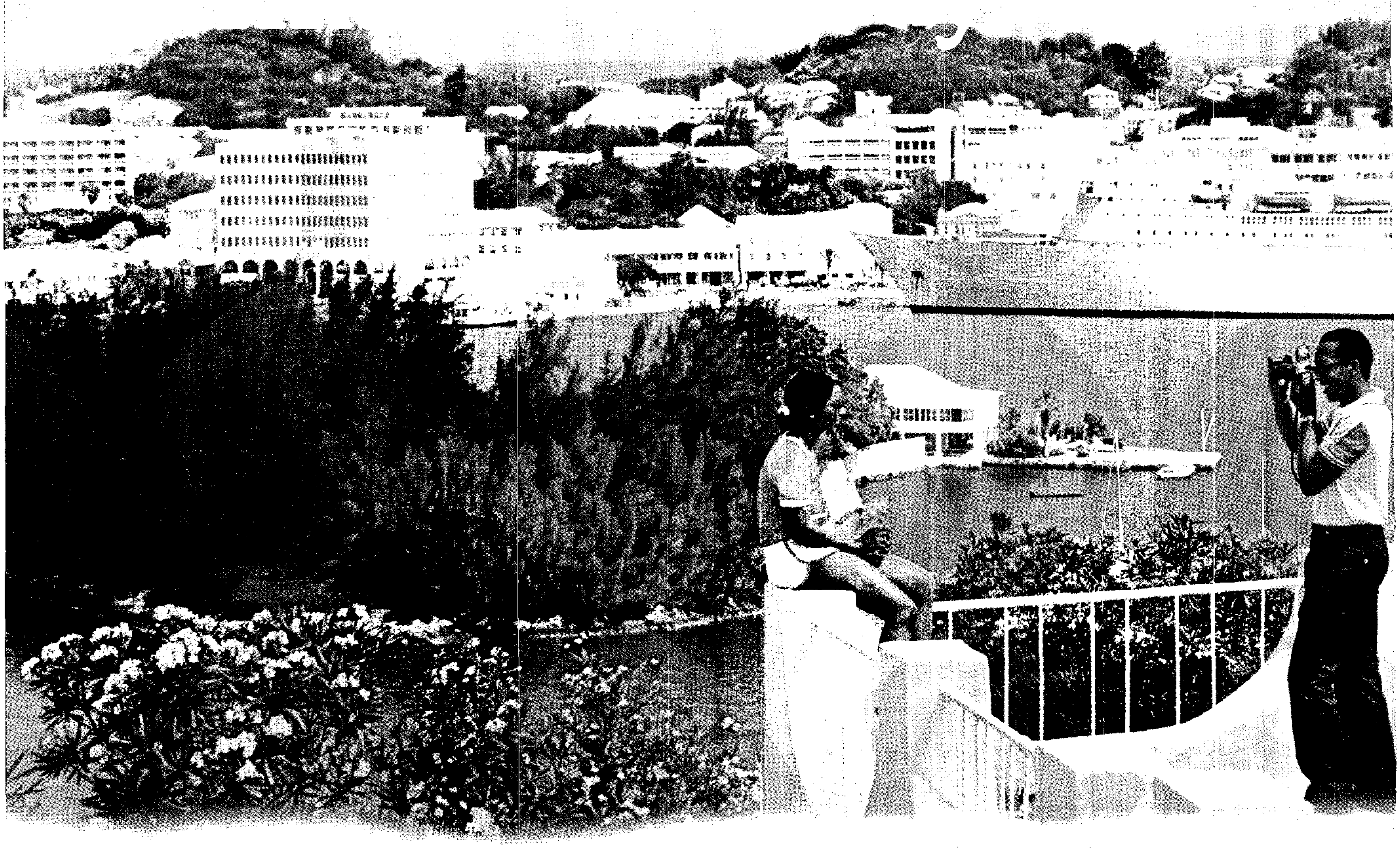
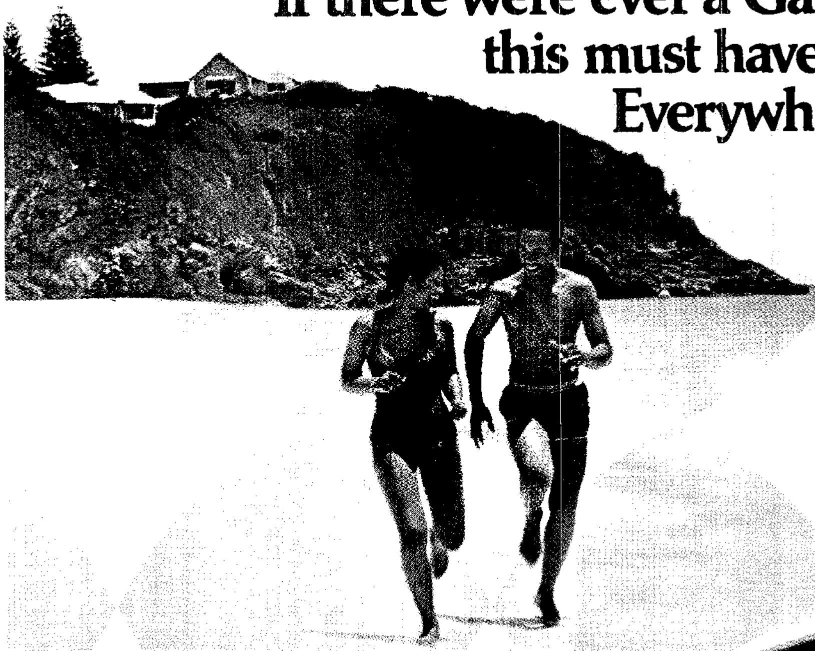


"If there were ever a Garden of Eden, this must have been where it was. Everywhere you look, you see beauty."

Clinton and Marvis Reynolds talk about their second visit to Bermuda.



"Great golf, great things to see and places to go. I don't think there's anything comparable to Bermuda. I really don't."

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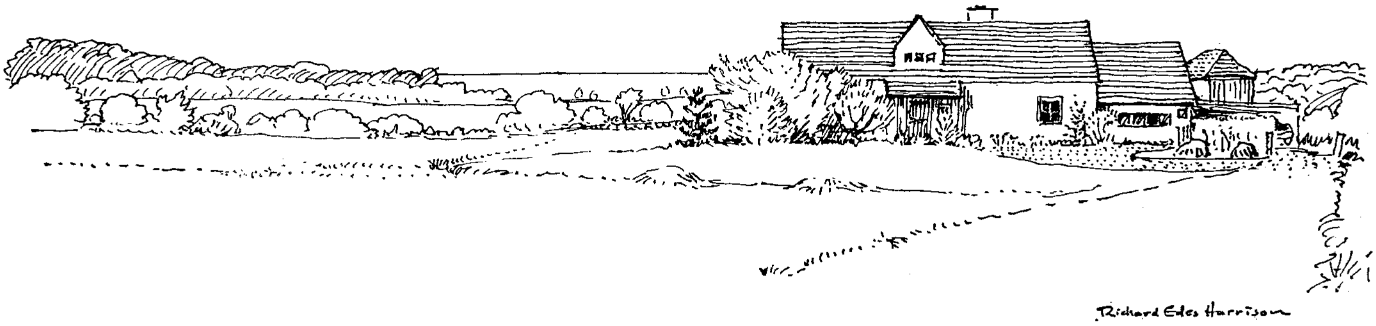
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Secretary of State Cyrus Vance resigned in protest against the mission to rescue the American hostages in Iran, he opened a gap in an otherwise almost seamless wall of support in this country for the policy of resolving the crisis in Iran through the use of force. The President's rivals for his office, who normally represent a wide variety of views, were either supportive of the mission or silent (Representative John Anderson did manage to question the "timing" of the mission); most major newspapers (including the *Times* and the Washington *Post*), which had already approved the threat of force made by the President a week before the mission, now supported its actual employment; and the public-opinion polls revealed widespread approval of the President's action. Only in Congress were there a few questioning voices, such as that of Senator Henry Jackson, who urged the President to stop concentrating on the hostage issue "morning, noon, and night." This nearly unanimous consensus marked the flood tide of the nation's absorption in the hostage crisis, and the moment of maximum danger so far. The absorption and the danger went together, for the multiplying risks of the crisis were generated not by world events but by the very measures that were being so hotly championed in our country as solutions. When the hostages were first seized, the stakes were restricted to the danger to the hostages' lives, the possible harm they might suffer through captivity, and detriment to the important principle of diplomatic immunity. An earlier episode, the seizure of the American intelligence ship Pueblo and its crew of eighty-three by North Korea, in January of 1968, suggested what the possible dimensions of the crisis might be. In that instance, the captives were released after eleven months; the issue did not become "linked" with others; public emotions, though not inconsiderable, were kept within reasonable bounds; and the stability of the world remained unshaken. Today, six months after the taking of the hostages in Iran, eight American servicemen have lost their lives, and, with talk of war in the air, the stakes in the crisis have ballooned to include loss of American influence in the Middle East; loss by the West and Japan of Middle Eastern oil; the fragmentation of an Administration, including the first resignation in protest by a Secretary of State in sixty-five years; the possibility of a Soviet-Iranian alliance; unprecedented division in the Atlantic Alliance; and urgent peril to the peace of the world. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole of American foreign policy has been subordinated to the single aim of taking "whatever steps are necessary," as the President has put it, to secure the release of the fifty-three American hostages in Iran. As the Administration, about to be equipped with a new Secretary of State, tries to rechart its course, few questions can be more important than how the United States came to inflate this crisis with an apocalyptic importance that it lacked inherently.

The first step was probably taken by President Carter when he decided not to leave the White House to make campaign appearances until the hostages were released. His self-imposed captivity foreshadowed the self-imposed paralysis of the whole of American foreign policy by the hostage issue. The next steps were taken by the press and, above all, by television. It has been one more misfortune of the hostages that their painful actual experience happened to have the ingredients of a matchless news "story." In its suspenseful plot, its vivid cast of characters (including the comic-book villain Ayatollah Khomeini), its exotic setting, and its emotionally charged theme of the captivity of innocent Americans by foreign fanatics, it seemed to touch every raw spot in the American psyche. History itself seemed to be writing a guaranteed blockbuster out of real suffering and real tragedy. Before long, ABC was showing a regular late-night half-hour news program on the crisis; Walter Cronkite, in an invention of a new calendrical system, was closing his broadcast every evening by dating the day according to the length of the hostages' captivity, with the date of their seizure as Day Zero; and all three net-

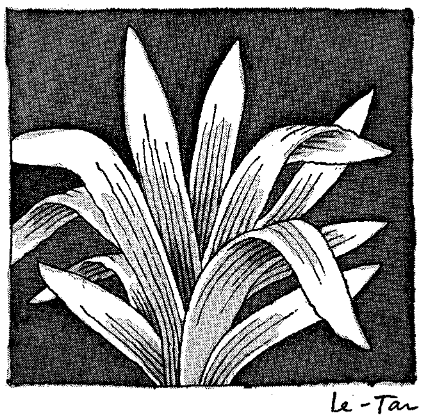


works were regularly exposing the American people to the incendiary harangues of the Iranian leadership, which, for its part, was delighted to have satellite television made available to it as a global pulpit. These televised scenes inspired a mounting fury in the public which President Carter's initial policy—one of patience—could not assuage. A "good story" was paving the way for bad policy.

It seems unlikely, however, that the public's anger—such anger often being a transient phenomenon—would have inspired belligerent action in the absence of two further circumstances. The first was the pressure, over the last five years or so, of a strong movement, amounting at times to a loosely coördinated campaign, to inspire the country to overcome an alleged phobia against the use of force—a phobia that was supposedly engendered by our failure in Vietnam. The psychological underpinning of the movement is the suspicion, which appears to be particularly strong in American political life, that reluctance to use force reflects on one's honor, or perhaps on one's "manhood." It is a perennial terror of American politicians that they will be seen by the public as "weak" or "soft." The theoretical underpinning is the doctrine of "credibility," which supplied the chief justification for the war in Vietnam, and which holds that a setback—or even the mere appearance of a setback—for American power anywhere in the world undermines American power everywhere, by destroying its reputation. By its nature, this theory lends itself to the inflation of minor conflicts into engulfing crises. Also, by framing the issue as a debate between advocates of force in general and opponents of force in general, the credibility theory draws attention away from the shape and character of the particular crisis at hand, although these are often what decide the outcome of any action to resolve it.

The second circumstance was the Presidential election. Not many observers believe that President Carter launched the rescue mission in the hope of helping his reëlection, but many would agree with the anonymous Democratic senator who said, "No one would have done it who was not running for the Presidency." President Carter has himself mentioned the role of public impatience in his thinking; and the failure of any of the other candidates to register any serious objections to the operation also suggests the power of public opinion—and the weakness of candidates—as an election approaches. The effect of electoral opinion on office seekers is an old story; what may be new is the ever-tightening loop in which politicians are fed public-opinion polls and feed suitably adjusted opinions back to the public, often in the form of television commercials. The prevailing logic, increasingly accepted by the politically unambitious part of the public as well as by the office seekers, appears to be that in order to do good a man must first get elected, and that in order to get elected he must tell the public what it wants to hear. Reëlection then becomes each politician's personal *raison d'état*, and the concurring public loses even the expectation of hearing independent views. Instead, it may be invited to admire the excellence of the technique by which it is deceived. So widespread is the acceptance of this pragmatic philosophy that at times we seem almost to want our politicians to be ruthless and self-interested, and seem almost to become disturbed if they display a "righteous" or "naïve" indifference to personal ambition and choose to devote themselves to the public interest. Under these conditions, transient public attitudes, having been measured by the public-opinion polls, exert a crushing, argument-silencing weight upon the entire society. The sincerely held opinions of some become the semi-obligatory opinions of all. What is lost, of course, is any attempt on the part of the visible and vocal, and therefore especially influential, members of society—including politicians—to be guided by independent judgment and conscience, and so lead opinion to new conclusions, and possibly even acquaint it with new facts. The public realm stagnates; public opinion congeals into dogma; and governments, threatened with expulsion from office and forced to choose among hopelessly constricted options, are driven to take inappropriate or disastrous action.

The resignation of Secretary Vance, by reclaiming the autonomy of one key man, conspicuously brought the element of independent judgment and conscience back onto the scene, and broke the closed ranks of opinion which had formed in recent months. Such is the power of a single courageous act that, in the words of the Washington *Post*, "Vance's resignation . . . instantly legitimized criticism of the aborted American rescue mission." What is more important, it temporarily checked the seemingly inexorable momentum toward war, and gave all of us, including the President and his next Secretary of State, a freedom of action that for a while we had lost.



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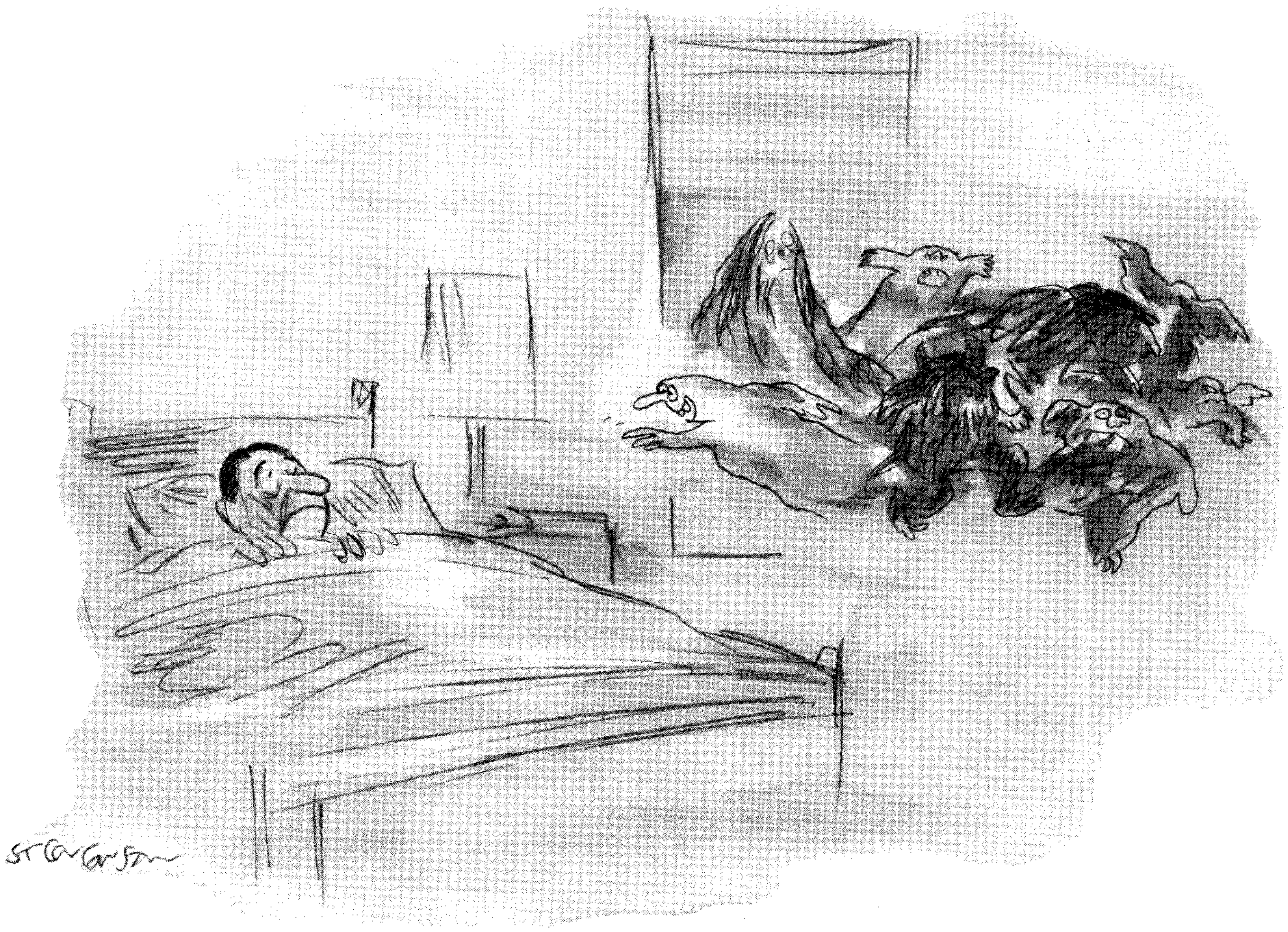
Census

THE Census Bureau, having counted every warm body that could be located on April 1st, is currently engaged in what it calls Follow Up One—an intensive search for thirty million people who have managed to slip through the net. Here in the city, the biggest obstacle to an accurate population count seems to have been the inefficiency of the Post Office—which was compounded, of course, by the recent transit strike. Sizable batches of census forms were sent to the wrong places (one entire "enumerator district" was shipped by mistake to California) or delivered to the wrong apartments in the right buildings by careless mailmen. ("It's turned into a gigantic geometric puzzle," a harassed census official said, "because the census envelopes are addressed to the occupant of the apartment, and not to the name of the person living there. So Mr. Doe in 13-G fills out the form that was intended for Mrs. Smith in 2-D. Meanwhile, she's done the form that belongs to Mr. Jones in 7-F. We have to cross-check every list for a multiple dwelling to make sure that everybody living there is counted.") Another big part of the problem is the fact that here, as in other urban areas, there are large numbers of people—transients, illegal aliens, non-English-speaking immigrants, fringe people who are suspicious of any government contact—who either have not returned the forms they received or have never been asked if they officially exist.

We dropped by the South Manhattan District Office of the Census last week to find out whether Follow Up One was solving these problems, and can report that the catch-up operation seemed to be proceeding at a fairly brisk pace. (For what the Bureau calls Last Resort Cases—people who have re-

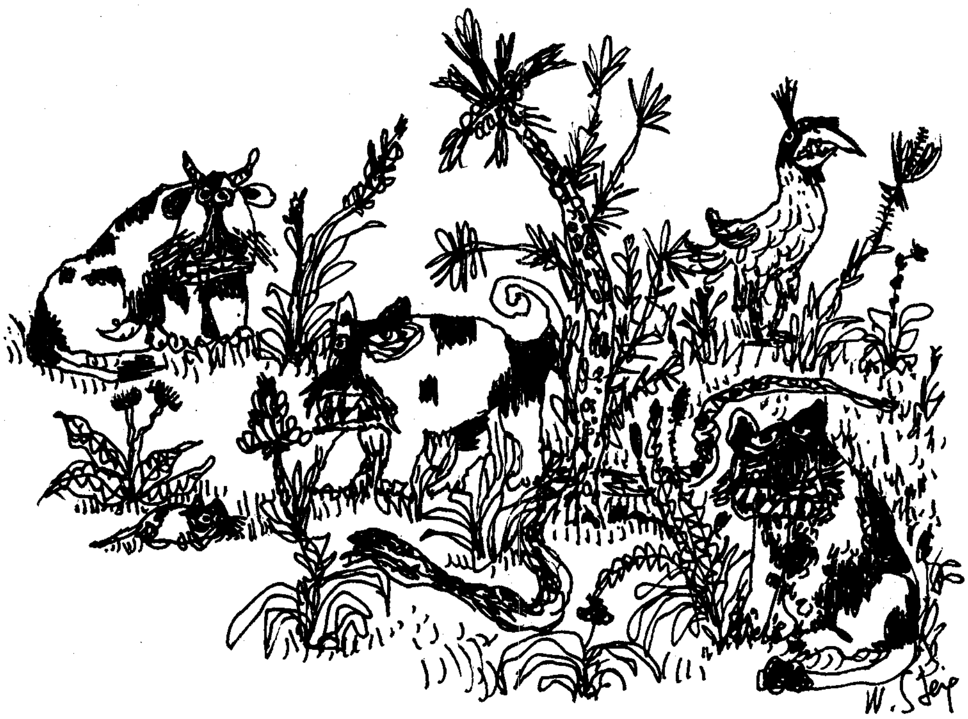


"Bye, now, and thanks for thinking of us."

• •

fused to give information after being visited four times—there will be a Follow Up Two.) The South Manhattan District Office, on the second floor of 299 Broadway, is staffed by a group of serious-looking young people (the census employs a high proportion of college students) and furnished almost entirely with cardboard desks and file cases (because of the temporary nature of its work). The District Manager, Mr. Paul Hsen, who occupies one of the few steel desks on the floor, explained that his area (one of five areas in Manhattan) had been divided into five main neighborhoods—Chelsea, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, the lower East Side, and lower Manhattan—which had, in turn, been subdivided into a total of four hundred and three enumerator districts. "An enumerator district contains about three hundred and twenty-five housing units—we think that's about optimum for one person to handle," said Mr. Hsen. "The districts range in size from a single tightly packed block of people, on the lower East Side, to several blocks, in Tribeca, where the resident population is spread thin and lives in remodelled lofts. Our return from the original mailing is currently running around seventy per cent, which is considered good for New York City but low for the country as a whole. The average national rate of return is about eighty-seven per cent." Mr. Hsen added that the best response in his district had come from the middle-class areas of Chelsea and Greenwich Village and from Chinatown, and that the poorest response had come from the lower East Side, where there is a large poverty-stricken Hispanic population. "Our enumerators work from a master address register that was put together from a pre-census census last spring," he said. "But a lot of people on the lower East Side are hard to track down, because they don't have phones, welfare checks, Social Security numbers, or any other regular contact with the outside world. Just finding them involves a lot of detective work."

Mr. Hsen introduced us to a group of enumerators who had stopped by to turn in their completed forms. They could elaborate on some of the problems posed by the census code of "identify, locate, and interview," he said. We met Héctor Ilarráza, a college student, bilingual in Spanish and English, who was working on a predominantly Chinese block near Canal Street and East Broadway ("I find a kid who speaks English and will interpret for the parents"); Rose Monterro, another student, who was working in a tough neighborhood between Avenues C and D; Ching Wah Chin, also a student, who was serving as a crew leader, in charge of six enumerators stationed in the Grand Street-Bowery area of Chinatown; Edward Lopata, a retired trader of stocks and bonds, who was counting East Tenth Street, in the Village; and Pola Rapaport, a filmmaker, who had been assigned to several blocks in Tribeca. Miss Rapaport told us that one of her problems was locating full-time residents of big industrial buildings. "They're usually artists tucked away in illegal lofts, and the way I find them is to wander through a building asking everybody I meet if someone lives there," she said. "When I do find an occupant, I explain how important it is to Tribeca to have all the artists living there listed, and the occupant usually agrees to be



Flora and Fauna

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counted." Mr. Lopata and Mr. Chin said that their major difficulties occurred with elderly people who were afraid to open their doors to strangers. "You slide the forms under the door and keep talking," said Mr. Lopata. Mr. Chin said, "One of my enumerators carried his two-year-old son on his back. It worked wonders." Miss Monterro said that she often knocked on doors only to find that the people who were supposed to live there didn't exist. "It's real raggedy in my neighborhood," she said. "I find a lot of people who are using duplicate names. And I run into a lot of squatters who don't have phones and don't pay rent. Last week, I found a man standing outside what I thought was a deserted building. We got talking, and he took me inside and showed me where some people were living, even though the place was minus one wall and part of a floor. He was very proud of what they'd got. He said, 'I take care of this place. I sweep it out, and I make sure that nobody starts a fire.' So I called up my crew leader and said, 'Hey, how do I list a building that is occupied by tenants but doesn't have four walls and access to a common hallway?' He thought awhile and then said, 'Call it a multi-unit dwelling.' "

Party

"WELL, here we are at a party celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the first of the Nancy Drew mystery books!" exclaimed Pam.

"Yes, here we are," said her friend Bess, with a short toss of the head.

"Yes, here we are," echoed Sue, Bess's younger sister, and then, with a challenging look at her two companions, "So now what?"

"Some stairs," said Pam, pointing and then leading the way. "Let's take these stairs."

"Oh, oh, oh," groaned Bess as she slowly followed Pam up the steep marble stairs. "Instead of stairs, I want some refreshments immediately."

"Do I have to come with you?" asked Sue, with a touch of the querulous little sister in her voice.

"I like looking down from the tops of stairs at people who are just milling about," said Pam, ignoring her companions and dashing up the stairs two at a time. Then, reaching the landing, she turned and looked down on a room filled with people who were in fact milling about and who also held glasses in their hands.

"Refreshments," said Bess, licking her lips thirstily. "I wonder where those people got their refreshments."

"Shall I go all the way down and ask them for you?" asked Sue, with more than a little sarcasm. "And then shall I come all the way back up and give you the information?"

Suddenly, Pam's body tensed; her fingers grew taut as she clutched at the balcony rail. "Look!" she exclaimed in a soft but hoarse whisper. "Look," she said again, and this time she pointed a finger at something or someone down below.

"Oh, oh, oh," said Bess, her eyes growing large and her face turning first a ghostly white, then a vivid red.

"What?" asked Sue, peering at the swirling mass, her head bobbing up and down confusedly.

"But it can't be," said Pam.

"I don't believe it," said Bess.

"What?" asked Sue again, this time with a small stamp of the foot.

"How vile!" said Pam.

"How vile, to say the least!" said Bess.

". . . But . . . " said Sue.

"How bilious!" said Pam.

"How bilious indeed!" said Bess.

"I . . . I . . . I . . . don't know . . . what you are talking about," said Sue, with an almost prehistoric whine in her voice.

"Shall we?" asked Pam, turning to Bess and grabbing her almost roughly by the shoulders.

"Shall we? Shall we?" said Bess, trying to free herself from Pam's now firm grasp.

"Hypers," said Sue. "Shall we what?"

Pam, now locked in indecision, turned back to whatever it was that had caught her attention so firmly before. Her face darkened in puzzlement, her eyes darting here and there furiously and fast. "It's gone," she said. "Oh, dear! It's gone."

"It's gone," said Bess. "It is gone. Oh, oh, oh."

"But what?" said Sue. "And now it's gone. And now I don't suppose you will ever tell me. You never tell me anything."

Symposium

WHAT better place to find a cache of good art historians than at the Symposium on the History of Art jointly presented each spring by the Frick Collection and the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University? To us, the Frick—lovely as it is at any time of year—is only enhanced by the clusters of Byzantinists alongside the lilies at the pool and the Baroque scholars strolling in the garden court. On Friday afternoon, en route to this year's talks, we had the good fortune to run into Irving Lavin, who is professor of art history at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, and is due to chair the Bernini Colloquium at the American Academy in Rome this week, and who had given a Frick talk himself in 1952, when he was a graduate student at Harvard. As we entered the museum, we asked him if things were different at the Symposium now.

“Nothing has changed,” Professor Lavin said. “The process is exactly the way it was then. The same twenty minutes. Even the same people are here. In fact, take Jack Martin.” He introduced us to a man who had entered just ahead of us. “Jack told me today that he spoke at the very first Frick Symposium.”

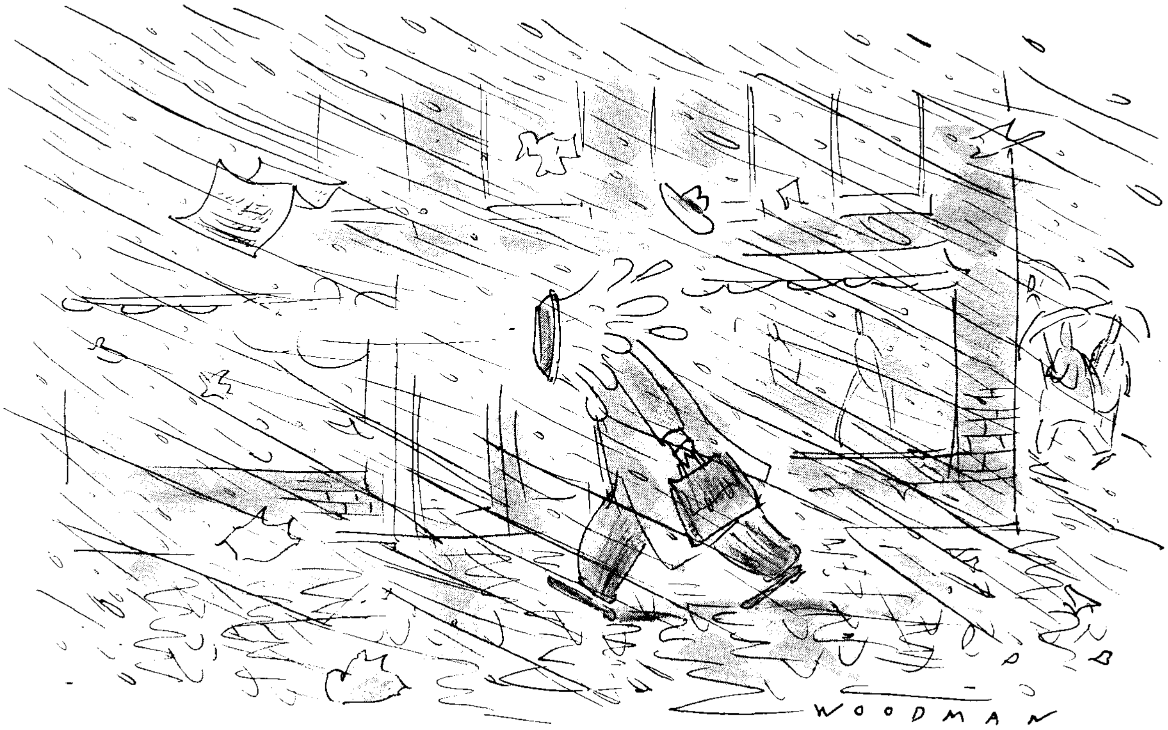
Dr. Martin, Marquand Professor of Art and Archeology at Princeton, said, “It’s true. It was Friday, February 23, 1940. How did it all happen? My teacher at Princeton, Charles Rufus Morey, just tapped me, and that’s all I know about it. I remember this: Charles Parkhurst—he’s at the National Gallery now—and I were working on the same topic, the ciborium columns of San Marco. He was tapped, too, so we just decided to do different aspects of it; he took the anterior pair, and I talked about the posterior pair.”

This year, as always, the first session of the talks took place in the round lecture room, with Anne, Countess of Clanbrassil, and Sir John Suckling (both in oil, by Anthony Van Dyck) looking on and about a hundred and fifty art historians listening. Alison West, one of the two Frick staff lecturers and herself a doctoral candidate, presided.

At the Friday-evening reception, we caught up with Miss West and asked her about the history of the Symposium. “Why, I don’t know,” she said. “But I think there might be something about it in our archives.” Guy Bauman, her co-lecturer, joined us, and we three went off to look.

Mr. Bauman opened a black spring binder and pointed out the draft of an unsigned proposal from 1939: “The concept behind the symposium is that it will provide a selected group of graduate students in the history of art, drawn from a number of Eastern universities, with an opportunity to meet one another and present, if possible illustrated with lantern slides, papers on subjects germane to their studies and of special interest to them. These papers need have nothing in common. . . . It is believed that a community of interest can be achieved by such a meeting and much enlivening interchange of information and opinion providing thereby an additional zest to graduate work.” Behind it in the binder were all the programs from 1940 on, with a gap between 1943 and 1946, when no sessions were held.

We also came upon the text of the introductory remarks for the natal 1940 Symposium by the Frick’s founding director, Frederick Mortimer Clapp. “The idea of such a gathering as this was part of the original plan for the organization of the Frick Collection, as presented to the Trustees in the fall of 1931,” he said, “but realization of the thought was, after the Collection opened in 1935, pushed into the background by the numerous pressing problems of a new museum.” He noted that “credit for the actual inspiration” was due in part to Professor Charles Rufus Morey, of Princeton, and to Professor Walter W. S. Cook, of New York University. Mr. Clapp continued, “I remember quite vividly the isolation in which I once pursued my studies and, even later, at the University of Paris, how I moved in a kind of vacuum through a world of archives, museums, and libraries, fascinated by the great achievements of the past, but too inexperienced to enter the august assemblies held. . . . How much it might have meant to me to meet in a group some of the scattered younger scholars—then, to be sure, not very numerous—who were interested in the same studies.”



Saturday morning, there were more talks at the Frick, with an intermission for coffee, and then, after the 12:10 P.M. paper (“Ingres’ ‘Stratonice’: Public Image/Private Image”), we all streamed eight blocks up Fifth Avenue to the Institute of Fine Arts for a buffet luncheon before the afternoon session, which was to be held there. As we stood in line for the buffet in the Institute’s Oak Room, Linda Nochlin (Mary Conover Mellon Professor at Vassar College) told us that in 1956, when she gave a Frick talk, the luncheon was only for the speakers and their professors. “Each speaker was flanked by art-history luminaries,” she said. “I sat between the great and innovative Meyer Schapiro and somebody else—I can’t remember who. I was utterly terrified. My talk was after lunch. I began with a quotation from Marx. I said something like ‘The soul of dead generations weighs on the living like a corpse.’ A hush came over the room. My paper was on 1848 and the effect of the revolutions on artists, a subject that seems perfectly tame now, but, in the aftermath of the McCarthy era, people turned white. After I finished, my teacher, old Walter Friedlaender, came up to me. ‘Linda,’ he said, ‘you were *brazen!*’ ”

With dessert in the Great Hall, more speakers from years gone by, who, like Professor Nochlin, are now luminaries themselves, being members of the Institute of Fine Arts faculty, reflected on “their” sessions. Robert Rosenblum, the Henry Ittleson, Jr., Profes-

WELCOME TO
JUDDSVILLE
INCORPORATED 1901
POPULATION 5500
COCKTAILS 5-7 PM

sor of Modern European Art, said, "I remember that I came down from New Haven to speak at the Symposium in 1950, and at the conclusion of my talk Meyer Schapiro stood up in the audience and attacked me—and I didn't know who he was."

Colin Eisler, the Robert Lehman Professor of Fine Arts, nodded in confirmation. "I was sitting next to him," he said. "I knew just who he was. I remember he kept saying, 'What do you *mean* by the fourth dimension?' Five years later, I gave a talk myself."

The director of the Institute, Richard Turner, said, "The first session I attended was the one in which I gave a talk, in 1957. *Then* it was the job mart. People would come from across the street—that's how the Met has always been known here—and look you over. The Met's director, James Rorimer, would point and say '*You*,' and you were hired."

Donald Posner, now Ailsa Mellon Bruce Professor, said, "In 1958, I gave a wonderful talk, but Tom Hoving got the job."

Then everybody filed into the lecture room, and the Symposium resumed with "Restoration and the Historical Imagination: César Daly's Work at Albi Cathedral," by Ann L. Van Zanten, of Harvard University.

The Plan

IT was all supposed to happen on a Saturday afternoon. At the head of the parade, there would be the banner, a twin-bed-size piece of white felt with black satin lettering that said "INWOOD LITTLE LEAGUE." Three of the league's all-star players were supposed to hold the banner horizontal with the tips of their fingers and try hard to seem unimpressed with themselves. After the banner bearers would come the color guard from American Legion Inwood Post No. 581, whose headquarters are on Broadway across from the last I.R.T. local stop in Manhattan. There would be four Legionnaires—two with flags, two with rifles—and they would all snuff and crush their cigarettes just before the parade started. Then would come the eight members of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Inwood Little League, wearing felt sashes from shoulder to waist; then some league officials (fellows with gray crewcuts and tinted aviator glasses and royal-blue nylon windbreakers); then State Senator Franz Leichter; and then the Mother Cabrini High School all-female marching band. Nowhere in the plan did it say that the Mother Cabrini band members would arrive late and come running up Sherman Avenue to grab their instruments from the back of their bus, or that dozens of Little Leaguers would whistle at them as they went by. Nothing like that had ever happened to the Mother Cabrini girls before, so it just couldn't have been predicted. What was supposed to happen was that the Mother Cabrini girls would just grab their instruments—twenty-two glockenspiels, fifteen fifes, twenty drums—and fall in line to march. After the band would come the team members, all wearing uniforms with their sponsors' names stitched on the back—Sam's Tavern (green and gold), Good Shepherd Roman Catholic Church (red and white), Riverdale Funeral Home (maroon and white), Fort Knox Social Club (black and gold), Harlem Savings Bank (blue and white). Seventeen teams, four hundred Little Leaguers in all, every one a born right fielder. Somewhere in there would be the St. Jude's School male-and-female marching band (fewer glockenspiels, more charm, green and gold), playing "The Marine's Hymn" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Nowhere in the plan did it say that an onlooker from downtown would approach random Little Leaguers and ask who Mickey Mantle was, that none of them would know the answer, and that some of them would bluff and say that Mickey Mantle was dead or that he was a ninety-three-year-old guy who lived in a cave in Fort Tryon Park and had a wooden leg and false teeth.

According to the plan, the parade would begin at the V-shaped intersection of Broadway and Sherman Avenue, and go up Sherman (past Giselle Botánica, Margot's Boutique, the Gustavo Candy Store, Skylab Fashions, the Oasis Night Club, and the Deltejo Unisex Beauty Salon), then west on Dyckman Street and northeast on Broadway (past Costellos' Bar North, the Alpine Bake Shop, Stein's Fine Furniture, McSherry's Charcoal Pit Bar & Café), west on Isham Street, up Seaman Avenue, and west on 218th Street, heading for the baseball diamond at the north end of the Inwood Hill Park playing fields, at the genuine tip of Manhattan, on the matchless strand of the Harlem River. A national anthem full of glockenspiels would ring out, during which each Little Leaguer would respectfully take off his cap and cover his entire chest with it. There would be a sports-minded invocation, followed by the introduction of the Little League officers and, finally, the announcement that Senator Leichter would stand in the batter's box to receive the ceremonial first pitch. The pitch would come wafting in—a slow, fat one—and he would swing like a sissy and miss the ball completely. Then the two teams sponsored by American Legion Inwood Post No. 581 and Thom's Sports Center would take the field and someone would holler "Play ball!"

That was what was supposed to happen, and it more or less did.

DIDO FLUTE, SPOUSE TO EUROPE

(ADDENDA TO A MAJOR BIOGRAPHY)

THREE letters testify to the depth and intensity of the *amitié amoureuse* linking Dido Flute to Alfred A., valet to Ulrich von Nützlich, brother of the Bosnian Ambassador to Paris and a famous stamp collector in his own right. (See "Nützlich and the Danish Herring Crisis," Princeton, 1977.) These letters, published here for the first time, were discovered in one of Dido's dancing slippers. (The reader will already have observed how, even in times of war and deprivation, Dido was reluctant to perform the petit-bourgeois act of having her shoes mended, preferring to patch them with documents she truly loved.) The letters, undated, have been arranged chronologically, according to the different husbands Alfred mentions.

I

Dido's third husband, Basile Entrepont, was a celebrated street singer who gave impromptu concerts in the courtyards of apartment houses in the First, Eighth, and Sixteenth Arrondissements of Paris. Dido accompanied him, carrying a tin cup.

TUESDAY

ENTRANCING DIDO,

I was cleaning the boss's boots when what should I hear but Basile giving tongue in the courtyard. At first, I thought it was one of the boss's beagles, but I looked out and, sure enough, there he was, and there you were, too. Leaning over the windowsill, I saw about five centimetres of your *bustier*, which seemed to be made of canvas trimmed with *broderie anglaise* (remarkable!). I thought of how amusing it might be to throw some coins down, winging Basile between the eyes. And so I knotted a sou into one of the boss's handkerchiefs, adding a tin of shoe polish for weight, and let fly just as Basile was attacking the last verse of "*C'était les chocolats, Charlotte.*" Dear Dido, a naughty gust of wind must have raced through the courtyard at that moment, for while Basile continued to howl "Charlotte, Charlotte, Charlotte" you lay sprawled, with your pretty ankles showing beneath your red flannel petticoat (unbelievable!). I visited you in the hospital this morning and left a bag of walnuts. The nurse said you were not dead but only looked it, and that you would be cracking walnuts with your teeth in no time.

IN ANGUISH,
ALFRED

II

Clouds of conflict were gathering on Europe's horizon. Dido made a tour of Greece. News from Norway left her worried. In Paris, the Permanganate Bank crash ruined many a small depositor, precipitating some grumbling among Paris's "little folk." Marcel Oriflamme, Dido's ninth husband, was in the Santé prison, awaiting clarification of the Permanganate affair. Dido often sent him telegrams. Alfred's generous feelings toward his friend now came into play.

FRIDAY

DEAR OLD DIDO,

Trotsky was scratched in the fourth race at Longchamp, so I switched to Gogol, an outsider, and rolled home in a limousine. Let me know if you need anything. I've sent Marcel a book on prison reform.

ALL YOURS,
ALFRED

III

The legendary philosopher Gleichgewicht was giving the first of his Sonnabend lectures at the Sorbonne, attended by an overflow audience of listeners, whose enthusiastic cries of "Louder!," "Not so fast!," "What?," and "How do you spell it?" punctuated their delivery. Gleichgewicht's difficulty in mastering the spoken word, his notorious mistranslation of German terms into approximate French, and his habit of losing his place and rambling off into a dissertation on Emmerich Kálmán, composer of "Countess Maritza," had an impact on French intellectual life that is felt even today. "The Paris intelligentsia," wrote Maurice Chevalier to Clara Bow, 4 April 1930, "is now nothing but a béchamel sauce full of lumps." (See also Josephine Baker to the King of the Belgians.) Dido's seventeenth husband, Aymar Prune, had won the classic Tour de l'Ouvrier-Spécialisé bicycle race, which wound around the Renault automobile works. This was the heyday of racing, when creeping amateurism had not yet removed the real point of sport. "In those days, no one would have been fool enough to get on a bicycle for nothing," Dido was to tell the First Secretary of the Albanian Communist Party (First Secretary A.C.P., private conversation with the author). Dido's husband made a considerable fortune, which, as we shall see, she impulsively shared with her friends.

SUNDAY

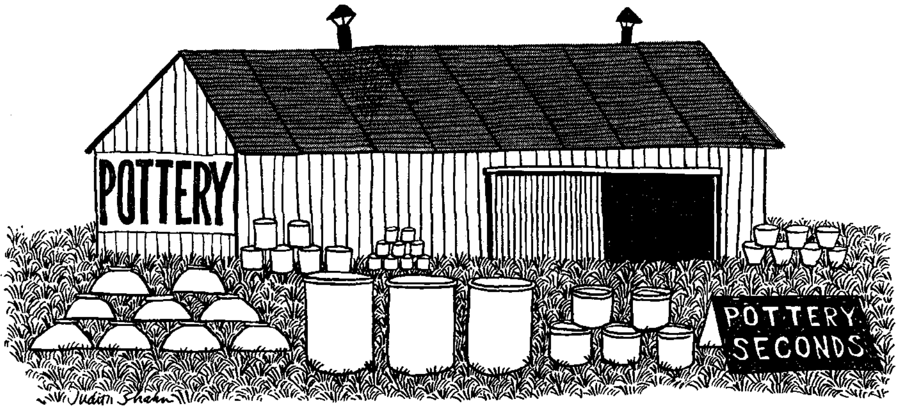
DIDO,

I was just taking the boss's dogs out for a run when I tripped and fell over the case of apple juice you left on the back doorstep. All my thanks. Tell me if I am supposed to save the empties. Who is the girl Aymar's been having his picture taken with? Not a patch on you for looks, but you never know.

IN HASTE,
A.

Soon after this, the findings of the Canary Report were made public. (Two per cent of the middle classes owned ninety-eight per cent of all the Harz Mountain canaries in the greater Paris area.) This was to have a devastating effect on postwar attitudes. The time for dalliance was over. Some people attempted to keep alight their old *amitiés amoureuses*, but the heart had gone out of it. The age of the standard six-figure income was on its way. Alfred was retired on a pension that soon bore the tooth marks of inflation, while Dido continued to two-step on the hearts of the great men of Europe (see preceding 998 pp.).

—MAVIS GALLANT



GOING HOME

A HURRICANE roared over the city. They said it had originated somewhere in Central Asia, though the wind was so icy that this was hard to believe. Glass fell out of windows here and there; in the streets trees cracked and split and were even completely uprooted—not everywhere, of course, but there were a few such incidents.

The hurricane ended in a hellish cloudburst, which rumbled all night. Toward morning everything became still. A mist rose over the city and then dispersed, leaving the air clear and cold. Autumn really began at that moment.

I stepped barefoot onto the freezing balcony. Around and below me lay Moscow, but I could not see very far. Everywhere there were apartment houses like mine, with windows at the level of my windows. I had no desire to wait for another woman, just like me, to step onto her balcony in the building across the way and stare at me—and who could be certain that identical buildings, identical apartments, identical furniture did not produce identical people? I quickly left the balcony and closed the door tight behind me to keep out the draft.

I put the coffeepot on the stove, but I had run out of matches and was in no mood to ask the neighbors. In fact, I was no longer in the mood for coffee. Was it just one of those days? There was something disturbing, almost unpleasant, about the familiar view from the window, the familiar red-and-yellow pattern of the kitchen floor, the shiny new furniture (identical, piece for piece, to the upstairs neighbor's) with the trademark Lada, or Lida—or was it Elita? It would have been a relief to smash the whole lot and stuff it down the garbage chute, then go to an antique shop and buy a pile of junk that no modern city person could possibly want. I would buy it spitefully—dull old candlesticks, heavy porcelain plates with chipped rims, rickety card tables—and strew it all over the apartment. In the center I would put an enormous, absurd old sofa. Then I could be sure that there was nothing identical anywhere.

But of course I could be sure of no such thing. These days, almost everyone was collecting old-fashioned junk, and the identical sofa was undoubtedly standing even now in that apartment across the way.

The atmospheric pressure—surely my depression was due to that. Summer had ended overnight. How could I possibly keep up?

For once in my life I would do what I really wanted. I went out and pressed the button for the elevator, but ran downstairs without waiting. It was a new, automatic one; it hummed behind me, diving between the floors and then resurfacing, unable to catch up with me. It was, after all, only a machine. It finally got stuck between floors and hung there waiting for the repairman. It is well known that there is only one repairman for every three buildings, and he would be even slower than usual, because it was a weekend and he would naturally have to stop for a drink.

It was quite a holiday. Even our dull side street was crowded, not to mention the street that led to the railroad station. Everyone was dressed up, a little tipsy, and out strolling just for fun—alone, in pairs, or in entire families. It was impossible to hurry without elbowing, and I was loath to elbow on a holiday. Let them be happy while it lasted.

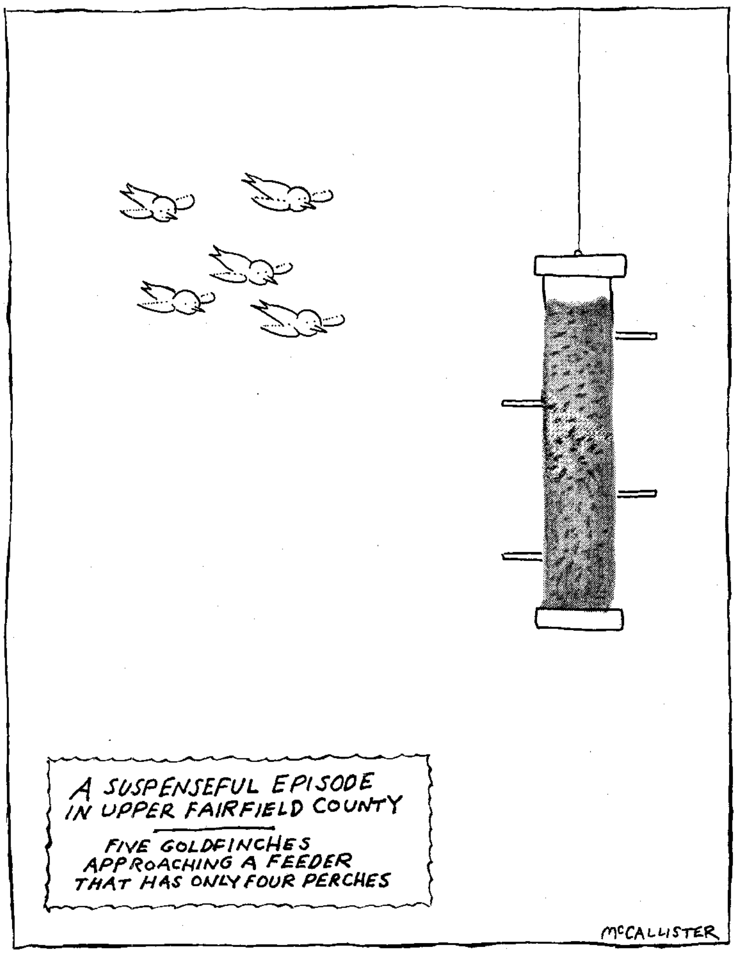
The streets were dry, but at the station the pavement was wet. Either the seltzer venders had spilled water or there had been some sort of very localized railroad-station shower. Railroad stations always seem to me like the near boundaries of strangeness. Lost faces belong in them. The crowd here looked anxious and drab—people do not travel in their Sunday best. That Muscovite over there, shouldering his way purposefully through the others—he had his own preoccupations, different from ours.

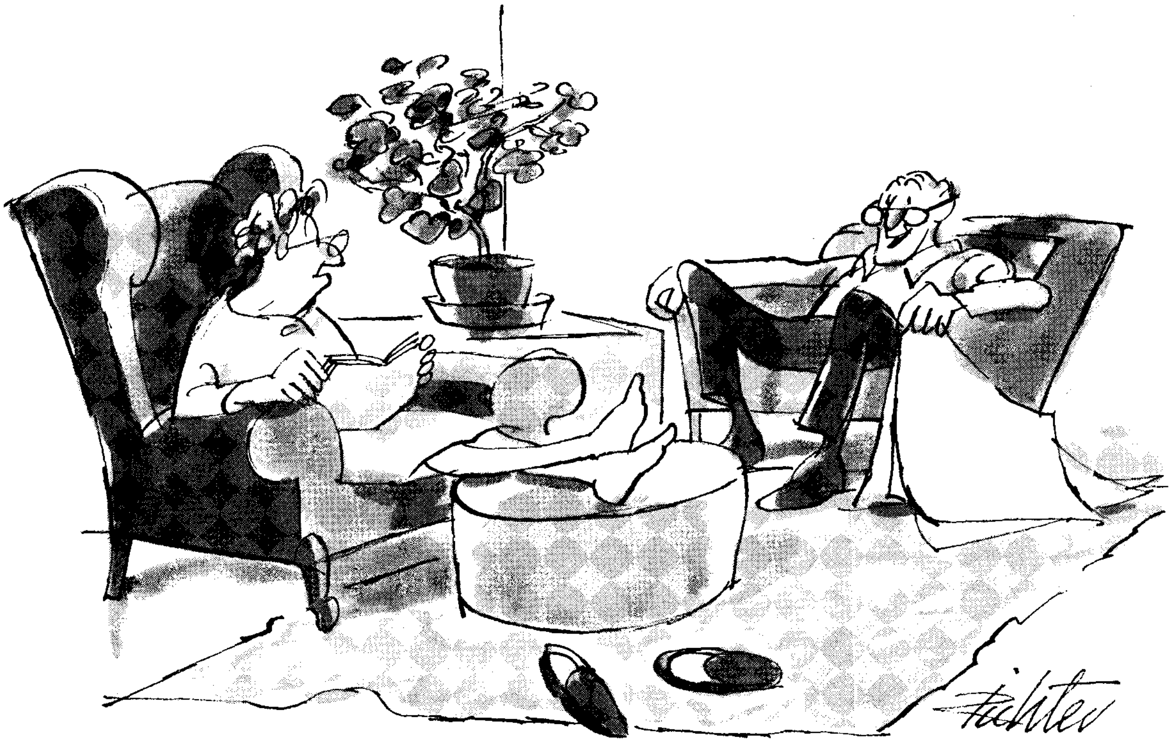
There were stands selling stale powdered-sugar-sprinkled rolls, "Cabbage kulebya-a-a-ki!," hard-boiled eggs, and Stolichnye cigarettes. A long line twisted wildly around this largesse. None of them had any idea that an excellent Gastronom, with everything better and fresher, was right around the corner.

No, I would not go by train. I walked over to the Aeroflot ticket window, where a young woman was admiring her reflection in the glass. But instead of greeting my request with amazement, studying a map, making long, mysterious telephone calls, arriving at an understanding with the head office, and finally, with a shrug of her shoulders, refusing—instead of all this, she quickly and efficiently sold me a ticket.

My flight was at 6 P.M. It was still early, and others would no doubt have thought of something useful to do. I had promised myself, however, that I would not think but only feel. So I went to a bakery and bought halvah.

I had always loathed halvah, ever since I was a child. But my grandmother, my treasured eighty-five-year-old grandmother, adored it—any kind. For me, those eighty-five years counted; from now on, each year might be her last. It could not be very long, but I refused to keep





"That 1927 hunch of mine proved correct, Lillian. We were meant for each other."

thinking about it; she was the most important person in the world to me—simply part of my life. As for her failings in old age, they come to all of us in the end. And hers were sweet, like the rest of her nature. She would take from the closet some carefully preserved, outmoded dress given her by my mother and never worn, and say, "Take it, darling. Make yourself something fashionable out of it—whatever it is they're wearing nowadays." If I refused it, she would sit behind the screen in the living room and weep quietly, so no one could see. You could never refuse.

I thought of Saratov as I remembered it from childhood. I had been back more than once, but though my grandmother waited for me every winter and autumn, every spring and summer, I came less and less frequently: work, life, things—each more important than the last; people who could not grasp that the most important thing of all was to know when it was imperative to fly to a distant city.

I needed to be able to look at things from a distance. As soon as the ticket was in my purse, I breathed more freely. This was what it meant to listen to myself for once. I fished in my pocket for a coin and called my mother at home. I suppose I loved her because she reminded me extraordinarily of my grandmother. I was calling just in case. At the end, I said in a meaningful tone, "O.K., then. Take care. Goodbye. Goodbye."

She did not catch my tone, perhaps because we were only talking on the phone, and replied lightly, "See you. Bye-bye."

My grandmother would have understood, but she was that way.

I was unable to avoid the train completely, since there was no other means of getting to Bykovo Airport. Everyone was dashing about the platform dementedly, but I succeeded in grabbing an old man and asking, "Can you tell me if this train goes to Byk—"

His reply was such an unexpected and virtuoso crudity that it set my teeth on edge. I shouted at him "You old bastard!" and, breathing hard, pushed into the nearest compartment.

I had evidently been overheard by the other passengers, for they all looked up as I got in. I found a window seat and turned away. I wanted to howl like a baby, and when someone sat down next to me, I jumped—but it was a perfectly harmless girl with a book.

The ride took a long time, and I almost fell asleep. At the Bykovo station, some steps led up from a smelly underground passage into the open air, where the moon was already out. An old truck blocked the road, its wheels in a puddle, but no driver was in sight. I stood a little way off, just in case, and said to the dark cab, "Can you tell me which way to the airport?"

A voice growled, "Quarter mile, straight ahead."

There was no point in waiting for a bus, so I walked the quarter mile, straight ahead.

With autumn so late that year, the ground was not yet frozen. On this first really cold day, the earth was still soft and yielding beneath my feet. I remembered another walk, a few years before—on the same quarter-mile stretch of road, on a cold morning under almost violet sunshine, the snow crunching and glittering beneath my feet. I had been running away that time, too—from an irreparable hurt. The person responsible was almost running behind me with my suitcase. I refused to let him overtake or even draw level with me, so that he would not see my face. He gabbled the whole time behind me. "You'll see, you'll see. You'll come back, and I promise everything will be all right."

I knew that it could not possibly be all right. There were words that went deeper than bullets, though that was no doubt precisely why addicts of strong sensations used them. So it is that people toss grenades into their own back yards and then turn around surprised and confused, insisting that everything will be all right—you'll see.

I did not see—or perhaps my eyesight was getting worse. I was running from the injury straight to my grandmother, the only person I could be sure of. He and I waited in the airport café until my flight was called—fruitlessly, for the grenades had been thrown and the whole house was already in ashes.

He said, "Are you sure you won't be sick on the plane from all this beer?"

No. There's a toilet on the plane. People make me sick, not beer.

Since then, they had constructed next to the departure lounge a new "contemporary" plywood café—a bar, really, where yellow lamps hung from the ceiling, cigarette smoke hung in the air, and the clientele was permanently hung over. I went in now without thinking, elbowed my way to the bar,

SIRENS IN BAD WEATHER

The wet streets are undisturbed by that chronic
high whine—as of a fish hawk over the blue
glaze, over the refracted light which slips in
through the cloud breaks. A week's rain has
pasted the elm leaves to the sidewalk, and stuck
some against the buildings and to the tires
of a refrigerator truck which unloads nightly
in the alley below—it's like a brown mildew
spreading through the city. And the constant drip,
drip, in which the passersby in their rain hats
and galoshes seem submerged . . . like the man standing
in the intersection next to his crumpled car:
round-mouthed and motionless, as if under
water, his scream surfacing a block away.

—SHEROD SANTOS

• •

where for twenty-one kopeks you could get pallid slices of bologna on a paper plate, and asked for a pack of cigarettes and some matches. There was still an hour to kill, and outside I found a quiet, weird little garden under an awning, with not a soul in sight.

I said to myself that I was flying away for a long time, perhaps forever, and that I might never see my nearest and dearest again—those know-it-all friends, my mother even; leaving behind all the unjust, obstinate people whose brains could function forever without backfiring. I needed, had to have, an interruption, or I would forget my own name, forget that I existed at all. I felt very solemn and sad. I knew, of course, that I would return in a few days, but it was so very pleasant to imagine that I wouldn't and so pleasant to feel sad.

I smoked away, and got sadder and sadder. The tobacco stung my lips, and the wind chilled my fingers. My flight was announced. A woman who was obviously a genuine gypsy, though she wore a fancy scarf and a blue raincoat, rushed by me onto the plane and practically knocked me over.

THE flight seemed very short—as if we had only circled over Moscow and landed again. There was nothing to show that I was really in Saratov or had ever been there before. It was a pitch-black night.

On the bus, I was about to drop my change in the box when a young man stopped me. "You only have to put in a kopek—you'll still get a ticket. I know—I've worked on these buses."

I looked at him with astonishment but followed his advice, which worked.

"Who've you come to see?" he asked.

"My grandmother."

"Just visiting?"

"Yes—well, I was afraid she wouldn't wait much longer."

"I know. My grandmother couldn't wait for me. I was in the Far East—that's where my parents lived—for my father's funeral, and bang, I got a telegram from my aunt: 'Your grandmother's dead.' Lucky I made it in time."

"God—you went from one funeral to the other?"

He sniffed calmly. "Oh, well."

What if my grandmother had not waited?

The bus dropped me off somewhere near the center of town, but it was so dark that there might have been a power failure, and I was quite unable to work out where I was. The Volga had to be somewhere nearby; in the daytime you could see it from the top of the hill, but now I could not even tell which cross street I should take. I stopped trying to see, let my inner compass take over, and somehow or other came out at the right street. The clouds parted, and my home was silhouetted against the black sky.

For a moment I couldn't move. Then I walked up to the carved wooden door and groped for the bell. A pair of heels clacked agitatedly down the echoing staircase, and my cousin's voice asked crossly, "Who's there?"

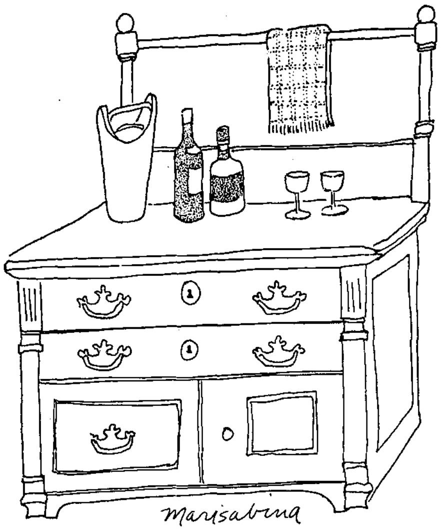
I shrieked so the whole street, let alone the house, could hear. "Open up, Natasha!"

I wished everybody could see how her eyes bulged. As we climbed the stairs, she kept asking idiotically, "How did you get here? How did you get here?"

Walked, of course.

We felt our way along the dark corridor, and she pulled herself together sufficiently to warn me, "Careful, don't kick anything—there are jars on the floor."

Something immediately clanged against my heel, but not very loudly—the jar was evidently full.



"Never mind—we'll clear it up tomorrow. But how did you get here?"

"How's Grandmother?"

"She's asleep."

Natasha went to wake her parents, and I was still wondering why they had gone to bed so early as I ran behind the screen to Grandmother. She was wide awake at once, as if she had not been asleep at all, and she said, looking straight at me, "Who's this? Who's come?"

She sat up in bed. I said nothing at all, but we looked at each other, and Grandmother suddenly said in a quiet voice, "My darling," and held out her arms.

At that moment the rest of the family trooped in from the bedroom: my Aunt Lusya, in a long nightdress, and her sleepy husband, my Uncle Victor. They blinked in the light and smiled uncertainly. I stood up to kiss them, but my grandmother would not let go of my hand.

"Wait. Let me take my coat off," I said, but she said, as if she had not heard, "I'm getting up. This instant, darling, I'm getting up."

"Whatever for? Lie down and go to sleep."

By now Natasha was completely recovered and kept chanting, "Our cousin's come from Moscow! Our cousin's come from Moscow!"

My aunt asked anxiously, "Well, how's your mother? She hasn't written us in a long time. Did we hurt her feelings?"

Uncle Victor went out for a cigarette, came back, lit up, and said, coughing, "Why'd you get here so late?"

As though I'd just dropped in on my way home from a movie. My grandmother heard him, and that was that.

"You were wandering around the town at night alone? You could have been killed! Why didn't you send a telegram, so we could meet you?"

"What for? I wanted it to be a surprise. What's the big panic, anyway?"

"It happens to be 11:20 P.M.," said Uncle Victor, who was wearing a watch.

It took a while for everyone to calm down. My aunt put on a bathrobe. We sat drinking tea as though it were four o'clock in the afternoon. My grandmother never took her eyes off me. I noticed that our old glass lampshade with the chipped edge had gone; some modern horror with three different-colored panels hung from the ceiling in its place.

My cousin followed my glance and said proudly, "Someone brought it from Moscow last year."

"We didn't want to bother you with asking for things," added my aunt.

Poor silly people, I thought. My grandmother sat there understanding me exactly. She was sorry about the old lampshade. My grandfather would have been, too. Before he died, he always sat under it, where my grandmother was sitting now; and while he was alive, the tradition of a daily family gathering around the table was observed. Uncle Victor, who was not a bad sort at heart, had declared that times were changing and, with everyone busy, there was no point in these elaborate family meals.

My grandmother sat there and thought the same thoughts as I. She remembered Grandfather, though she looked only at me.

Finally everyone went to bed. I was left in the living room with my grandmother, of course, and slept on the short, uncomfortable couch that, miraculously, hadn't been replaced by something modern. Grandmother wanted to talk, but they yelled at her from the adjoining room. "Mama, let people sleep." "Some of us have to work tomorrow."

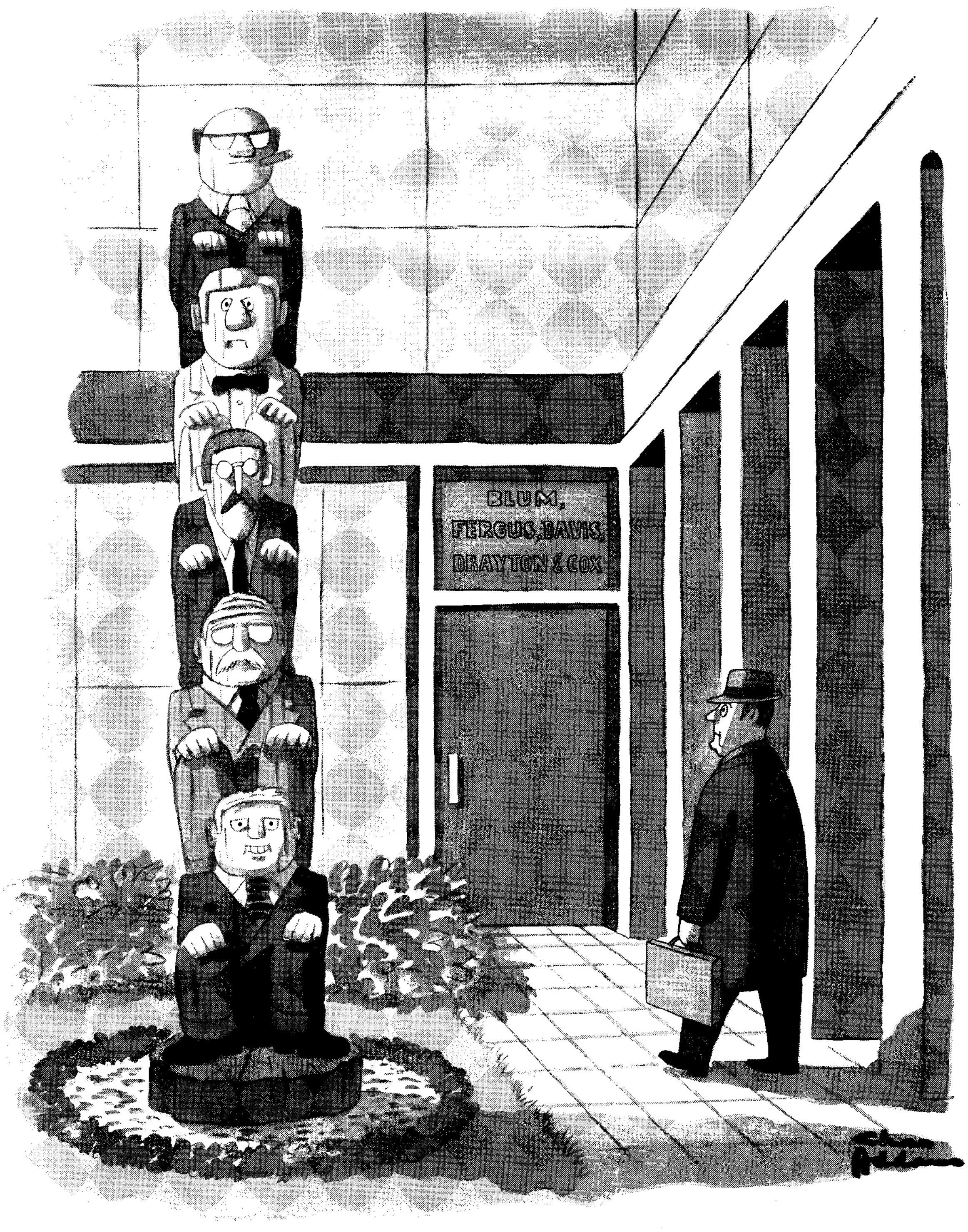
No such thing, of course. Tomorrow was Sunday.

When I opened my eyes the next morning, it was already broad daylight, and the traces of the night's disturbances had been cleared away. Behind the door someone tiptoed, in an effort not to wake me. I got up to look for my things. They were behind Grandmother's screen. Like me, they were her property.

Neighbors had come to look me over. My grandmother, the day's heroine, bustled about in the kitchen, giving out bulletins: Yesterday evening her granddaughter had flown all the way from Moscow, without so much as a telegram, to see her poor old granny. This was true. They all stood around to watch me brush my teeth, and were thrilled when they saw I was wearing my cousin's bathrobe.

"That robe's short on you—you're taller than Natasha. And as skinny as ever."

"She's the family beauty," said my



grandmother, with no regard for conscience. No one else would ever call me beautiful.

Breakfast was Grandmother's extraordinary pancakes with whipped sour cream—a recipe I remembered from childhood—and Uncle Victor even went down to the cellar for pickled tomatoes. After breakfast, Grandmother chased me and my cousin out of the house so that she could bake pies in peace. It was impossible to stop her.

"You haven't seen the bridge, have you?" asked my cousin.

My grandmother was delighted. "Show her the bridge. You can take her over to the other side and show her the Volga."

The city was unrecognizable. The street names were familiar, but the streets themselves had changed. There were new houses, all alike; the Saratov I knew had gone.

"Look, isn't it beautiful? You haven't seen the waterfront? In summer it's terrific!"

The new embankment was three-tiered—each layer built of concrete blocks painted to look like marble, connected by a great many staircases, wide ones and narrow ones, with steep, awkward steps. The proud citizens of Saratov promenaded smugly along the narrow asphalt walkways. The sight plunged me into gloom.

"Please, let's go over the bridge now."

The bridge began rather inconspicuously at the stop for the trolleybuses that crossed the Volga. It was not at all pompous, in contrast to the embankment. We got on the empty trolleybus, and the good folk of Saratov, sacks and bags in hand, piled through the doors—no use being polite. We rocked gently across the bridge, and I put my nose to the window. I no longer felt like talking. My cousin chattered on about the bridge and how a film had been shot on it.

Then I began to recognize the Volga. The water was calm and wide, and in the middle of the river was the hump of a familiar sandspit. In the old days we had reached it on a battered paddle steamer or, later, in our own small motorboat. We used to take cucumbers, tomatoes, cold boiled potatoes, and water in a bottle—there were not, and never had been, any shops or cafés there. We built little tents from sticks and towels to shelter our heads, and lay there with the rest of our bodies exposed to the scorching Volga sun. When the sweat began dripping off the ends of our noses, we ran to the water across the burning sand. On the rare occasions when we took our grandmother with us, she rushed to and fro on the shore—a slightly absurd figure in a long silk dress, clutching a parasol and calling, "Children! Don't go too far! The banks might cave in!"

The famous landslides may or may not ever have happened, but year after year, summer after summer, the legend was passed on in the form of horrible stories of people who disappeared, dragged into the water by treacherous collapsing banks. I feared neither the banks nor the horrible stories; but even so, I never learned to swim, though I visited the Volga every summer and spent every day on the river. I sank a few times but managed to struggle back, and still can't swim.

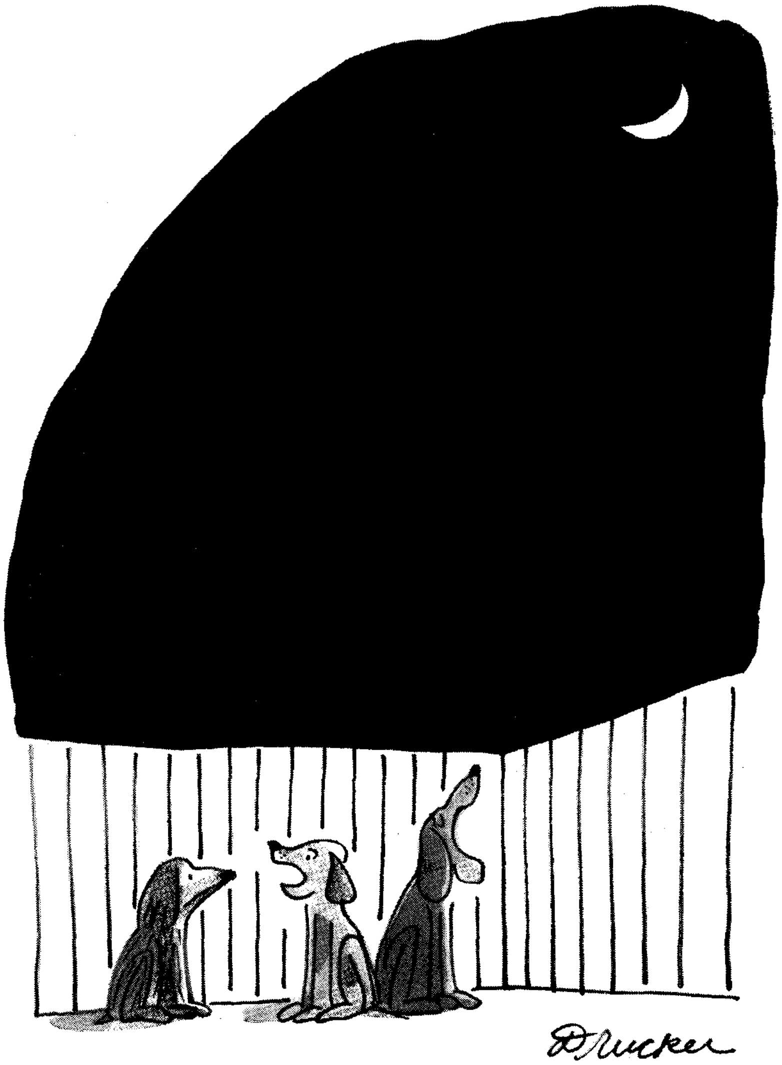
Looking down on the spit from the unfamiliar viewpoint on the bridge, I saw how narrow it was—far narrower than it had seemed then.

The water flowed on, even slower and darker than usual, and suddenly the bridge buried itself in the riverbank. The trolleybus rolled along a little farther, onto solid ground, and we were in a different city—Saratov no longer.

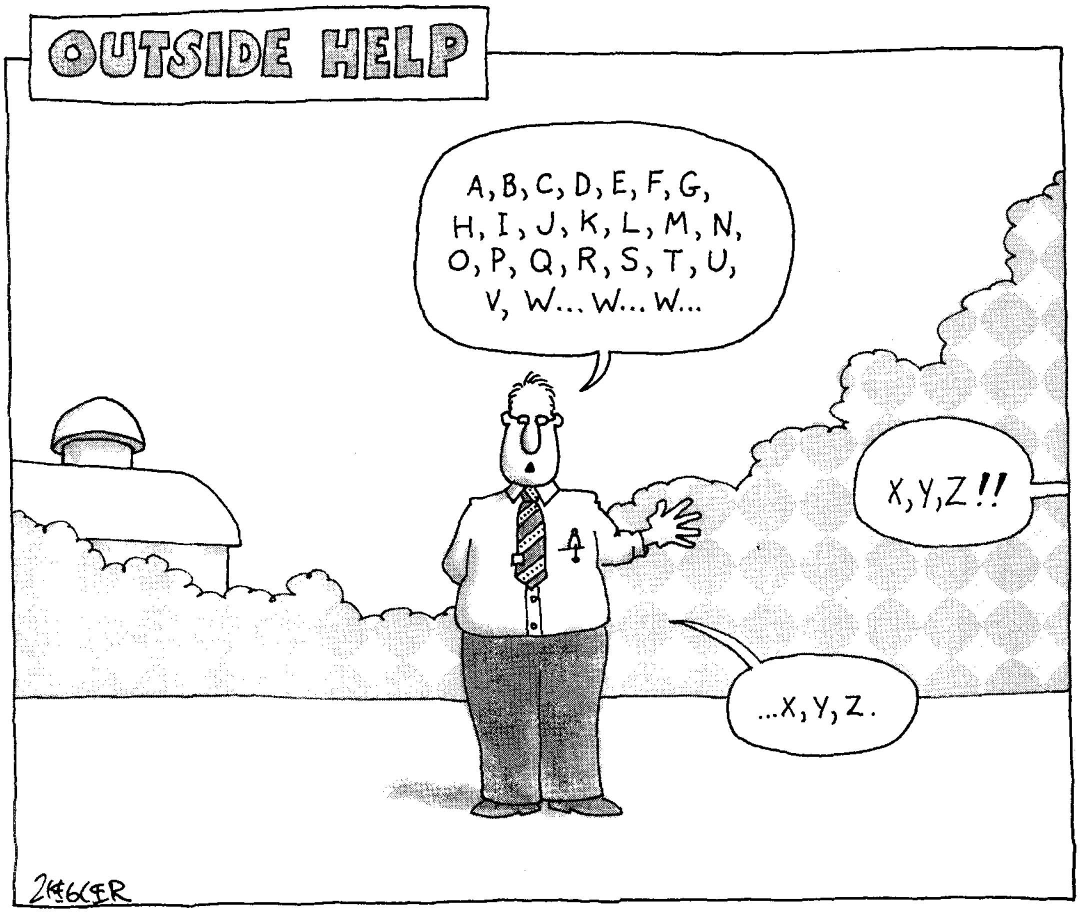
I had seen this part of the town only from the far shore. It was all graying wooden planks, and even the few brick houses seemed gray, too, somehow. There were high, blank fences, and old men sitting on stoops and benches, as though Moscow—or indeed any big city—had never existed.

No, I'm lying. I had been in this town, and in many others like it. In fact, I was almost born there—or could have been, had the bombing of the Volga begun slightly earlier. As it was, I arrived there two months after entering this world. Bundled up in sheets and diapers, I was loaded, along with my grandmother, onto a self-propelled barge (the bridge being younger than I by almost twenty-five years, and Paulus not yet having broken through to Stalingrad). Grandmother clutched me under one arm and a litre jar of sunflower oil under the other—her entire fortune, not counting me.

Cows mooed in the hold, and sheep bleated in almost human voices; an entire gypsy clan, refugees like us, swarmed over the deck, and people poured off the quay, while the overloaded barge settled deeper, its Plimsoll line well below the water, and at last, slowly, very slowly, unbearably



"He's very much involved with the moon."


OUTSIDE HELP
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W... W... W...
X, Y, Z!!
...X, Y, Z.
ZIEGLER

slowly and heavily, like a nightmare, turned its nose toward the open Volga.

I could not see any of this, let alone remember or be conscious of it, at the time. But more than once I stubbornly recounted the episode to my mother, in great detail. My mother ceased to argue or to be surprised at my stubbornness, for she saw herself, a freckled nineteen-year-old already a mother, squeezed into the mob on the quay, almost fainting from the oppressive heat, the shrieks, the pandemonium, and her fear for me.

And at last, slowly, very slowly, unbearably slowly, our barge's nose began to turn toward the open Volga.

Who but my grandmother could have told me all this?

The trolleybus turned around and went back the way it had come. Just before we reached the bridge, it almost ran over a horse pulling a cart, on which lay a long gray boat with its keel in the air.

As we rumbled back over the bridge, I could see up the Volga, in the other direction. The sun glowed as it settled into the water, and the low-lying clouds turned first pink and then gray, until they grew dim and faded into the sky.

We had been riding for over two hours, and walked stiffly on our numb legs. We heard loud music. A mobile shooting gallery had been set up near the bridge. It consisted of a little old bus plastered with posters, a loudspeaker, and a barker standing on the running board with a handful of sunflower seeds—every modern convenience. A well-known popular song, performed by a national idol, was the musical accompaniment to this small *nature morte*. The lyrics "The snowstorm mixed the earth and sky!" poured from the loudspeaker while the owner of the enterprise looked from side to side and spat out sunflower-seed shells with dignity, as though it were he who sang so loudly and beautifully. An enraptured crowd stood all around, though no one stepped up into the bus to shoot at the target.

My cousin, annoyed by my long and inexplicable silence, said, "Of course, I realize it's not Moscow. Nothing here could possibly surprise you!"

On the contrary, I thought, I am continually surprised, though not in the way you think. But out loud I said, "You've got a marvellous bridge—it's so long. Really, I'd like to ride across it like that every day."

I could not think of anything else to say on the subject of the bridge. But this seemed to comfort my cousin. She calmed down and said, "Listen, you wouldn't mind if, er, somebody came today? You know what I mean"—and here she was overcome with embarrassment and muttered, "I thought it might be interesting for you to meet him."

I had heard about this sweetheart. It was flattering that she valued my opinion.

"You want me to meet him?"

"But you must remember he's not like all your friends. He might seem rather—well, he paints, basically."

Fascinating. He paints, basically. "Basically? Is this his pink or blue period?" I could not stop myself and immediately regretted it. My cousin was hurt and turned away. "Don't be cross," I said. "I was only joking. I'm sure he's nice."

She was appeased.

At home everything smelled of pie. There were pies, covered with cloths, on the table, the windowsill, even the sofa, and Grandmother was still in the kitchen.

"How are we going to get through all this? They'll go stale."

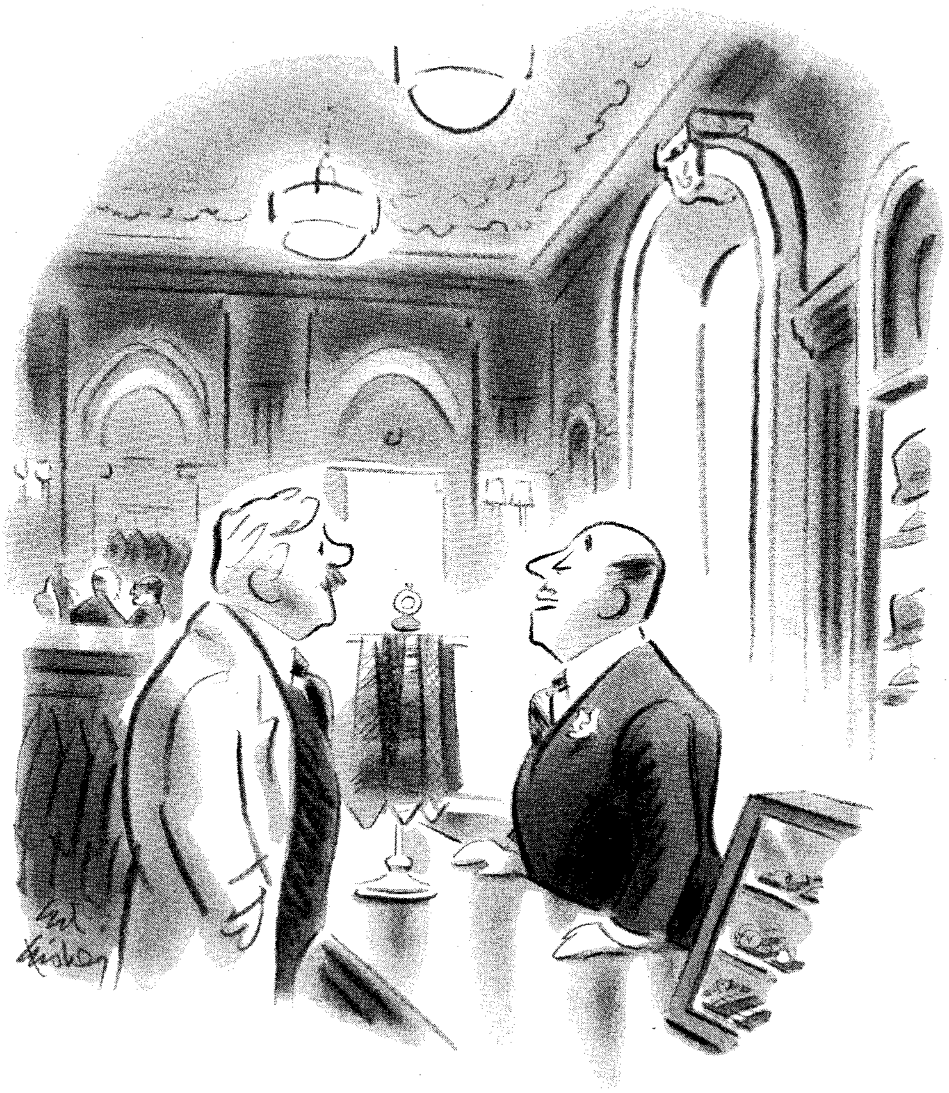
"Go stale?" Grandmother was astonished. "We'll eat them all today, and what we don't will keep for tomorrow."

By that time I was unused to the kind of house where plenty of good food is served in true Russian style, where they pickle red tomatoes and make sauerkraut for winter, where on Sundays they bake all kinds of pies. Of course, it was in my honor, not just because it was Sunday, that so many pies had been baked; I was wanted, and I felt proud.

As I set the table, Uncle Victor volunteered advice. "Put the glasses on the table. Over there, in the china closet."

Finally we all sat down. Everyone was ready to raise his glass, but something held us back. My mouth was watering. I looked at Grandmother.

"The children are starved," she said, putting a healthy slice of pie on my



"Actually, we haven't really raised our prices since 1964. They were unconscionable then and they're unconscionable now."

• •

plate and forgetting my cousin. Uncle Victor glowered at her. She returned his gaze fearlessly and said to me, "Eat, darling. Try Grandmother's pie."

Uncle Victor shrugged, and we all fell to. All, that is, except my cousin, who fidgeted.

"Isn't he coming, then?" I said.

"Leonid?" she ventured in a strangled voice. "He must be coming. He promised."

"He won't get lost," said Uncle Victor calmly. "Now eat, since you stopped waiting anyway."

My grandmother lost her temper. "Such an important person! Who does he think he is? If he's late, do we all have to go hungry?" She added, for emphasis, "First come, first served." She quietly pinched a corner of dough from my piece of pie and began rolling it into a little ball.

At that moment my cousin leaped up from her chair and dashed to the door. An instant later, the doorbell rang. When we could hear steps in the hallway, my aunt said hurriedly, "Mama, you won't start talking about your noble ancestors again, will you? Don't embarrass us—it makes people laugh. And throw that thing away this minute." She put out her hand and took the little ball of dough from Grandmother.

"But she likes people to laugh at her," said Uncle Victor.

"They were very well-bred people," my grandmother got in, automatically pinching another bit of dough from my piece of pie, but Natasha and her intended were already walking in the door.

He introduced himself quite modestly. "I'm Leonid."

They sat him down and looked after him in a subdued way. He seemed perfectly relaxed and quite at his ease. He was obviously at home here. But he sensed it when I looked at him, and that threw him off a little. So I began watching him without appearing to. I decided I should know what kind of person my future relative was.

We drank. We ate. Those pies! Those tomatoes! Those relatives of mine!

My grandmother swamped the table with dishes. When she sat down, I held her hand to stop her jumping up again.

My cousin's Leonid drank very primly, and then remembered something. "Oh, yes." He went out and got three dark-green bottles from his coat pockets.

Uncle Victor smiled approvingly. "Now, you try our local beer and tell me how it compares with the stuff you get in Moscow."

Of course I immediately said it was better.

"You're not drinking, Mama!" said Uncle Victor. "May I pour you a little beer?"

"I'm tipsy already." She smiled bashfully.

"Come on—don't give me that," he said, pouring beer into the wine in her glass.

She was scared. "I can't drink it. What are you doing?"

"Don't tell me you won't even drink your wonderful granddaughter's health?"

My grandmother never could stand up for herself. She was capable only of patience, particularly if it would help her children or grandchildren. She could suffer any insult—sighing behind her screen afterward, trying to forget it. She had looked after her children and then, as far as she was able to, her grandchildren—cooked for them and taken them to school. She taught school for forty years and did not retire until the very month that the country celebrated victory and she got a letter from the Army saying that her son had been killed.

That was in May, 1945. And though she had long ago left the school, postcards came punctually every holiday from former pupils. They had no idea that over the years their teacher had been transformed into a grandmother. I knew a lot of people who loved—rather, worshipped—my grandmother. They were not members of her family.

I picked up Grandmother's glass and, since there was nowhere to empty it, drank off the revolting mixture of wine and beer. Uncle Victor said nothing, but did not pour her any more.

We all occupied ourselves with the pies, and my cousin's boyfriend was particularly assiduous. He ate tidily, however, without dropping crumbs on the tablecloth. My cousin gazed tenderly at him, but he did not notice, and his attention wandered only when my aunt said, "Well, Mama, I'm sure your ancestors never ate such *pirogi*."

"They preferred lighter fare," said Uncle Victor, choking with laughter. "In those days they still hadn't invented yeast. Yeast was invented later." He liked rhymes and began to chant, "We, at least—now have yeast."

Grandmother rashly chose to argue. "No—why, there were all kinds of pies, but in Auntie Barbara's house they usually baked those Polish cakes, *mazurki*. At Christmastime the whole table would be covered with *mazurki* and roast suckling pig. There were at least a hundred guests, and they danced till morning!"

"Hundreds of dancing guests? What are you talking about, Mama, for heaven's sake?"

"Of course there were. In those days they didn't ask four people to a party. And they put up a Christmas tree for the whole district. I remember when Prince Khilkov, the city governor, came. He was related to *the* Khilkov—his brother, I think."

My aunt, fearing my grandmother's stories about the olden days, opened her mouth, but Uncle Victor beat her to it. "We've been living a new life for fifty years—and the way you go on, you'd think there had never been a revolution. All you think about is counts and princes and some old city governor you can't forget."

"He's right, Mama—it's ridiculous. I've told you a hundred times. And for heaven's sake will you throw away that little ball? You are at table, after all."

"Don't you see she does it on purpose?"

Grandmother tried to defend herself. "It was you who started it by asking me." She put the pastry ball in her pocket.

"I was asking about pies, for God's sake, not the city governor! You go on and on about one thing. Soon we'll stop talking to you completely, and then at least maybe you'll shut up."

"All right, all right, I'll be quiet," said Grandmother, in an effort at conciliation.

For a moment everything was peaceful and quiet again. Grandmother had stopped eating. I decided I had a right to interfere.

"Eat something, please. Otherwise, who did you bake all this for?"

Grandmother replied, "For myself, of course. Who else?" She stroked my hand.

I looked furtively at my relatives, and whispered to her, "Please throw that dough away—you don't need it."

Uncle Victor stuck his oar in again. "She's watching her weight and won't eat anything in the evening. Then she tells all the neighbors we're letting her die of hunger."

My aunt said quietly, "Now, that's enough."

"I tell you, if you don't want to get fat, eat matzo," Uncle Victor persisted. "I expect at your Auntie Barbara's they ate matzo all the time."

"You know perfectly well she was Polish, and that I lived in Warsaw till I was eighteen."

"Oh, yes! As the old song goes, 'A Greek from Odessa, a Jew from Warsaw'!"

My grandmother finally lost her temper. "You say the most ridiculous things. I'm ashamed for you."

"It's you that should be ashamed," he said, beating a retreat.

So we sat on, and a kind of general conversation gradually began. I tried to join in, but found myself answering mechanically while I looked at Grandmother and tried to memorize everything about her, knowing that the next day I would be leaving her again.

Then they switched on the television. My cousin was whispering with

"I'm uncommitted. And you?"

Leonid, but Uncle Victor said, “Quiet,” and they were silent.

He seemed a modest enough boy, and quite reasonable-looking. Let them get married, I thought, and gazed at them benevolently. Leonid’s arm lay across Natasha’s shoulders, and they evidently had no great need of my good wishes.

Meanwhile, the television was showing a film about Tokyo—the capital of Japan, a blue city with a great many cars, bridges, and high buildings. There was a shot of a Tokyo zoo and a blue swan on a blue pond, gracefully stretching its long neck. My grandmother said, “Such a highly developed civilization.”

Uncle Victor sneered. Leonid unexpectedly came to life and, adopting the tone of his future father-in-law, asked her, “Where’s this civilization, Granny? At the zoo?” And he laughed, with a glance at Uncle Victor to make sure he had hit the right note.

Grandmother, poor soul, walked into the trap and began guilelessly to explain that she had not meant the swan but the pictures preceding it, and again she automatically began to roll the little dough ball between her fingers. But no one was listening anymore; they had recovered their good mood.

My cousin glanced toward Leonid and then said to her, “You don’t even know what you’re saying.”

My aunt murmured discreetly, “You’re doing it again, Mama,” and held out her hand for the ball of dough.

I suddenly felt that I was going to be sick: from everything I had eaten and drunk at that table, from my grandmother’s pies and my uncle’s wine; from Grandmother’s humble vulnerability; but, most of all, from the fact that among all us sinners at the table there sat one real knave. His arm lay across my cousin’s shoulders, as her parents could very well see, and yet neither of them had a thought of objecting.

I was waiting for my mouth to open and spit out the words like machine-gun fire. I wanted to kill. But a minute went by, then five minutes, then ten; the laughter died down, and they were all talking about something else. My grandmother had either forgotten the insult or perhaps had not even considered it one. I could perfectly well have kept quiet. I felt like a traitor, unable to look them in the face, despising and hating myself. Suddenly, my eyes riveted to my plate, I said, “I see you already know your way around.”

THE LAWNMOWER

When dandelions paint the lawn
And heron sail about the skies
When Rachel stretches in the sun
And we are bitten by blackflies
When birds build nests and cats explore
Then daily sings the lawnmower
Whirree, whirroo
Whirree, whirroo, a pleasant sound
While apple blossoms strew the ground.

When we keep putting out birdseed
For blackbird, grackle, finch, and jay
When gold and purple finches feed
Side by side from the same tray
When dogs and foxes shed their fur
Then daily sings the lawnmower
Whirree, whirroo
Whirree, whirroo, a pleasant sound
While apple blossoms strew the ground.

—Barbara Gibbs

• •

No one responded. Not one of them could understand what or whom I was after. They stared at me in surprise. I heard my voice again, this time louder and bolder.

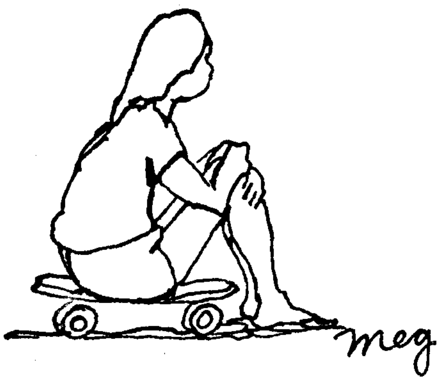
“So you know your way around already? You know who you can talk to, don’t you?”

Leonid went a little pale and stared at me.

“That’s right, I’m talking to you. You know who you can laugh at in this house, don’t you?”

Inwardly I was shrieking, “Get away from this table, you little bastard, you scum—get the hell out of this house! And don’t come back!” If I could have looked at myself in a mirror at that moment, however, all I would have seen was a distorted, pitiful smile. My lips were trembling, and I said again and again, “You know your way around, right? You’ve got it all worked out, right?”

I almost fainted. Everything went dark. My grandmother would die soon, and though all these nasty little jokes would naturally cease forever, this Leonid or whatever his name was would remain and would sleep with my cousin. We would all remain on the earth for a time, but my grandmother would be no more.



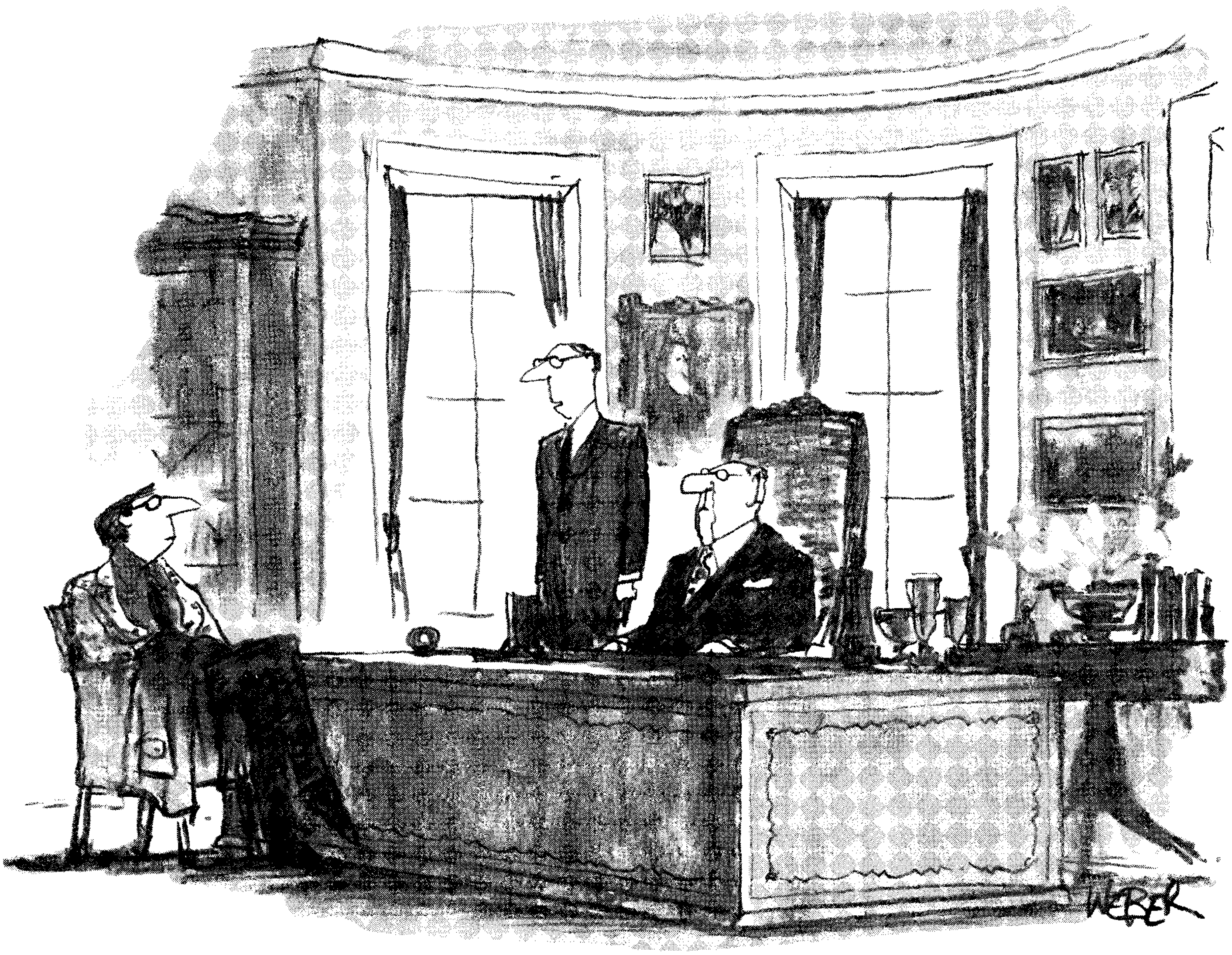
They say that at the end of your existence your whole life passes before your eyes and you remember everything at once, only to forget it forever in the next instant. If you return to earth, as a blade of grass or a wild flower, you will have no memory of the fact that you once were. You will not remember that you ever suffered injury, that once you fled to another city from the hurt, that sometimes you were unable to defend yourself against that hurt and against much else in your life. The grass will rustle gently in the wind, and that will be all.

I remembered myself as a child, when my grandfather was alive. He would never have permitted someone who was not *one of us* to sit *at our table*. He would kiss my grandmother’s hand, even though it smelled of onions.

When I was a little girl and Grandmother used to tie my hat ribbons under my chin, I would turn my head aside, trying not to breathe. She would say, without taking offense, “What’s the matter, darling? I only just washed my hands”—as if soap could wash away the smell of cooking for a big family.

Another moment passed, and Leonid was still sitting at our table. It was I who got up and went out.

I LOOKED at the airplane in which I was supposed to take off. I could have stayed in Saratov and protected



"To come straight to the point, Mr. Kendall, Mr. Brinkerhoff would like to know if you would be interested in writing an affectionate biography."

• •

Grandmother. But she did not notice how they hurt her, after all. They had told me I was welcome to take her with me if I loved her so much. As I was leaving, my aunt had said to me, with tears in her voice, "Do you think we don't love her? Try living with her yourself. You see her through rose-colored glasses, because you come so rarely. Take her with you to Moscow if you want, by all means."

She was confident, probably because she knew I would not. As always, circumstances and reasons—a great many reasons—would not permit it.

The airplane was small and somehow did not look serious. But it hauled itself up to almost inconceivable heights for such a machine; it grunted like a little old truck as it climbed, collapsing into air pockets, and then hung suspended in the air above the bluish earth. It was so pure up there, the air so clear and the visibility so good, that what from time to time occurred on earth seemed wildly improbable. My being vibrated with the body of that absurd airplane, and my spirits, too, vibrated and soared. I was flying home to Moscow, to my native city. Wrong again, would you say? I was born in one city, grew up in another—where was my home?

I exulted—one could not help it at that height—and yet I was exhausted, too. I knew quite well that when I returned to earth, feeling better disposed and more kindly toward everybody, they would *think* that it had been outrageous on my part to take off for another city without warning.

While there was still time left, I took a note pad out of my bag and started writing to my grandmother. I tried to make the letter sound a bit like hers to me. But I was almost positive that, as usual, I would forget to mail it.

As the plane was coming in to land, and the tiny houses and the pine trees stretched toward the sky, I pressed my face against the window and breathed so hard that I had to get out a handkerchief to rub the glass clear again. I searched for the orange fragments that were mailboxes. Where were they? Something shone on a yellow pillar, but it was only a pine tree on whose trunk a ray of sunlight danced deceitfully. Where was there a mailbox?

Still, I knew: All over the world were scattered the little orange squares of mailboxes.

Please, God, don't let me forget.

—EMMANUELLE ESTEN

(Translated, from the Russian, by Tamara Glenny.)

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MAIDENHEAD, England—(AP)—Thieves recently stole two large pumpkins from a garden here.

However, they ignored an even larger pumpkin because, says a policeman.

—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Ah, the constabulary! Always so cryptic.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

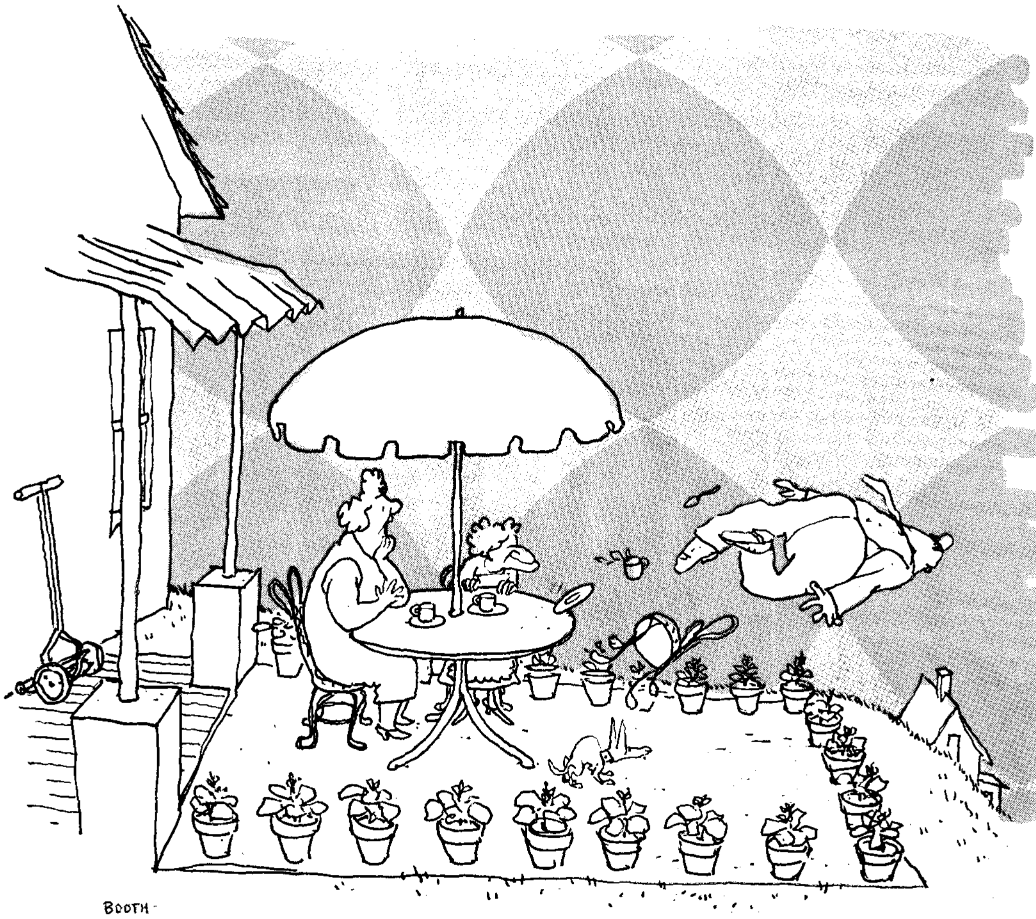
1980: ANDERSON

ON Monday, April 21st, three days before John Anderson formally announced that he was withdrawing from the Republican Presidential contest and was exploring the feasibility of running as an independent, I talked to him at his home about the course he was taking. I had been having brief conversations with Anderson and his wife, Keke, during the past ten days, while he pondered what to do. Obviously, Anderson was pleased with his rather sudden celebrity and with the fact that his style of politics had caught on with a substantial number of voters, and he found the idea of running as an independent "very attractive." And he was clearly tempted, as people in politics tend to be, by those telling him he was needed—as a voice and as an alternative. The mixture of duty, ego, and seduction which motivates politicians is difficult to sort out. But Anderson is a proud man and a reflective one, and it was clear from the earlier conversations that he did not wish to end up appearing a quixotic fool or a "spoiler"—or being the man whose candidacy gave the election to Ronald Reagan. Some of his Republican friends, people who are in philosophical agreement with him, cautioned him that he should not lightly challenge the nominee of his own party. Some friends warned him that, instead of retiring as a man who had had a respected twenty-year career in the House of Representatives and had done something striking in the Republican primaries, and who could still be a voice, he risked going down in history as a man who had become overambitious and, moreover, in the process had elected Ronald Reagan, or had even caused the election to be thrown into the House of Representatives. In our earlier conversations, Anderson would cite polls indicating the public's dissatisfaction with the idea of being left with the choice of Reagan or Carter, and would talk of the people who had importuned him to run. He would ask what would happen if he was not in place to make the run and by the fall Carter was in terrible political trouble and Reagan had come unravelled as a candidate. He had tried to rest and think these things over during a brief trip to California but found himself surrounded by too many people. Then he spent a week in Washington thinking some more, taking some time with his children (the Andersons have four daughters and a son, ages eight to twenty-six), and talking the question over with his family, friends, and advisers. But he was also faced with the physical reaction that sets in when a candidate stops running: exhaustion and the emotional letdown that follows an uncommon effort. So on the weekend before he made his announcement he went to Florida for another rest. By this time, he had made up his mind to begin a series of steps leading to an independent candidacy, and on Monday, in a number of meetings with advisers, he refined the approach further. They discussed the timing and the nature of the effort he would make. Deadlines for filing to get on the ballot in certain states were approaching—some already had slipped by—and therefore if he was to go at all, he had to get going. The exploratory process was to lead to a decision by early June on whether to actually run as an independent. What Anderson was setting up, at least as he and his associates outlined it, was a process that he could stop at any time—if it appeared feckless or seemed to be leading to the election of Reagan.

The intention was that the Anderson campaign would be an unconventional one. As he described it, it seemed to be the sort of campaign that was bound to be tried eventually and one that, as it happens, suits Anderson's own personality and style as well as his political exigencies. There would be less running around and more time given to gathering ideas and developing thoughts on the issues. The candidate would be offered as someone who had actually thought about important questions and said what he thought. The nature of conventional campaigning has reached the point where this could turn out to be an arresting idea. Moreover, it was decided that Anderson would offer a "national unity" ticket, trying to rally people in both parties as well as those alienated by both, by holding out the idea that an Anderson Administration would draw on people of excellence, irrespective of party. But before Anderson could

"*Your invitation said bring a spouse or friend. This is my friend.*"

persuade others to say they would serve with him, or could attract the kind of person he would want as a running mate—a respected Democrat, moderate Republican, or independent—he would have to be able to persuade them that his candidacy had a serious chance of success. So while the lawyers researched the question of how many ballots he could get on, and planned lawsuits if necessary to get on some, Anderson had to set in motion the process of running. At this point, there was no way that anyone, including Anderson, could know what the result would be, for Anderson or the country. It was possible that he would end up a footnote; it was also possible that what he did would affect the history of the country, and some people did not rule out the possibility that he could actually win.



"Oh-oh! There go Papa's timed-release vitamins!"

• •

WHEN I meet Anderson at his modest, split-level home in Bethesda, Maryland, a suburb of Washington (Secret Service cars are parked outside), late Monday afternoon, he is tanned but looks tired and is strangely subdued. He moves about slowly. Anderson is not a very lighthearted man in any event. He is good-humored but not particularly humorous—not given to banter or to telling stories. The mien that he presents to the world is, as he is, fundamentally serious. We sit in Anderson's den—Anderson, a slight man, looking somewhat shrunken as he sits in a stiff-backed chair in a corner, in his shirtsleeves. He sips a Scotch and also smokes a cigarillo—something he does, Mrs. Anderson has told me, only when he is particularly tense or troubled. Mrs. Anderson, a trim, dark-haired woman, dressed this afternoon in brown corduroy pants and a beige sweater, sits in on the interview from time to time. She sits in on, and often joins in, most of Anderson's interviews, and his strategy sessions as well. She is a strong-willed, outspoken woman, and no one doubts that she is an important influence on her husband. She denies that she encouraged her husband to make the race as an independent, but friends of theirs say that she did. Today, Mrs. Anderson is relatively quiet; it turns out that she is bothered, even hurt, by recent newspaper articles that have portrayed her as a noisy, pushy woman. Actually, there is a sort of innocence about the Andersons—a kind of simplicity, an uncomplicatedness. And all of this is new to them. Both of them, in their way, are direct, because it is in their nature to be so. The public Andersons—at least, thus far—are essentially the same as the private Andersons.

I ask Anderson if he is tired, and he replies, "No, not tired—had a long day, with a lot of conversations." There had been meetings throughout the day at the Madison Hotel with his campaign advisers, including David Garth, the media consultant. "We talked about what steps we should take to really come to a final decision, which we have not done yet."

Then Anderson begins a sort of monologue. "I'm not physically tired, but you've got to be emotionally and mentally drained from making a decision like this. It really is a watershed." Long pause. He looks off into space. "You're turning away from twenty years of party loyalty. And you know the disapprobation that will come down on your head. The chairman of the Republican National Committee has already said I'm on an ego trip, and others will call me a Benedict Arnold. There comes a time in a man's life when obeisance to party has to give way to something else. I'm under no illusions about the tempest and the travail, and even the torment, that you go through." He is speaking slowly, apparently just letting his thoughts come out. Though Anderson is talking dramatically, it seems that this is not an act, that he is truly discomfited by what he might be getting into. "I don't know whether I'll turn out to be Sisyphus—pushing a boulder up a hill, that will come crashing down. And I'm essentially a conservative person. I don't make rash decisions. And the Republican Party is a conservative party, and I will be met with less than approbation by what has been my constituency for a long time. The country is in so much political turmoil, and there is so much skepticism of politicians, and I'll be seen as a self-seeker—as someone deciding things on a basis other than St. Augustine. That doesn't sound like a very exhilarating mood, does it, on the eve of entering the field of battle?" Pause. Silence. "What is the greatest fear that men have? I suppose it's the fear of the unknown; and where my path will lead me when it's over, who can say? I don't pretend to know. And yet you get to a point where you are driven by some inner compulsion—and it isn't entirely generated by your own spirit. It's also the ceaseless pounding of people from one end of the country to the other saying, 'Do it, John, do it.' It's not derring-do; that's not my nature. I have the same qualms and fears and trepidations that any man should have, and yet"—slight pause—"I'm going to do it.

"Why am I going to do it? I'm not even sure of the answer to that question. Not out of any lust for power. Not for personal gain. It may bring me more unhappiness than anything in my life. But I don't see anybody else willing to do it. I see senior members of my party, with which I've always identified, trading an endorsement of Reagan for a seat at the Convention, and I see old friends endorsing Reagan." He shakes his head. "It makes me wonder. But the system has to keep on operating, and I guess that can happen if one man is willing to put his body on the line, and that means sacrifice a lot of friendships, upset a lot of people, and do what has to be done. But we've heard a lot about leadership in this campaign. Maybe that's what leadership is all about: chart a course in the campaign, and only when it's all over will we know whether it's all been worth it—and that's six and a half months from now. But I have to believe that there's nothing wrong—indeed, that there's something fundamentally right—about giving people a choice. A lot of people feel disenfranchised. I don't want to go so far as to say, as some are suggesting, that there's victory in defeat, but it might come to that. But I guess no great venture in the history of humankind has ever been launched without the person who had the responsibility of launching it being assailed by some self-doubt. What you have to do, I guess, is look at what the result would be if you didn't make the effort, and then be strengthened by the thought that if you didn't make the effort the outcome would be worse than if you did. And then you have to hope that over six months the results would be successful with more than the eighteen per cent who now say they would be unhappy if they had no other choice but Reagan and Carter. Eighteen per cent is a lot. That *is* a few million people. I guess it all boils down to: Do you stand for something, or do you stand for nothing? Do you make the decision Howard Baker made yesterday: endorse your erstwhile opponent in the name of party unity?" Yesterday, Baker met Reagan in Philadelphia and endorsed him.

Now Mrs. Anderson, who has joined us and has sat silently through the monologue, answers the phone. She turns to her husband and relays the question she has been asked: "Is it true you have asked Moynihan to be your running mate?" Anderson looks surprised, but he apparently doesn't have to tell her the answer. As he shakes his head, Keke Anderson tells the caller, "There is no truth to that."

Anderson resumes. "Do you sacrifice everything on the altar of party unity so you are united behind a man who you don't really feel, if elected, is going to have the answers to the nation's problems? Do you take the risk of stumbling through another four years of disarray in the country and disenchantment with the democratic process? Or I guess then if you reject that argument, you make the argument that what you need is a little creative disunity. I don't think what I'm doing is any more disunifying than what Teddy Kennedy is doing."

The phone rings again. The Associated Press says that ABC is going with the Moynihan story and wants to know if it's true. Mrs. Anderson tells the caller, "There's

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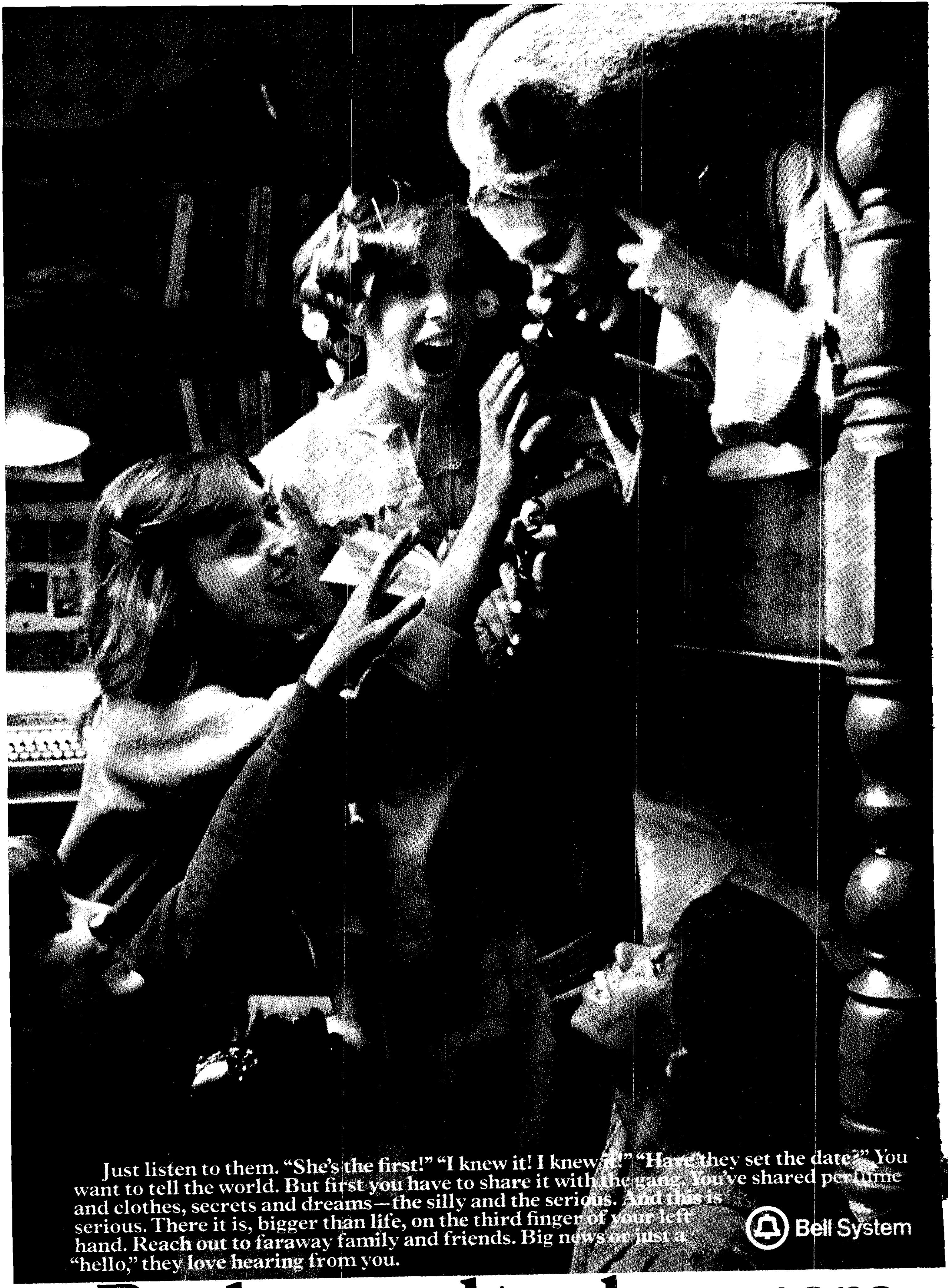


nothing to it. He's not thinking about things like that now."

"Well, I hope you're proud of yourself!"

• •

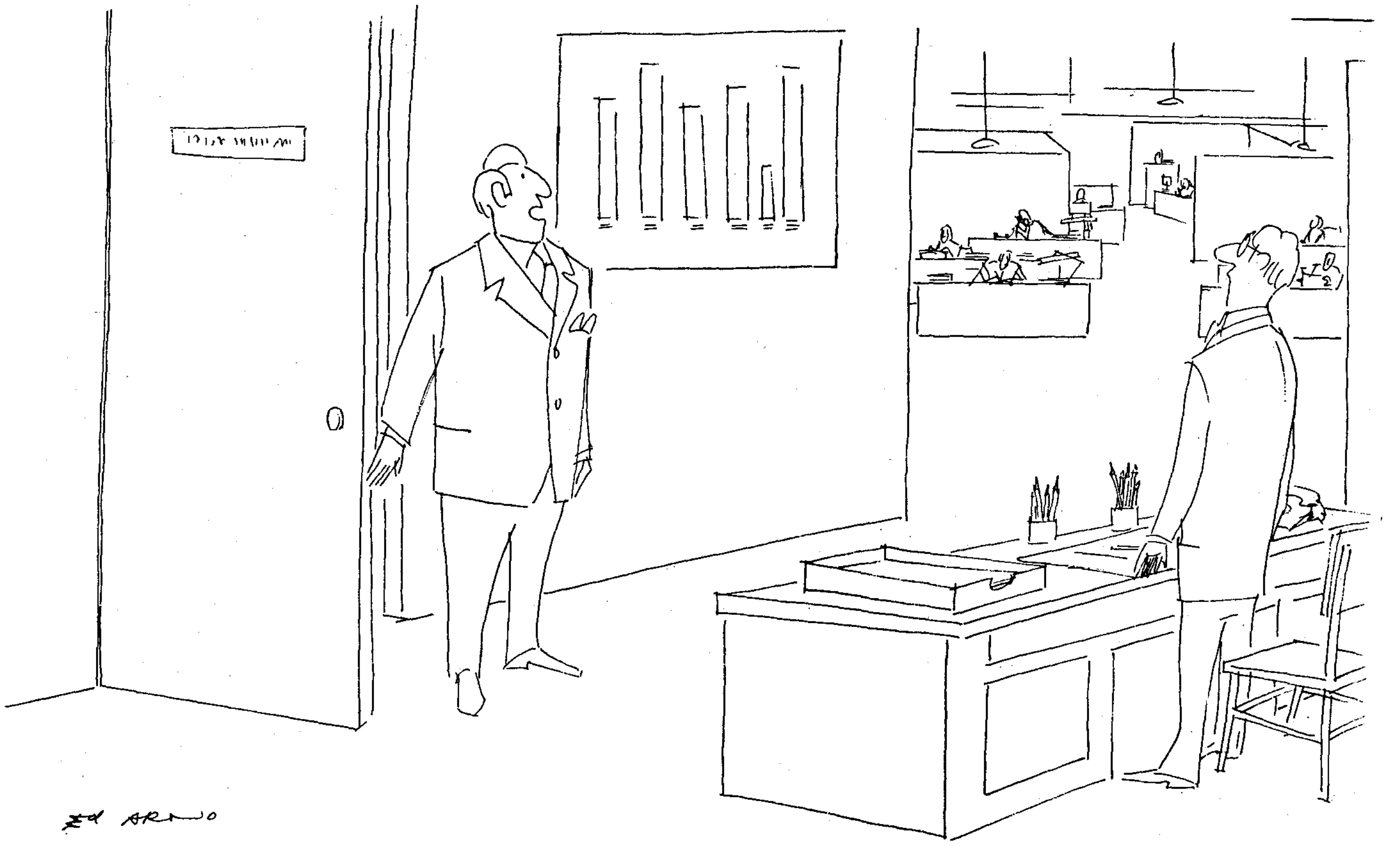
Anderson continues, "I guess people find it hard to understand that a man is not so consumed by the push to be President. I know they will say it's a bolt from the Party. But why should loyalty to a party at a time of national crisis be the highest sum of total virtues of a man who wants to serve his country? It isn't that I don't appreciate the stabilizing influence of the two-party system. But 1980 isn't 1976 or 1972. It's unique. It sounds like you're taking refuge in the last refuge of scoundrels—patriotism—but you're trying to offer another choice. How do you escape the epithet of 'the messiah complex'—that you think you're the only one who can save the country? There are loads of men and women out there, but where are they? But there still are going to be those people who think that the two-party system is so sacred that anyone who rocks the boat is less than a true American.

"I don't want to sound like I'm bereft of friends, and I don't want to sound like I've had my head turned by the siren call and am influenced only by those on the fringes who are upset with the existing order. But there is something wrong with the nominating process. Far less than a quarter of those who are eligible will have expressed their choice. If you want a healthy democracy, you have to have participation by as many people as possible." Pause. Silence. "But there's a loneliness in all this that I don't think anyone can appreciate. You can talk to the political consultants and talk to all the venders to political campaigns, and you always have the nagging thought that their advice might have something to do with the services they render rather than an objective view of the independent candidacy. And I'm only human, all too human, and I'm aware of those who will say it's all egotism, he's off on a frolic of his own. Of course, there is egotism in every politician, and I suppose there is some in me."

Now the New York *Post* calls about the Moynihan rumor. Mrs. Anderson says, "There is no truth to that at all."

It is growing dark in the den. I ask Anderson how his decision evolved.

He replies, "I think it pretty much evolved since the first of April, the Wisconsin primary, where we ran third, with twenty-eight per cent. I mean, we came to the end of the line." The subject of an independent candidacy had been in the air since before the Wisconsin primary, but Anderson had said then, as he had to, that he was thinking only about running in the Republican primaries. "It had been our strategy to start strong in the East and go into the Midwest and demonstrate that in the heartland of the Republican Party we had strength. And I must say that I thought that thirty-seven per cent was pretty good in the state of Illinois, where I was little known except in a little district in a corner of the state—a district of four hundred and sixty thousand people in a state of almost twelve million—but it was interpreted as a defeat." Anderson has represented the city of Rockford and its surrounding rural area, in the northwest corner of the state. He himself was among those who stressed that since Illinois was his home state, he should do well there. "And when we were unable to put together a victory in Wisconsin, with a crossover vote, we were through. I knew that. We weren't on the ballot in Pennsylvania." Through a staff oversight, the filing deadline for the Pennsylvania primary was missed. When I saw Anderson ten days ago, he was upset about that. He also indicated then that he was reluctant to go through more Republican primaries, only to get beaten. Now he says, "And the next state is a hardrock Republican state—Indiana. So what do you do? We began casting around for an alternative. The polls came out with eighteen to twenty per cent supporting the idea of my running as an independent. Then you get interested. I'm aware of all the cynics who say, Yes, but when it gets closer to Election Day the eighteen per cent will go down to five per cent—but I've got six months to try to say the things that will convince people that for the first time in history they ought to vote for an independent. Can I do it? I don't know. Can I find the words? Can I find the wisdom? Can I kindle the spark that may be lying in the psyche of the people? I don't know. Will I have the ideas? I don't know. We're so much a prisoner of events. Who knows what will happen in Iran? Reagan, with his slickly packaged campaigns, talking about tax cuts and all the rest—maybe



"Bronson, would you mind sitting somewhere else? You're always the first thing I see when I open my door."

• •

that's what the people will want. I'm going to have to preach a very tough line. I'll have to talk about sacrifice."

Mrs. Anderson wrinkles her nose.

Anderson says to her, "I know you don't like that word."

She says, "I like 'coöperation.' "

He replies, "That's a soporific; that's a soporific."

Anderson continues, "I've talked in my speeches about the need to toughen up at home. I don't know how you get out of this inflation and recession without more people giving up something."

Mrs. Anderson says, "People are already sacrificing."

Anderson replies animatedly, "They're not; they're not. They're accommodating."

"I'll go along with that," Mrs. Anderson says quietly.

Anderson says, "They may be giving up going out to dinner one night a week or a trip to Miami. I don't think they've begun to sacrifice."

"What do you mean by sacrifice?" Mrs. Anderson asks.

Her husband replies, "Giving up, giving up some of the things they enjoy. I don't think people have begun to sacrifice. No, it's the poor who are sacrificing, and it's them we harp on when we look at the budget and decide where to cut. We let people have deductions for investing in real estate that appreciates every year, but we don't want to spend on food stamps. People don't look on interest deductions as welfare. They don't look on a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar loan guarantee to Chrysler as welfare—that's an investment. But these arguments aren't going to win you the votes of the middle class, are they? And, you see, they feel pinched, and to some extent they are, but they don't realize how real the poverty is to a person who's trying to get along on a welfare check of three hundred dollars a month, and can't invest in a money-market certificate."

Anderson and I return to the question of how his decision developed.

He says, "It was after Wisconsin that I realized that what everyone told me when I began was really true: that there was no way within the universe of the Republican Party that I would be nominated. I guess I really thought that all my talk about a new coalition of the American people, and talking tough, would catch on. Now, you would be justified in asking, If it didn't catch on then, would it catch on in a general election? I don't know. But without being a prophet of doom and gloom I have to say that I have felt in my bones for some time that we were heading for a much deeper recession than the Administration was talking about. There's something basically, basically wrong with the American economy. Something has happened to the American dream. It's not working. And I guess that's going to be the basis of my campaign: that the old easy assumptions that we've always made don't work. We're still talking about doing things at the margins—cut taxes a little, gin up the economy a little. I don't think so. I think we have to make fundamental changes in the structure of our economy. Of course, energy is a big part of my campaign, as you know."

I ask Anderson if he has any thoughts about how to make fundamental changes in the structure of our economy, and he says that he has been talking to Felix Rohatyn, the New York financier, who has been writing and speaking on this subject, and that he plans to talk to others.

"Will you have time to think these things through?" I ask.

He replies, "I plan to take the time. That's how my campaign will be different from the others. I'll have no Republican chicken dinners to attend. I won't be invited. I'll have time to sit

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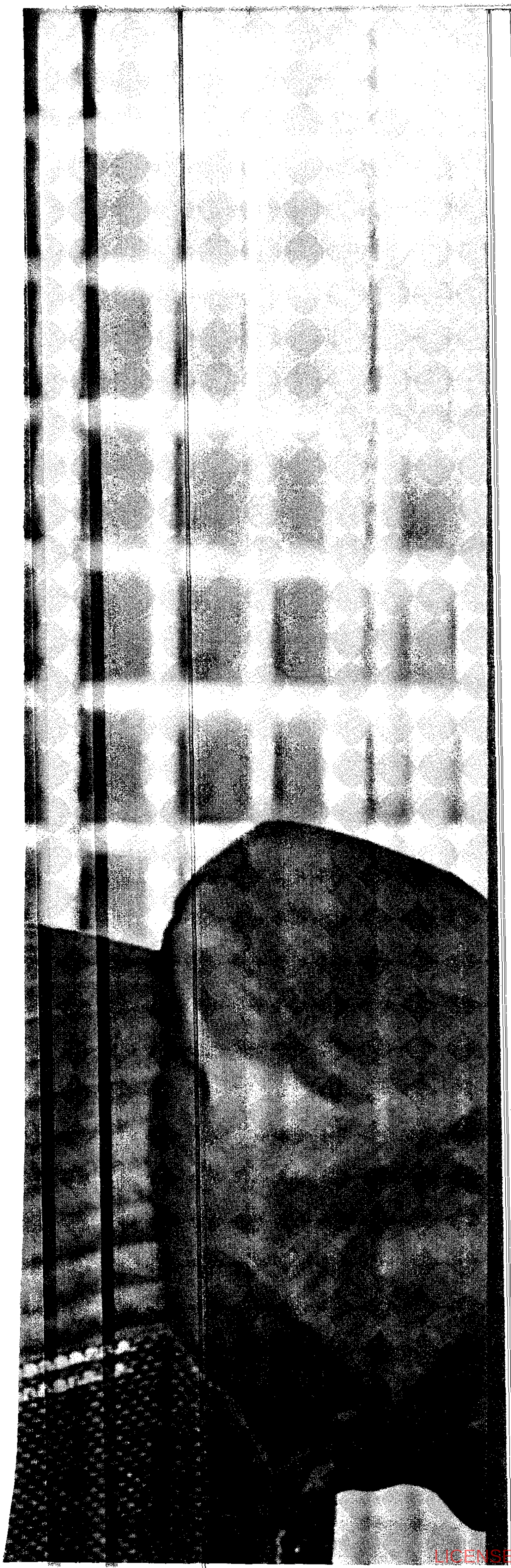

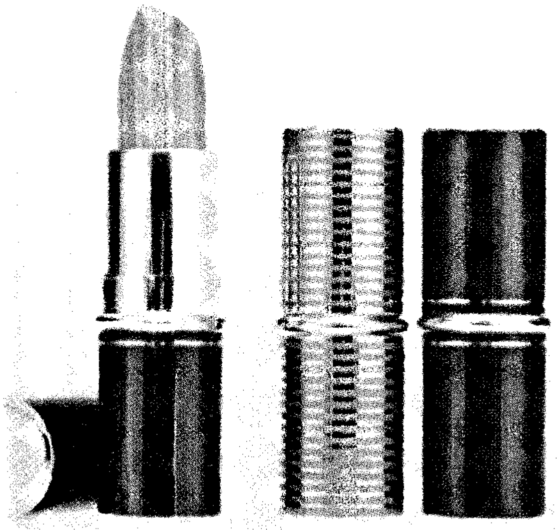

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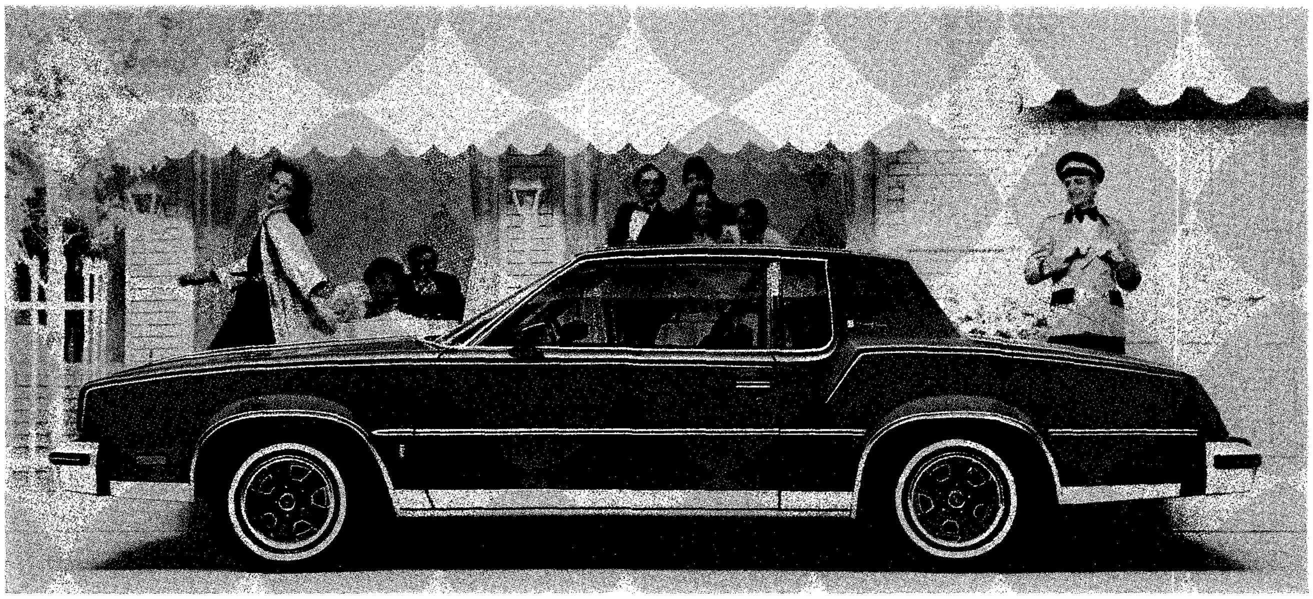

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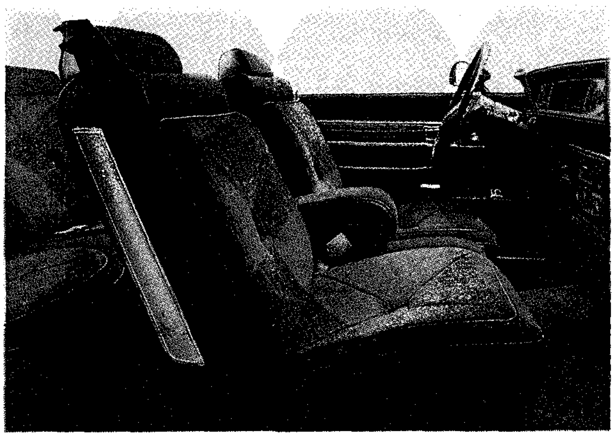

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down and talk economics and other subjects, and if after that I'll be able to find the fora to dispute Ronald Reagan that we have more oil under the ground than we have used, that all we have to do is cut everyone's taxes thirty per cent—whether I can find the fora to express the ideas, I don't know. Without being querulous about it, that's the problem with an independent campaign. Maybe if I come up with enough interesting ideas they'll catch fire. The power of ideas is enormous, and if I don't come up with some new ideas, what am I doing? I'd might as well stay home and rake the yard and play with my eight-year-old daughter. I've just got to bank on the idea that people are tired of old platitudes and the old ideas, that they will listen. I have to say there's some question—when you see that Reagan got fifty per cent of the vote in New Hampshire by railing against government and high taxes. He subverted the thinking of the state. So the auguries are not that favorable at the moment. But as things get worse, which I think they will before they get better, and as people hear the old ideas, if I can somehow package my ideas in a way that makes sense to people, I've just got to have confidence that people will listen. I keep returning to the quote of Emerson 'Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing.' Maybe if I can talk common sense I can inspire a constituency." Pause. Silence. "I'm not sure. I'm not sure. Maybe that's asking too much. I'm clearly under no illusion that it will be easy."

AN important question about Anderson is how he would be at governing if he should get to the Presidency. Some people have misgivings, because of his independent style in the House of Representatives. It has been partly a matter of his politics, partly his personality. Anderson has been a member of probably the loneliest group in Congress—the moderate and liberal Republicans in the House of Representatives. Being a member of that segment of the minority party brings pressures that wear down many people. For various reasons, the peer pressures in the Senate to go along with Party positions is not as great. But even some moderate Senate Republicans, like their House counterparts, begin to lose their edge, go gray. Somehow, this did not happen to Anderson. But he was often frustrated by his situation, and depressed by what he saw happening to his party. He considered quitting in 1978 but, faced with a well-financed right-wing renomination challenge, made the fight, and then decided to retire from the House in 1980. Rather than go quietly or run for the Senate, he took a flyer at running for President. Anderson's position in the House was complicated by the fact that until last summer he was a member of the House Republican leadership—chairman of the Republican Conference, the third-ranking leadership office. The fact that he remained in that position at all reflects the respect, albeit some of it grudging, of his colleagues. Even many of those who don't much like him—who resent his somewhat schoolmasterish, righteous style—respect his intellectual power and his oratorical skills. But Anderson has been an introvert in an institution that values extroversion. He is not one for going to the gym and swapping stories with the boys or for engaging in the purposeful conviviality of Capitol Hill. And even some of Anderson's friends say that he made things unnecessarily difficult for himself—that on occasion he needlessly took a position that was at odds with that of his party, or took the position in a manner that rankled others needlessly. "John is difficult to help," says one of his House colleagues who defends him within that body. "He lacks tact." The question is whether Anderson would have the taste, or the capacity, for the kind of humoring, wheedling, and cajoling that a President is presumed to need. One of his congressional friends and admirers says, "John is not a political animal, never has been. That's both one of his great qualities and one of his great deficiencies." Morris Udall, a friend of Anderson's who has worked with him on legislation, disagrees with some of this. "John is a practitioner of realpolitik," Udall says. "I worked with him on the Alaska pipeline, on the Alaska-lands bill, on election reform, and I found him to be pragmatic and practical; he understands that you have to make compromises. That he has survived within his party in the House says something."

Now, talking to Anderson in his home, I ask him how he responds to those who say that he is too independent, too stubborn, even a bit too arrogant to be a good President, to be able to govern effectively.

He replies, "I think in normal times I would have a very difficult time of it, because people don't easily adapt to new ideas. What I've got to bank on is that under Carter things have come to such a state that even cynical people in the House or Senate will consider new approaches. And I will have, by having

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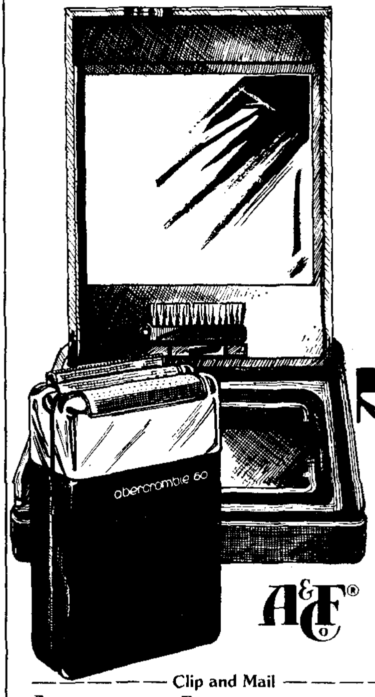

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been elected, accomplished a miracle—and it will take a miracle to elect me—and then they would judge that I had accurately gauged public opinion. And if it was a national-unity government that drew on the best in both parties, and if you put that together with having achieved the miracle of being elected, then, yes, I think it might charm some of the folks who populate the Congress. But it won't be easy. And if Congress doesn't express an interest in coöperating, a President has to go over their heads. Carter hasn't really done that, except for tootling up and down the Mississippi last summer talking about his windfall-profits tax."

I ask Anderson if he would enjoy working with the levers of government, trying to make the machinery work, taking on the interest groups, and so on.

He replies, "You've got to do it differently from the way Carter has. I remember the series of meetings that Carter had on energy where one day he called in the producer groups and one day he called in the public-interest groups. We've got to break that approach—of perpetuating what has been called the war of the parts against the whole. We have to create new coalitions. To simply sit there and try to manipulate the traditional levers of power—no, I don't think I'd do that. I'd make a bigger mess of that than Carter. You have to create a situation where some of the interest groups put down some of their own concerns for the sake of a higher interest. Carter takes on Mobil Oil, which is a safe enough target. Carter hasn't told the interest groups, Listen, you're just a part of this country, you can't dictate policy for two hundred and twenty-two million people. The President has to be active and visible. I'm not just talking about the Rose Garden strategy. God, who listens to Carter anymore? We listen to him for news about Iran. But you don't have a feeling of him as a father figure, speaking to and for the whole country and leading it. He tried to do that on the fifteenth of July of last year." That was when Carter gave his "malaise" speech. "I think it's the only time he tried to do that. I think he came a cropper by suggesting it was the people's fault. Oh, he took a little of the blame, saying he had been managing the government instead of leading it, but he didn't project a vision. I don't know what it is about the poor man. He can't do that."

Anderson and I talk for a while about his policy positions. On economic policy: "Basically, it's a pretty

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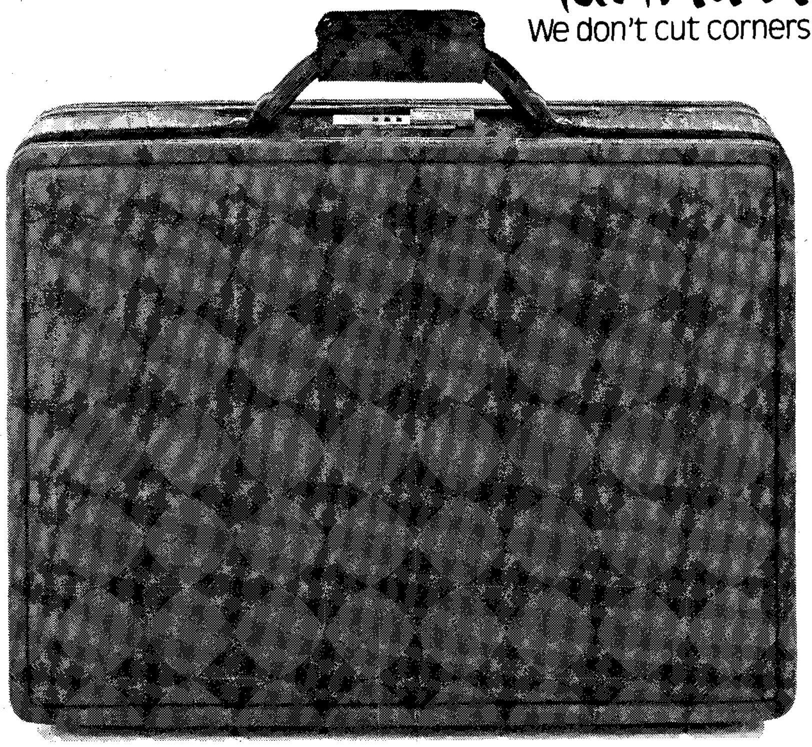

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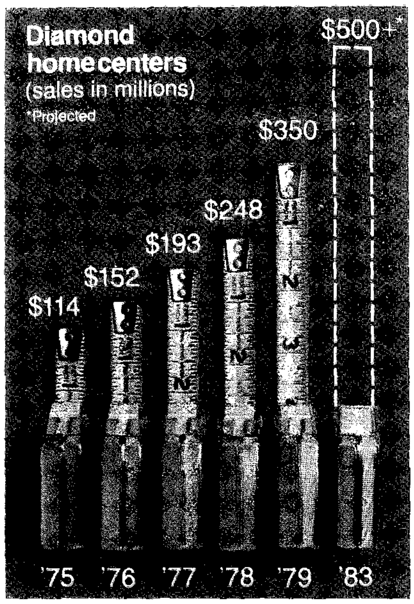

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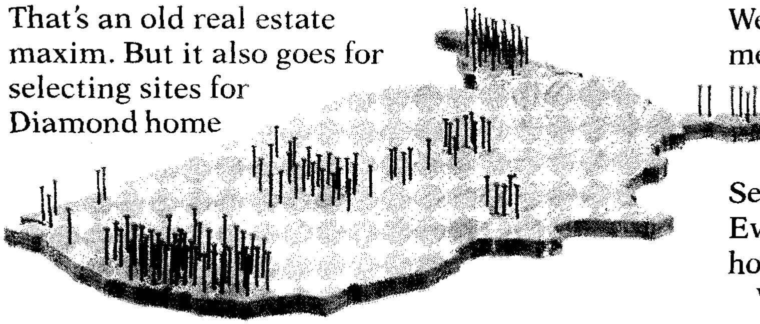

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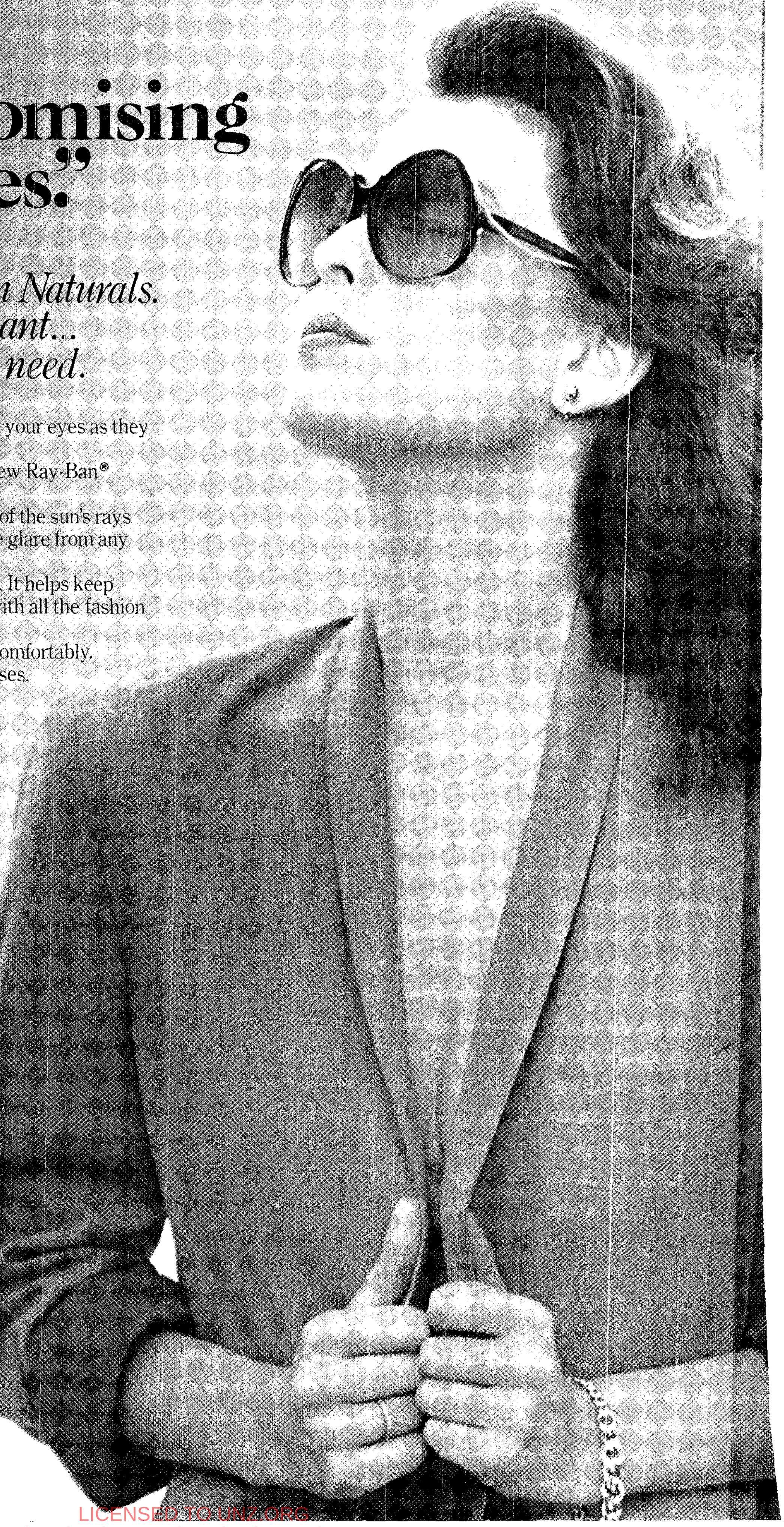

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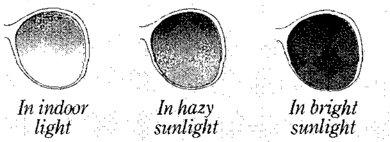

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draconian budget policy, not excepting defense. Also, there would be an incomes policy, where you would expect labor and management to coöperate in holding the line by using the tax code to apply penalties and incentives. Reagan is a throwback to Adam Smith, with the idea that all you have to do is cut taxes. I believe that government has to play a role." He adds, "We should have saved the automobile industry from itself, by requiring higher miles-per-gallon standards." On foreign policy: "Just because we are the leaders of the Western world, we can't expect the allies to go against their interests. We are going to have to concentrate on enhancing the mutuality of interests of the Western alliance, so that they can see that it is in their interest to follow the lead of the United States. There has got to be much closer coördination of economic policy, in order to produce the necessary political cohesion." About the Soviet Union: "Instead of thinking the Russians are plotting world conquest, I think they're terribly insecure. They haven't reached their economic goals for some years; they see our economy three times larger than theirs; they're worried about becoming net importers; they're worried about having access to raw materials. I think we have to sit down and talk to them about not having a struggle for access to raw materials. Just as we're having a Law of the Sea Conference, we should try to construct an international regime where materials will be available to all nations. I see a need for far more internationalism and talking to the Soviet Union in those terms, rather than just resigning ourselves to a climate of constant confrontation. I think Carter hyped Afghanistan. I think we ought to balance our condemnation with hints that if the Russians are ready to talk about other things, we're still ready—rather than shelve SALT, build the MX missile, and, as Reagan says, 'rearm America.' I just can't abide this notion that we're headed into a dark age of confrontation and all we can do is spend on the arms race and arm other nations. That's not the approach I would take."

I ask Anderson about the fact that he began in Congress as a conservative and over the years became more liberal.

"That has occurred," he replies. "It was the awakening of John Anderson, the exposure to a lot of facts and a lot of conditions in the country that in my insular background I wasn't aware of. I'm a product of rural Middle Amer-

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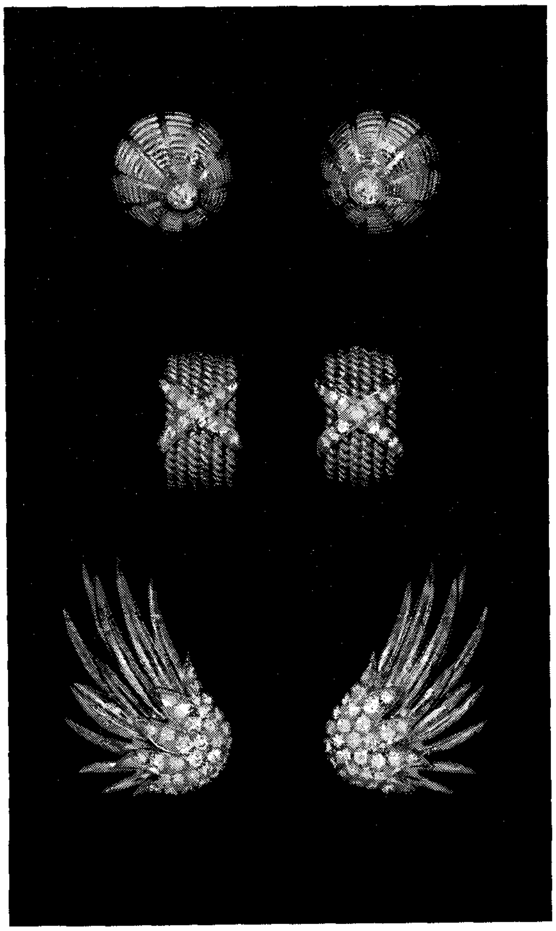

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ica. I didn't think the cities were all that relevant to my existence."

I ask him to clarify his political philosophy now, and he replies, "Pretty conservative as far as the necessity of a new self-discipline in managing the budgetary affairs of the government, but liberal in the concept of trying an idea that's new, even if it's outrageous, and the willingness to take some new approaches. That sounds sort of vague, but there's something there." Some of the positions that Anderson has supported in the past will undoubtedly become issues in the campaign. One that already has is the constitutional amendment he sponsored early in his congressional career, which, while it prohibited the establishment of a state religion, would have had the United States "devoutly" recognize "the authority and law of Jesus Christ." Of this he has said, "It was a dumb thing to do." He says that some of his recent votes "have been cast rather grudgingly, just because I was a member of the leadership of my party." He asserts that that is why he originally signed on as a sponsor of the Kemp-Roth bill—which Reagan espouses—to cut taxes by thirty per cent over three years. "I had grave reservations," he says.

Anderson says that he is uncertain at this point about his plans for the coming weeks. The whole thing has to be invented. We talk about his intention of running an unconventional campaign.

Anderson says, "It can't be the old, conventional partisan bickering, where one week I attack Reagan and one week I attack Carter. No, I have to convince the American people that I have more to say. That's a tall order, but that's the excitement of the challenge." —ELIZABETH DREW

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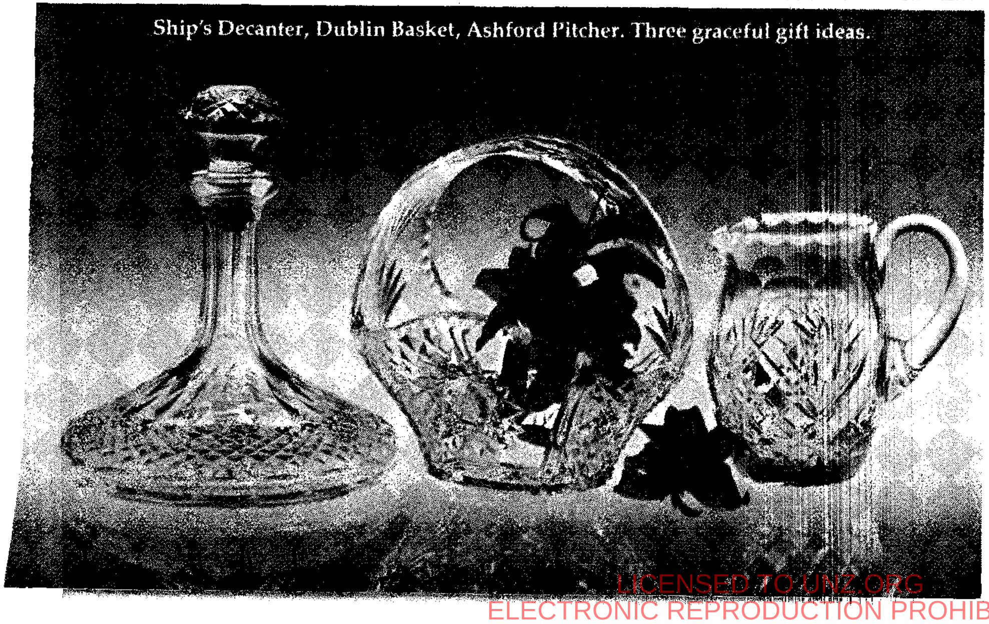

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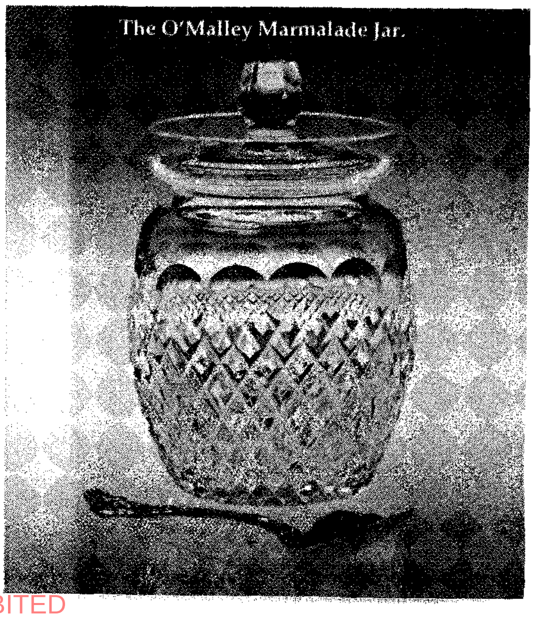

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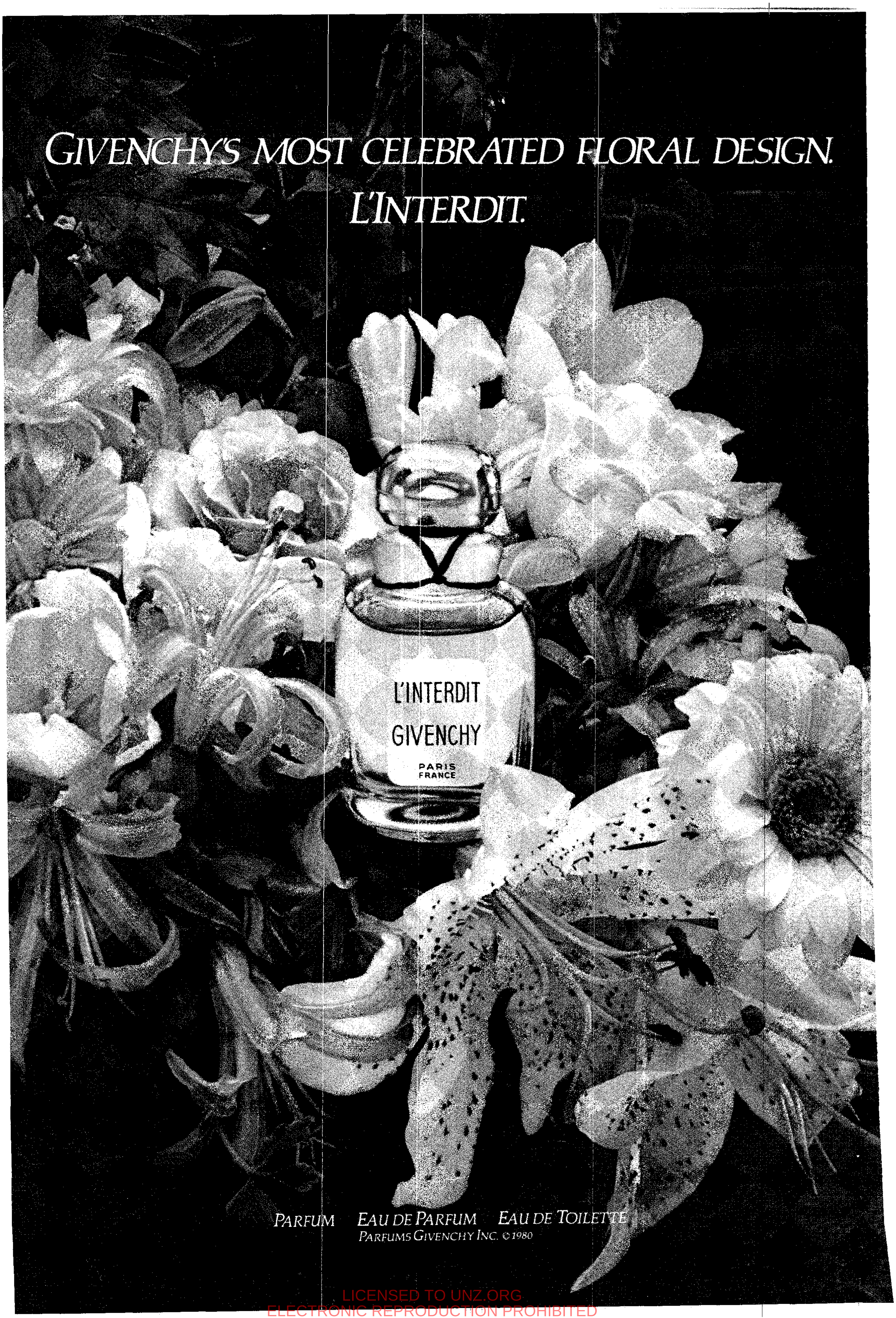
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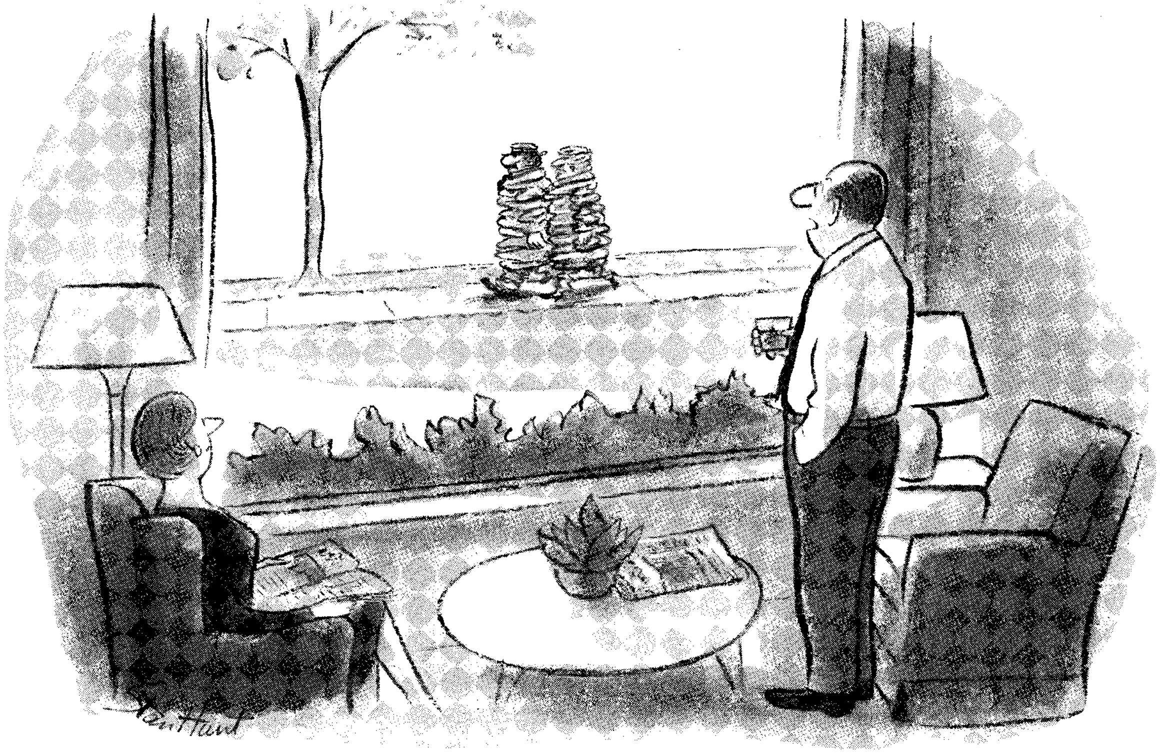
THE THEATRE

Family Matters

"NUTS" (at the Biltmore) is a pleasantly old-fashioned courtroom melodrama. Its author, Tom Topor, isn't much of a writer, but he has an interesting subject, and he pegs away at it doggedly all evening long, to considerable dramatic effect. We are told that the setting is "the courtroom in the psychiatric wing of Bellevue Hospital" and that the time is something over a year ago. A young woman named Claudia Faith Draper is in court seeking to demonstrate that she is perfectly sane and therefore capable of standing trial on a charge of manslaughter. Among the state's witnesses is a Bellevue psychiatrist eager to testify that, rather than stand trial, she should undergo treatment for a rapidly deteriorating mental condition. Her parents are also on hand, ready to testify to the strangeness of her behavior as a child and an adolescent. The state is represented by a stuffy establishment figure named Macmillan; Miss Draper's lawyer is a brash outsider named Aaron Levinsky.

The problem posed by the plot is a neat one: if Miss Draper wins her case and stands trial for manslaughter, she may be convicted and so be obliged to spend several years in prison; if she loses her case, she may find herself permanently incarcerated in some grim mental institution. There is also, of course, a third possibility—that she will stand trial for manslaughter and be acquitted, after which she will be instantly set free. As the story of her life unfolds in the testimony of witnesses during the first two acts of the play, Miss Draper utters the merest handful of words; we can scarcely wait for the third act to begin in order for her to take the stand at last and let us in the audience, like so many jurors, pass judgment on her sanity. Mr. Topor fills his heroine's past with fairly conventional troubles, among them a rigid, inhibited mother, a vanished father, and a stepfather whose feelings for her prove to be not altogether paternal. Perhaps their revelations wouldn't suffice to hold our attention if it weren't for the fact that Miss Draper is played by an extraordinary actress named Anne Twomey, whose flashing dark eyes and occasional anguished smiles prepare us for the explosive confessional candor of the play's climax. She receives excellent support from Hansford Rowe, as her stepfather, and from Ed Van Nuys, as the presiding judge—a chunky little terrier of a man who from time to time emits a peremptory, minatory bark. The courtroom was designed by Tom Schwinn, the costumes are by Christina Weppner, and the lighting is by Roger Morgan. The play has been directed by Stephen Zuckerman, who allows Miss Draper's mother, Rose Kirk (Lenka Peterson), and Aaron Levinsky (Richard Zobel) to act far too broadly for my taste.

THE best thing about the new musical "Barnum" is the setting, by David Mitchell, which fills the big stage of the St. James with a gorgeous circus atmosphere—his colors are the optical equivalent of the oompah-oompah of the biggest circus band you ever heard—and the second-best thing about "Barnum" is Jim Dale, who hurls himself into the title role with an incandescent energy and abandon. He sings, dances, walks a tightrope, bounds skyward off a trampoline, and performs a score of other awesome feats, omitting only the most important feat of all—that of being Barnum. The fault lies not with Mr. Dale, who plays himself only because the author of the book, Mark Bramble, has given him no workable alternative; moreover, the Bramble Barnum bears little resemblance to the impressive original. Snippets of history are fetched up and pinned into place onstage, much as paper tails might be pinned on a paper donkey at a child's birthday party, but the nineteenth-century America in which Barnum was a prominent figure eludes the gross means by which Mr. Bramble has hoped to bridge the years from 1835 to 1880. The songs (music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Michael Stewart) are charming enough in a familiar way, though neither Glenn Close, as Mrs. Barnum, nor Marianne Tatum, as Jenny Lind, brings much zest to her numbers. Mr. Dale aside, for zest one must look to Terri White, in the role of George Washington's purported black nurse, and Sophie Schwab, as a sensationally skilled twirler of batons. If only there were a Nobel Prize for baton twirling, how quickly I would call Miss Schwab to the attention of the King of Sweden! The costumes in "Barnum" are from the needle of Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Craig Mil-



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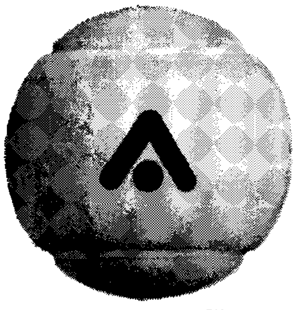

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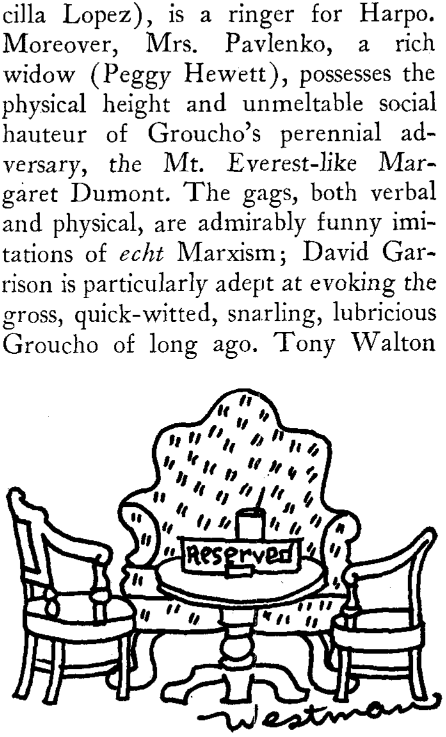
ler, and the direction is by Joe Layton.

"A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine" has come to the John Golden from Mother England, who sometimes tends to show her age. Calling itself "A Musical Double Feature," it has a book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh and music by Frank Lazarus. The first half of the double feature makes mild fun in song, and especially in dance, of Hollywood in its prime, and it struck me as reaching a level of undergraduate humor not much above that which one would have encountered in Ivy League shows back in the days when Sid Grauman was inviting movie stars to press their feet into the wet concrete pavement outside his celebrated Chinese Theatre. Why, I wondered, was a cast of eight talented people bothering to make jokes about Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy at this late moment in the century? Surely even in a night club—even in an *English* night club—that sort of material has grown thin through constant wear? Luckily, the second half of the double feature more than makes up for the jejune flaccidity of the first. It's an extended skit, billed as being "loosely" based on Chekhov's "The Bear," and never was "loosely" used more strictly, for the skit's true literary ancestors turn out to be "Animal Crackers" and other classic works by the Marx Brothers. Serge B. Samovar, a Moscow lawyer, is played by an actor got up to be a ringer for Groucho (David Garrison); Carlo, an Italian footman (Frank Lazarus), is a ringer for Chico; and Gino, a gardener (Priscilla Lopez), is a ringer for Harpo. Moreover, Mrs. Pavlenko, a rich widow (Peggy Hewett), possesses the physical height and unmeltable social hauteur of Groucho's perennial adversary, the Mt. Everest-like Margaret Dumont. The gags, both verbal and physical, are admirably funny imitations of *echt* Marxism; David Garrison is particularly adept at evoking the gross, quick-witted, snarling, lubricious Groucho of long ago. Tony Walton



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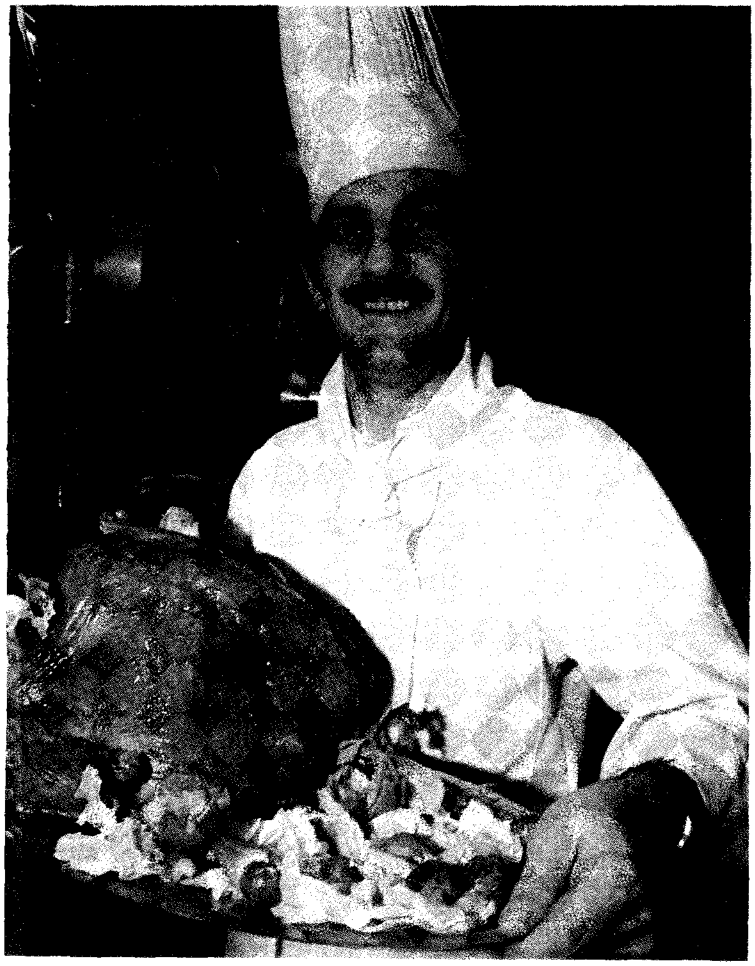

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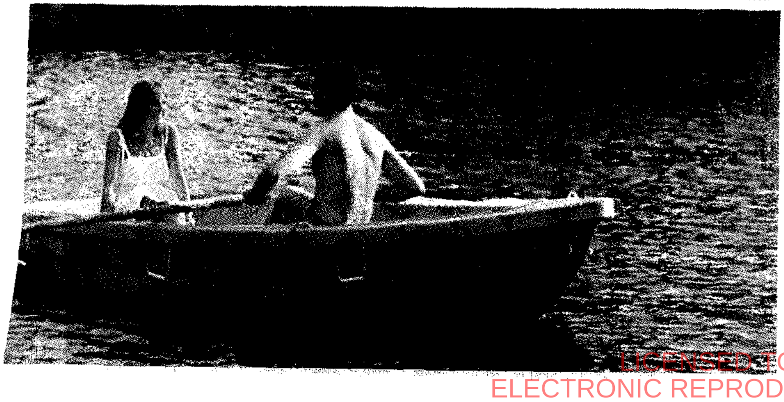

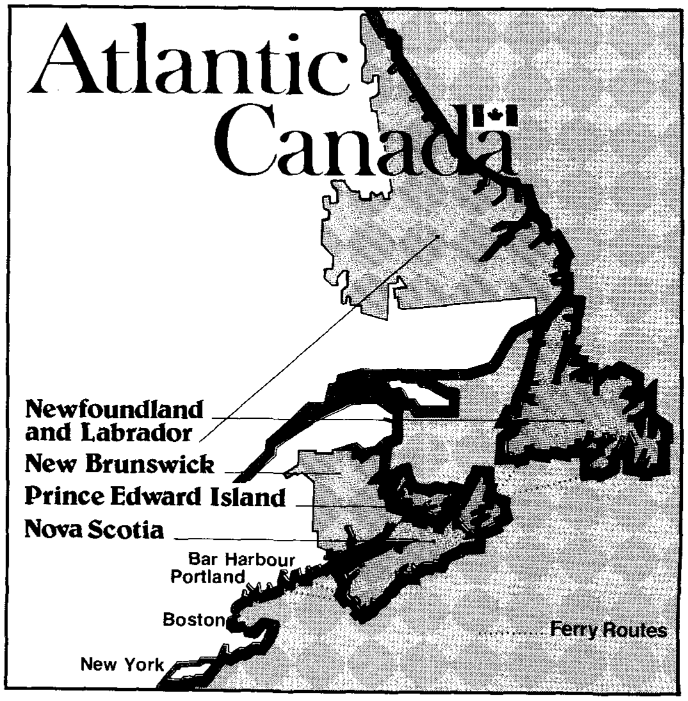

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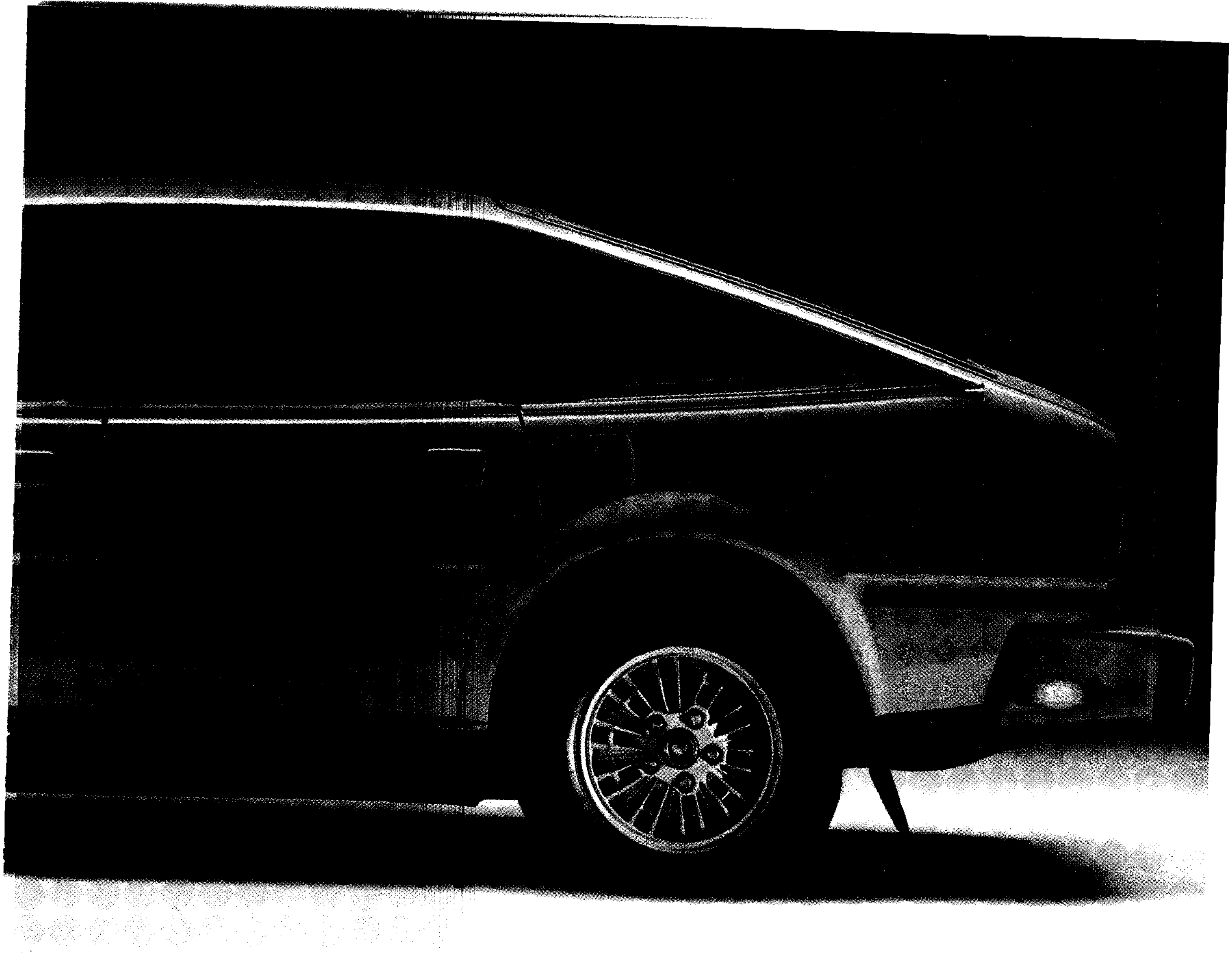

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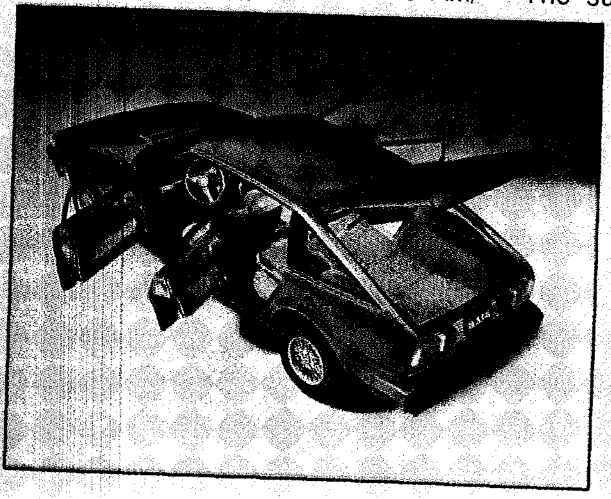

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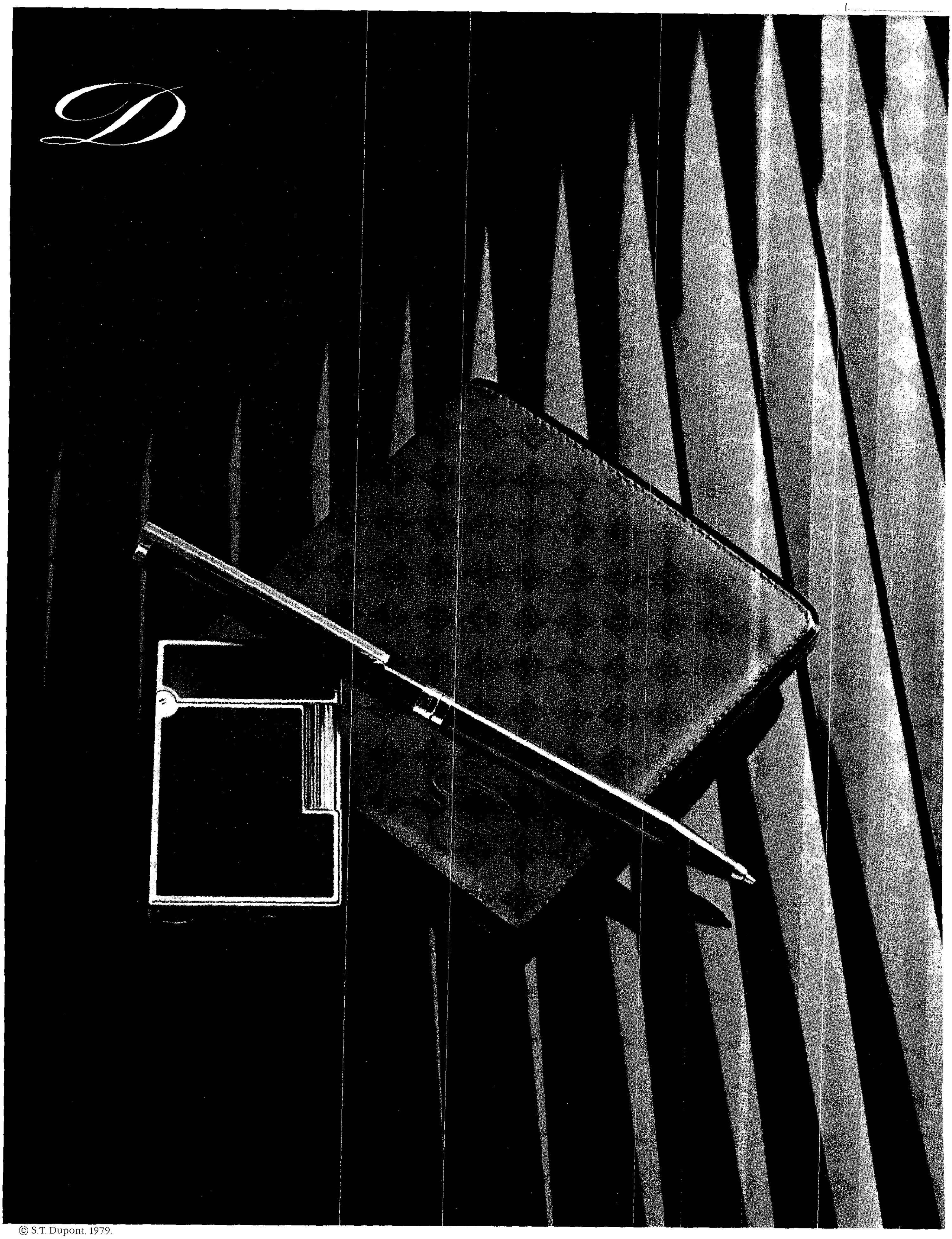

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has designed a comic masterpiece of a Bibiena stage set, with receding perspectives, along whose blood-red corridors the cast races pell-mell in incessant emotional disarray. The costumes are by Michel Stuart, and the lighting is by Beverly Emmons. Tommy Tune choreographed and directed the show, and the program notes that Thommie Walsh "co-choreographed" it. No doubt Groucho would have had something superlatively sneering to say about that word "co-choreographed." He didn't want anyone but Chico and him to fool around with the language; that way, between them they could get English down and break its arm.

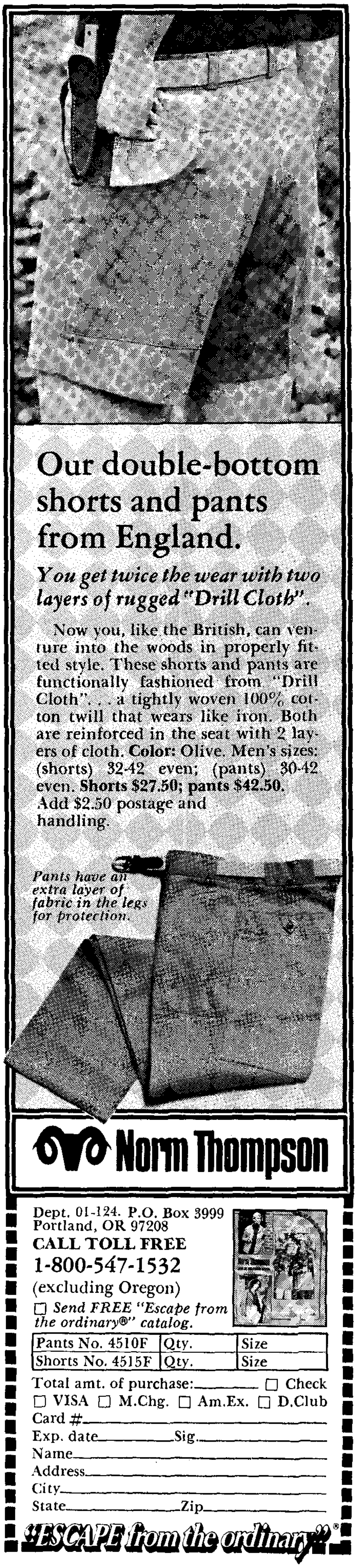
—Brendan Gill

• •

WASHING THE COINS

You'd start at seven, and then you'd bend your back
Until they let you stand up straight, your hands
Pressed on your kidneys as you groaned for lunch,
Thick sandwiches in grease-proofed bundles, piled
Beside the jackets by the hawthorn hedges.
And then you'd bend your little back again
Until they let you stand up straight. Your hands,
On which the earth had dried in layers, itched, itched,
Though worse still was that ache along the tips
Of every picking finger, each broken nail
That scraped the ground for sprawled potatoes
The turning digger churned out of the drills.
Muttering strong Irish men and women worked
Quicker than Scottish boys. You had to watch them.
They had the trick of sideways-bolted spuds
Fast to your ear, and the upset wire basket
That would break your heart but made them laugh.
You moaned, complained, and learned the rules of work.
Your boots, enlarging as the day wore on,
Were weighted by the magnets of the earth,
And rain in the face was also to have
Something in common with bedraggled Irish.
You held your hands into the rain, then watched
Brown water drip along your chilling fingers
Until you saw the color of your skin
Through rips disfiguring your gloves of mud.
It was the same for everyone. All day
That bead of sweat tickled your smeared nose
And a glance upwards would show you trees and clouds
In turbulent collusions of the sky
With ground and ground with sky, and you portrayed
Among the wretched of the local earth.
Towards the end you felt you understood
The happy rancor of the Irish howkers.
When dusk came down, you stood beside the byre
For the farmer's wife to pay the labor off.
And this is what I remember by the dark
Whitewash of the byre wall among shuffling boots.
She knew me, but she couldn't tell my face
From an Irish boy's, and she apologized
And roughed my hair as into my cupped hands
She poured a dozen pennies of the realm
And placed two florins there, then cupped her hands
Around my hands, like praying together.
It is not good to feel you have no future.
My clotted hands turned coins to muddy copper.
I tumbled all my coins upon our table.
My mother ran a basin of hot water.
We bathed my wages and we scrubbed them clean.
Once all that sediment was washed away,
That residue of field caked on my money,
I filled the basin to its brim with cold;
And when the water settled I could see
Two English kings among their drowned Britannias.

—Douglas Dunn



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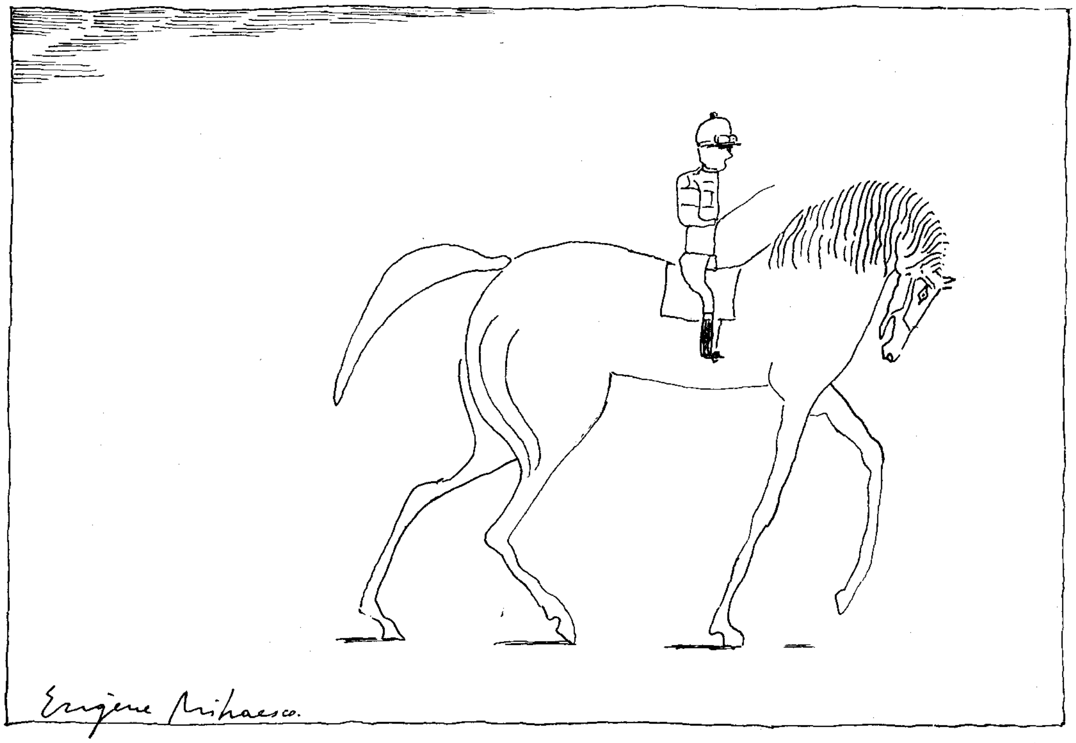
RACE TRACK

II—A CHANGED CONDITION



ONE morning as I stood by the rail at Golden Gate Fields, a thoroughbred track in Albany, California, near San Francisco and Oakland, I saw Debra Thomas galloping Bushel Ruler. He looked good coming through the fog, the edges of his body softened by mist, the contours hidden in smoke. Debra was standing in the stirrups, holding him. Her hair billowed out from under her pink-and-maroon cap, and she seemed, as she rode, to be centered in him, her balance absolute. I was waiting for her back at the barn. She took off her cap and asked me to hold Bushel's reins. He didn't like it. He started moving toward me, shaking his head and rolling back his lips to exhibit his awful teeth. They were stained various shades of brown from hay, oats, bran, and molasses, and reminded me of the eroded, unbrushed nubbins that dentists show you when they are trying to coerce you into flossing. Debra yanked on the reins. "He's just feeling good," she said. Grooms often said this when their horses were acting rowdy and appeared ready to kick. I remained on guard. Horses always got you when you weren't looking. The other day, Debra said, she'd been walking down the shed row, minding her own business, when this new colt of Dick Leavitt's stuck his head out of his stall and—*clunk*—wrapped his mouth around her arm. She showed me the purple bruise.

"What'd you do?"

"Gave him a dirty look and thought about how I'd like to get a rake and hit him with it."

She squirted liquid soap into a bucket and filled it with water. The solution smelled minty. I led Bushel to a spot near the hot-walker, and Debra started bathing him, working a sponge over his withers. He didn't like this, either, not in the chilly fog, and he snorted a few times and backed away. Again, Debra yanked on the reins. "You cut that out," she said, bringing her face close to his, "or I'll go get the shank." She was referring to a sort of leash—part leather strap, part chain—used for teaching manners. She gave me the sponge, and I washed Bushel's right side. It was like washing a car, involving similar motions, sponge to bucket, and sloppy suds, but horse felt better under my hand than chrome had ever done. There was something sensual in the washing, feeling Bushel's bunched muscles and his coat slick with water, and experiencing at the same time the reticulated nature of the backstretch, my eye drawn to other grooms washing other horses all down the line. Debra passed me an aluminum sweat scraper, a thin curved blade about a foot long, and I used it to scrape off the excess soap. Then she took Bushel and hooked him to the hot-walker. He felt the pull and began to circle. Midway through the second go-round, he let out a whinny, flexed his quarters, and shot both rear legs into the air.

"*Still* feeling good," Debra said.

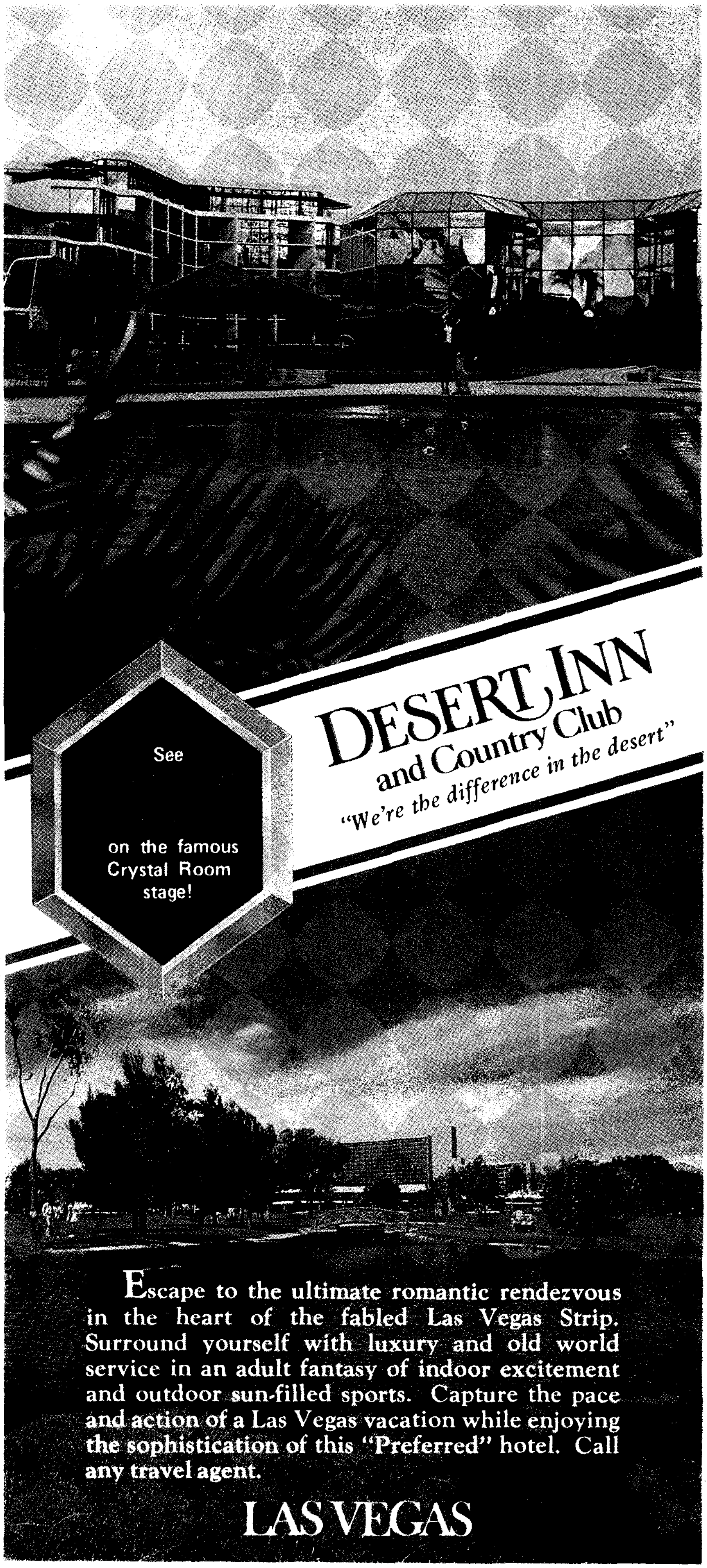
I stepped back a few paces, thinking of skulls busted like pumpkins, coils of brains.

Debra had worked as a groom for many trainers and owners, travelling through the East and the Midwest, but she liked especially her present association with Glen Nolan. He paid her well and had recently advanced her twenty-five hundred dollars so she could claim an ancient router named Benson. Benson was stabled at Nolan's farm, burning hay, and rode in by van on days when he was scheduled to race. He was the fourth horse Debra had owned, and she'd made money on all of them. She was shrewd in money matters. Her own wagers, carefully placed, supplemented her income and allowed her to rent a small apartment in El Sobrante. She thought of herself as a homebody, who spent quiet evenings among her cats, dogs, books, and friends. Perhaps she needed to make this distinction between her race-track persona, brisk and efficient, and the more feminine self she was forced to keep hidden. Even though she discouraged them, backstretch Lotharios pursued her avidly. On Saturdays, she worked in pari-mutuels, and from its pool of eligible bachelors she drew her suitors. When a young pari-mutuel clerk came by the barn one morning to say hello, dressed to the macho nines in patterned body shirt and aviator glasses, I saw Debra flustered for the first time, trying to balance herself as she'd done so successfully on Bushel Ruler.

EVERYBODY had a theory about why so many young women came to the track looking for work, but I discarded them in favor of a very simple equation, best put by little Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet." "I can't help it, Father," she whined. "I'd sooner have that horse happy than go to Heaven!" What I saw in the shed rows was an ongoing love affair. For the most part, it revolved around service, and also the aesthetic pleasure to be derived from handling horses, but there was a randy underside to it as well, which could be seen in the smiles of certain pony girls as they rode off the track after a good gallop, and in the dreamy-eyed look some grooms got as they stroked the flank of a colt.

Once a young woman had a job, she was assigned tacitly to one of two prevailing social roles—princess or tramp. Princesses came to work at six in the morning, often with makeup on—lipstick, blusher, even eyeshadow. They were friendly but aloof, smiled but seldom laughed, worked hard, accepted no invitations, and remained untouchable except within the confines of a monogamous relationship. Tramps, it was understood, were fair game. They chewed gum, went braless, liked to party, and fooled around. If a woman slept with a man once, and only once, in healthy abandon, without any thought of the future, she ran the risk of being consigned forever to trampdom and hit upon by every lacklustre dooley in manure-stained jeans. "That girl who works for So-and-So," one clucking male groom might say to another, "I hear she does the trick." Because women were permitted to do "men's work," the backstretch was supposed to be a liberated place, but I saw little evidence of this. More often, I felt as if I were back in high school, observing the same tedious sexual constraints.

A few women at Golden Gate seemed suspended momentarily between roles. I saw the slim blonde from the Home Stretch bar every now and then, wandering around as though shopping for permanence. She'd picked up a friend along the way, a tall girl with pale-blue eyes and ice-blond Nordic hair, and together they cruised the backstretch and the grandstand, waiting for something to happen. There was another woman around, whom I thought of as a fallen princess reluctant to become a tramp. I'd heard that she had worked once for a trainer, but now she was unemployed. One morning, I saw her alone on the infield grass, dressed in trousers and a flowing Hawaiian shirt. While jockeys bundled in rubber suits jogged around her, sweating off pounds, she did hand-



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LAS VEGAS

stands and cartwheels, and bounced barefoot off the trunks of palms. Another morning, a cold and foggy one, she stood next to me during workouts. She wore a watch cap and a navy-blue greatcoat that touched the top of her shoes. Across the shoulders of the coat, thrown there like a fur piece, was a white cat. Every time the cat moved, the fallen princess caught it and returned it to her shoulders. When the sun came out, she took off her cap, and long brown hair fell in tangles to her waist.

Bo Twinn, the groom for the trainer Gary Headley, was waiting outside the barn when Bill Stallings, the jockey, dismounted and returned Urashima Taro after his morning workout.

"How's the little bastard feeling?" Bo asked.

Stallings handed over the reins. "Real good," he said. He had a Munchkin's voice and puffed cheeks, and he wore sunglasses. "Feeling real good."

"Then how come he was pawing in his stall all night, keeping me awake?"

"I wouldn't know about that."

"Every time you look," said Bo, addressing nobody in particular, "you find something else wrong. They generally doing something they ain't supposed to when you don't want 'em to be doing it."

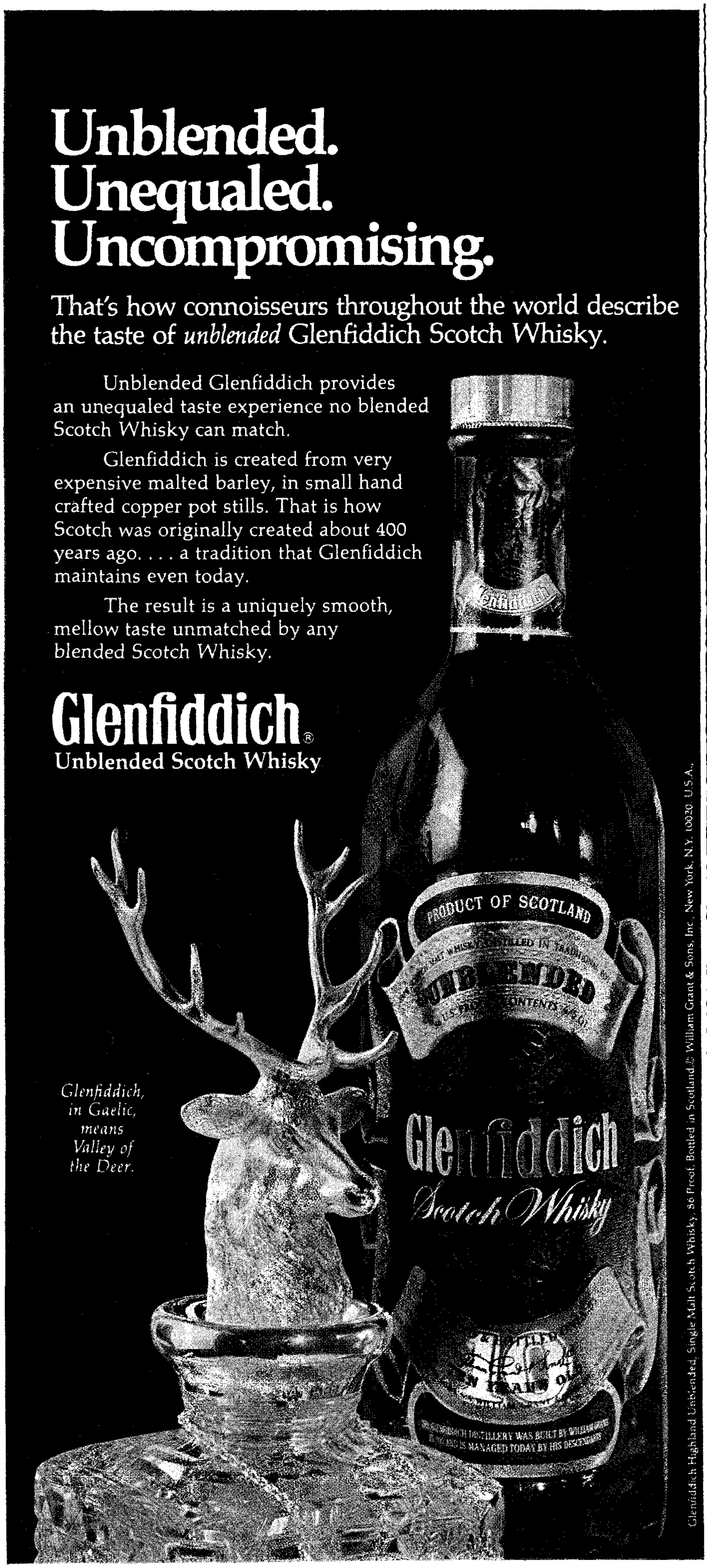
Pichi, a difficult, high-strung filly, on whom Headley had lavished attention, was due to run that afternoon, and I went in to check on her. She looked anxious. When she saw me coming, she backed away, toward the protective recesses of her stall.

"She's *so* radical," Bo said. He was cleaning Urashima's hooves with a pick, chipping mud and pebbles from under the shoes. "All fillies is finicky this time of year, but she's worse. She's a bad doer. If she don't eat, how's she going to run?" He tried to get at Urashima's right front foot, but Urashima wouldn't help. Bo slapped him gently below the knee. "C'mon, c'mon, you little bastard, lift it up. You ain't going to no Derby. Did you see this little bastard run?"

Headley had been high on Urashima's prospects until the colt had finished seventh out of nine his first time out. "I saw him," I said.

"Then you know *why* he ain't going. Headley's riding a new boy on Pichi today, that Jimmy Colaneri. He might rate her more kindly. I hope he rates her more kindly."

Not long after the Sandomirs, Pichi's



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owners, arrived at the barn, they were joined by Headley, who escorted them to the paddock. They stood together on the Owners' Pavilion, an elevated rectangular platform fenced in wrought iron, watching the horses stride onto the track, where each in turn was claimed by an outrider on a pony. Pichi was often a terror in the starting gate, but she behaved calmly this time and went off at twenty-three to one. Colaneri handled her well against a cheaper field, and she finished a good, if somewhat unbelievable, third. The race went in 1:12 flat, about average for a six-furlong maiden sprint, and it became possible to entertain the idea that Pichi might someday win. Headley was gloating. "Did you see those people?" he asked. "They acted like the horse won the Kentucky Derby." The Sandomirs *were* very pleased. Mrs. Sandomir was hugging anybody she could get her hands on, and would've hugged Bo, but he was out on the track helping Colaneri down from the saddle and retrieving Pichi.

ON the day Bushel Ruler made his début, I was ready to make my killing. From my grandstand seat, I looked down at the paddock and watched Debra Thomas leading him around, both of them groomed and promising, her blond hair setting off the dark rippling of his coat. Bushel looked strong and full of purpose, and I expected to feel at any moment the sensation that always accompanied the magic. Usually, I experienced it most vividly in my body, where I felt a sudden slackening of tensions and then a lightness all over, as though I'd just lost twenty pounds. When I was in this state, I never doubted that my horse would win. Sometimes the race itself seemed anticlimactic. Nothing was happening, though, nothing at all. I tried to remember how it had felt to wash Bushel, the water and soap, the feel of his muscles, but the details remained fixed in their arc, useless to me now. In spite of my doubts, I bet the horse as heavily as I'd ever bet any horse, knowing even as I laid my money down that I was in violation of some important principle.

I had ten long minutes to wait, and the couple sitting in front of me were making things worse with their constant chatter. They were from Cleveland, visiting an Albany relative, a bald old coot with a flame-red crown. I was perversely fascinated by the conversation, which went on and on, disrupting handicappers left and right, but at the same time I wished I had a

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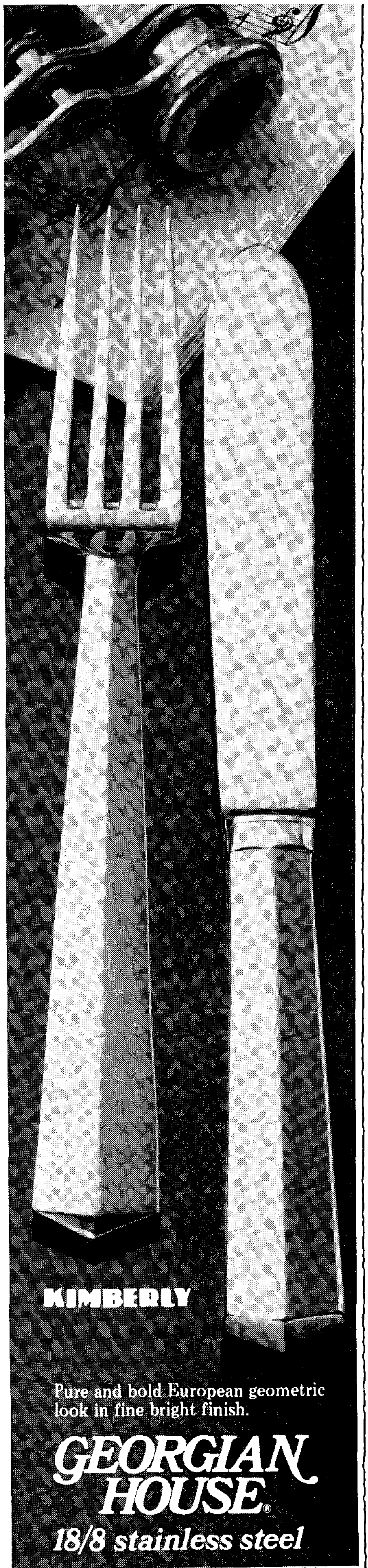

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manual of race-track etiquette to present to these visitors from Ohio.

"Who do you like in this race, Ralph?" the coot asked his guest.

Before Ralph could answer, his wife extracted two dollar bills from her purse and waved them around.

"I don't care who *he* likes," she said. "You go bet that pretty No. 2 horse for me. The one Bill Mahorney's riding. That Bushel Whatsisname."

This cut me to the quick. I hated to be in line at a window and hear the person in front of me play the horse I intended to play. Such occurrences hurt my chances, stuffing too many expectations under a single saddle, and the Cleveland woman's commitment would be even worse, weightier, more fraught with neurosis. She was gross, she was stupid, and I knew I was sunk. The magic could not be forced. It was, instead, a matter of being receptive, of sitting still, of recognizing the moment and then seizing it.

I was briefly elated when Bushel broke well and moved into second place, and I got another jolt when he was still second on the turn, and my heart was beating but good when he was *still* second going into the stretch, but then he began to fade, shortening his stride and sinking back into the commonplace, his ears drooping, his tail sagging, his body unable to sustain the effort, just as I'd been unable to sustain the illusion. I watched Sunday's Best, neat as a new suit, spit-clean as a barbered head, recede from sight, galloping through the pinhole of victory.

I stopped at Nolan's barn afterward to see Debra, but she was talking to Steve Gardell, the trainer, and neither of them looked ready for company. Debra's cheeks were flushed, and she was collecting tack with a fury. Bushel was already on the hot-walker. Some people say that horses know when they've lost, but I didn't notice any change in him. Maybe it would show next race, when he had less pride on which to draw. For now, he was just circling.

The following morning, I learned why Debra had seemed so angry. Bushel had been claimed by Mel Eisen, who trained for Dallas Black. Apparently, Eisen had been tipped off to Bushel's potential when he saw him in a workout, running well against one of his own horses, which he considered much more expensive stock. Debra was disconsolate. She told me she'd cried for two straight hours after the race. Later that night, though she wasn't supposed to, she'd sneaked over to Eisen's barn to check on Bushel. When the horse saw her coming, he stuck his head out of his stall and whinnied and nickered, just as he'd always done in the past.

IN spite of such setbacks, it was impossible not to be hopeful with spring firmly established at last. Even the stoopers who scoured the grandstand in search of carelessly discarded winning tickets were in bloom. They'd put away their winter clothes—fedoras, furs, and oversized topcoats—and were resplendent now in detoxified Salvation Army windbreakers and new sneakers, *with* laces. On the backstretch, everybody was talking baseball—the ascent of the Giants, the descent of the A's—and then, one evening, in absolute vernal confirmation, I saw two jockeys playing catch on the infield grass. Soon they were joined by other jockeys, and valets still in their track-issue uniforms—white shirts and dark-green trousers—and grooms and a few trainers and an agent or two and a couple of girls in pigtails and Argyle socks. Dale Steward, a trainer, wearing his ever-present cowboy hat, hit fungoes in the general direction of the barns while somebody else arranged shirt and sweater bases to form a diamond. The jockeys took the field. Art Lobato pitched for them, and Richie Galarsa, who'd had seven mounts that afternoon, played second base. Both were in terrific shape. Galarsa, nineteen, stood about five feet one and rode at a hundred and eight pounds, and you'd need a scalpel to find any fat on him. His shoulders were very broad, like those of a weight lifter, and his arms were thickly knotted with muscles. His torso tapered down in a classic V to a flat stomach and narrow, boyish hips, composing the sort of physique advertised in strength-and-health publications. But Galarsa didn't have to exercise—riding kept him fit. His legs were his greatest asset. Like all jockeys, he rode not so much sitting as standing, hunched forward in a crouch, with his boots hooked into the stirrups and his buttocks poised a few inches above the tiny saddle. If he let himself go or missed a week owing to an injury or a suspension, an afternoon's work could reduce his upper thighs to mush.

For most jockeys, the day began before dawn. They were out at the track by six to gallop horses for trainers, earning a little cash and hoping to get a riding assignment in the afternoon, when it counted. Even the established pros took part in the ritual, but they didn't have to hustle. They

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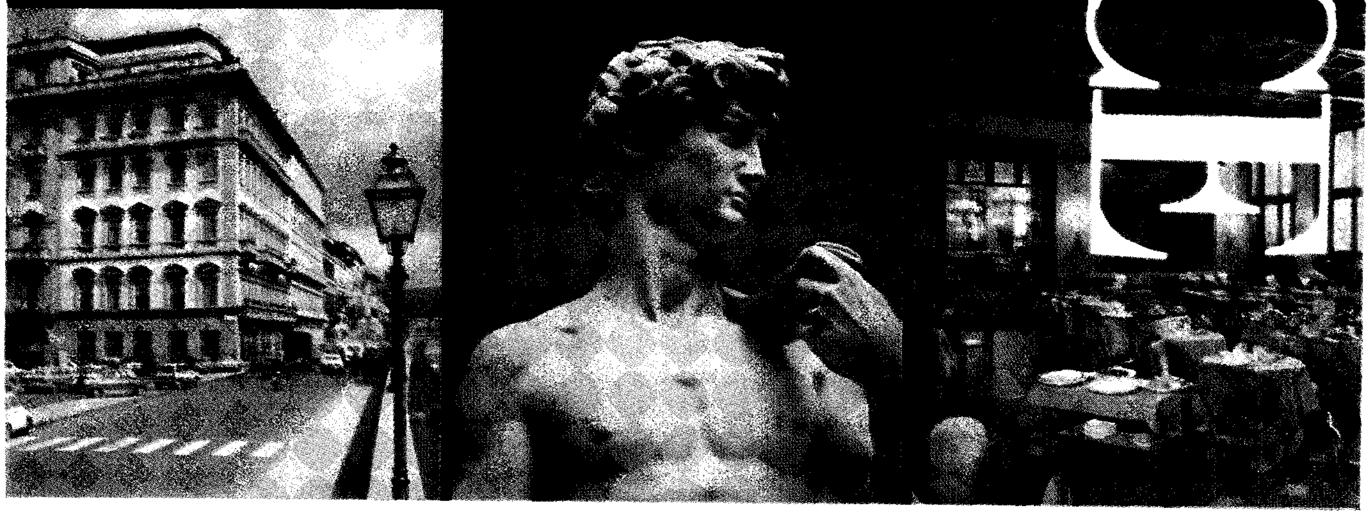

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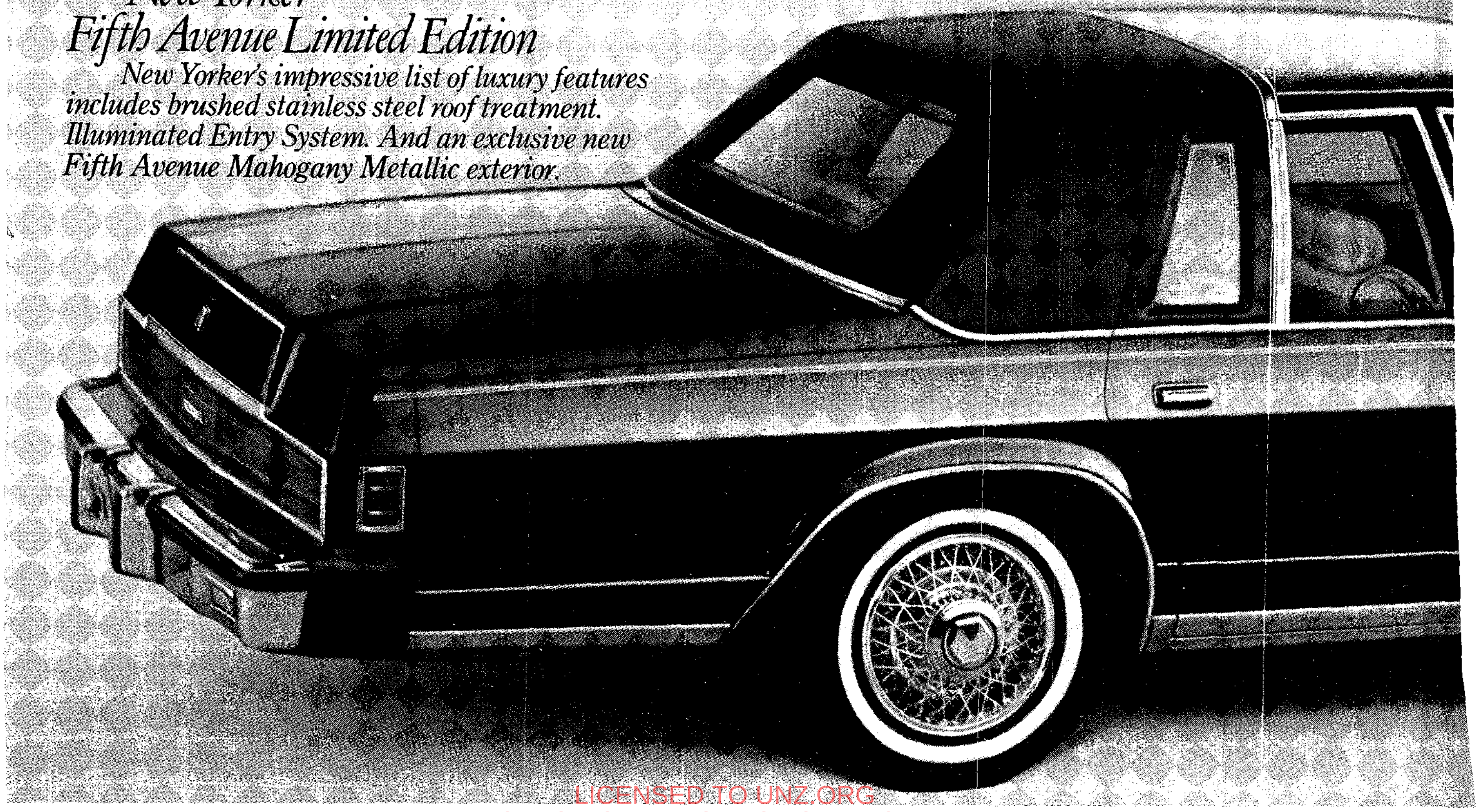

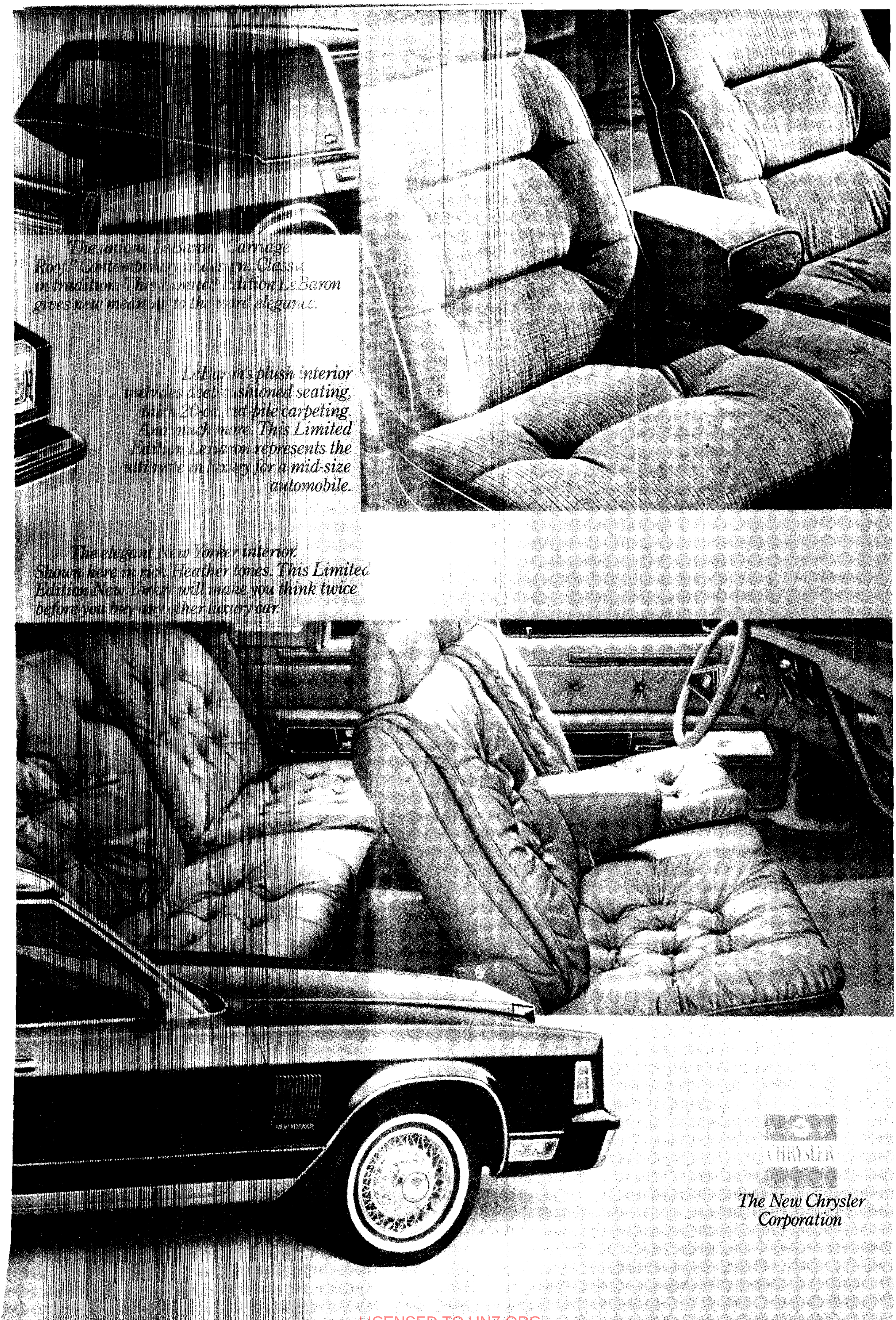

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just worked horses for trainers with whom they already had an agreement. Workouts ended at ten, and the jockeys took a short break to run errands, before retiring to the jockeys' room, a purgatorial two-story building near the grandstand, where they waited out the afternoon. The room was a monument to slaughtered minutes, and the clutter inside was astounding. On the lower floor, lockers were crammed in, one against another, spilling talc, tape, socks, underwear, deodorant, cologne, wallets, and pinups. Benches and folding chairs were set at varying angles and formed a labyrinth in which at least one half-naked jockey seemed always to be trapped. Sometimes friends shouted helpful instructions to the trapped man, but their voices were lost in the jumble of sound coming from TV sets and radios, which played competitively, pitting "Days of Our Lives" against golden oldies. Reception was always bad, fuzzed by hair dryers and electric razors. Jockeys wanted to look good and were willing to put in the time required to sculpt a perfect pompadour or wave. They liked fancy shirts and bell-bottomed jeans, which gave their legs a longer line, but they had trouble keeping clothes pressed, because of all the steam in the air. It billowed out in misty clouds from the steam room and left a dapple of moisture on the skin. You could see it on the upper lips of tall out-of-place agents and on the noses of the tack salesmen who stumbled around showing off their wares, slick new whips and boots, enough leather for a dozen sadomasochists.

Upstairs, jockeys with stable metabolism sat at a counter and ate greasy burgers and B.L.T.s, while other riders killed time by sunbathing on a terrace overlooking the backstretch. Still others shot pool, or played cards, or bet among themselves on when the first Chinaman in sneakers would walk through the south admissions gate. Jockeys—like almost everybody else around the track—loved to gamble. They weren't allowed to bet on any horse other than their own in races in which they were riding, but it was difficult to stop them from sending their money to the windows via friends or confederates. Besides, most jockeys needed the proceeds from wagering. They were accustomed to an accelerated life style, and it took a certain amount of hard cold cash to maintain it. Only top riders, whose mounts won frequently, had the cash to spare; they earned ten per cent of the winner's share of the purse for each victory in which they participated. Average and sub-par riders were often pinched in the pocket. The fee for handling a losing mount ranged from thirty to thirty-five dollars, and when you considered that many jockeys rode less than once a day, and almost never on a winner, it wasn't difficult to deduce that the elaborate new Firebirds and Toronados in the jockeys' parking lot were the result of supplemental income. Not even the lowliest apprentice drove a battered Volkswagen like the ones cruising the streets of Berkeley.

The busier jockeys, with a few mounts on the afternoon's card, kept to themselves and studied the *Form*. They tried to devise a strategy for each race they were to ride in, checking out the competition, looking to see what was on either side of them, early speed or closing foot, but this was mostly an intellectual exercise, because races seldom turned out as anticipated. Even when the break went right, with all the horses where they ought to be, you could count on an apprentice or some other inexperienced rider to foul things up. They bumped you or shut you off or drove recklessly toward holes that didn't exist, and sometimes you ended up just trying to stay alive instead of winning. This was especially true at the cheaper tracks, where unskilled riders flourished. Nobody liked to talk about it, but riding race horses was the most dangerous sport around. On muddy days, you couldn't see, despite wearing six pairs of goggles and flipping one spattered pair after another down onto your neck, and then, too, there were accidents, sore animals breaking a leg and falling down right in the middle of the pack. Older jockeys said that this happened more often now than it used to, and they were careful in selecting which stock they'd ride. Bad spills, busted limbs, concussions, teeth forced free of gums, hemorrhoids—these were all occupational hazards, and so was dying. Robert Pineda, twenty-four, had recently fallen from his horse and been trampled to death at Pimlico; Rudy Turcotte, who was riding the animal that caused the accident, put the blame on phenylbutazone, an anti-inflammatory drug used to treat sore horses. Pineda's brother Alvaro had died three years earlier at Santa Anita, when his mount reared in the starting gate and crushed his skull.

Such events had to be forgotten as quickly as possible. Death-obsessed rid-

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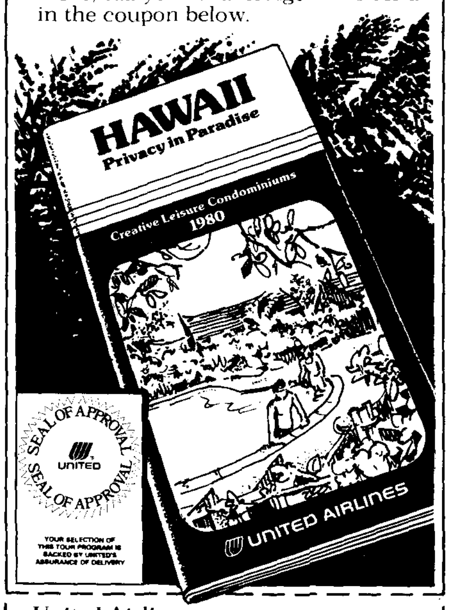

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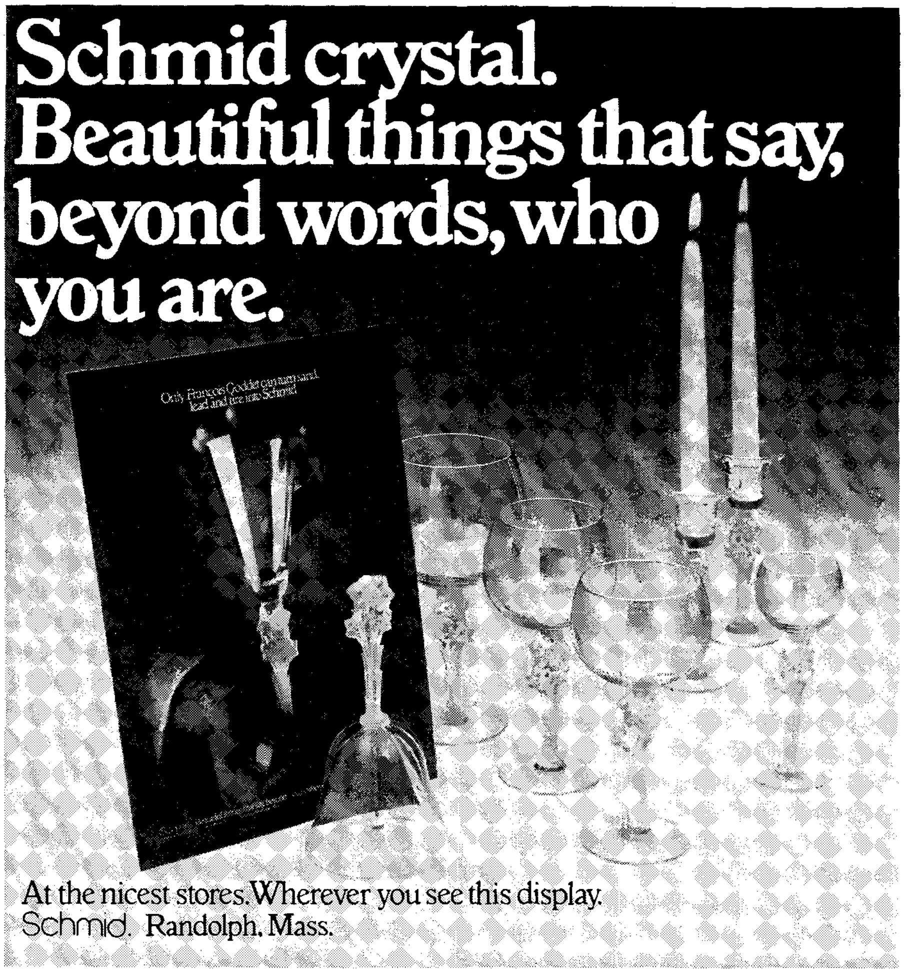

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ers were worthless on the track. Their defensive style stood out in bold relief against the style of young riders like Galarsa, who learned fast and were strong enough to hold faltering horses together in the stretch. This was a much-valued talent—a gift, like E.S.P. or perfect pitch, and second only to the greatest gift of all, the gift of hands. Jockeys talked to their mounts with their hands, with their palms and fingers, but only a few riders had flesh fine enough to relay messages in an uninterrupted flow. Everybody admired Laffit Pincay, who was strong, with big arms and a massive back, and could bully horses into submission (he was especially good with studs), making them do what he wanted them to do, but his hands were nothing compared with Bill Shoemaker's. The Shoe was a genius, an uncanny sensory package. He just sat on a filly, touched her lightly on the neck, made a mooching sound in her ear, and then guided her gently home without ever going to his whip. He'd won nearly a quarter of the thirty-one thousand races he'd ridden in, and nobody could explain his success except by referring to his hands. They were tiny, and were held in as much esteem as those in the famous Dürer drawing. Not a few people on the backstretch would demand an autopsy when the Shoe's soul ascended at last into Heaven.

Bill Mahorney was on the terrace of the jockeys' room working on his tan. He wore a brown bathing suit, and his skin was almost the same color. His hair had a sun-bleached blondish tint, like surfers' hair, and, at thirty-six, he combed it carefully to hide a bald spot. Mahorney liked the heat. When the weather was cold, arthritis stiffened him up. Nearby, some younger jockeys wearing white nylon riding pants cut off at the knees like jeans were leaning over the terrace ledge and watching pretty girls come strolling through the gates, but Mahorney kept his distance. He was a loner, professional, arrogant, with a tendency to analyze things too deeply. This had got him into trouble in the past. Too much thinking was the enemy of instinct, and without instinct riders were nothing. But, because he was so good, Mahorney had survived. Currently, he was third in the jockey standings at Golden Gate, with over forty wins, but he handled almost as many stakes winners as Tony Diaz, the only million-dollar jockey at Golden Gate. Mahorney rode almost all of Bobby Martin's horses, and there were some nice animals, particularly two-year-olds, in the bunch. He rode for other trainers, too—almost always on horses with a chance to win—five or six times a day. Most jockeys envied him, but for Mahorney the thrill was gone. He'd ridden in fifteen or twenty thousand races, at tracks all over the country, and the excitement he'd felt as a young man, that fantastic sense of lightness, of being in command, had dissipated.

Mahorney didn't set out to become a jockey. His friends kept telling him he was the right size to ride, but he knew nothing about racing and even less about horses. He was twenty years old, ambitionless, and working as a produce clerk in a Thrifty Mart store in Las Vegas when an acquaintance, a man who owned horses, offered to get him a job as a ranch hand at the Dandy Bar Ranch, in Stockton, California. Mahorney turned in his lettuce heads and packed his bags. The Dandy Bar was a quarter-horse outfit, and there Mahorney cleaned stalls, groomed and curried, and learned to ride. The ranch work suited him. He was born and raised in Washington, D.C., and in Stockton he encountered for the first time a fullness of life he'd been missing elsewhere—horses foaling, growing, running, dying. California got to him, and soon he was wearing jeans, boots, and a cowboy hat around town, surrendering to the West. Later, he added the obligatory pickup truck.

His début as a jockey came in a quarter-horse race at Pomona in 1962. Quarter horses are bred strictly for speed, and their races, which proceed from point to point with about as much intricacy as a bullet moving toward a target, never cover more than eight hundred and seventy yards. A jockey can do only two things to expedite matters—get his horse out of the gate quickly and keep it running straight. Mahorney did both of them well. In 1964, he graduated to thoroughbreds and broke his maiden on Mark Ye Royal. Trainers liked him, because in addition to having riding skills he was bright and could supply them with much-needed information about their stock. Horses perform differently under pressure from the way they do in morning workouts, and if a jockey is attentive he can detect problems that might otherwise go undetected. He knows if his mount is laboring or breathing improperly or lugging in or out or being spooked by shadows. Mahorney, intelligent and English-speaking (speaking only Span-

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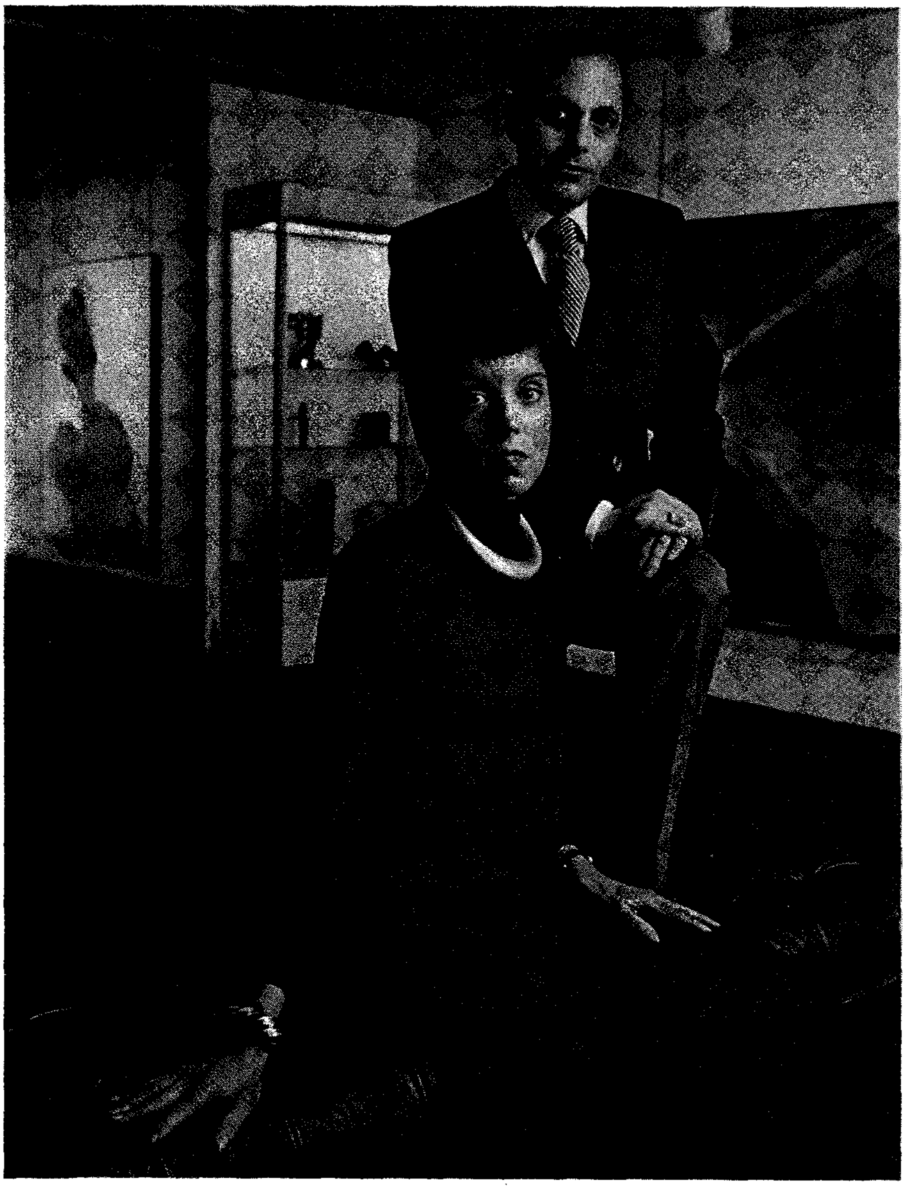

"My wife Fran cooks wiener schnitzel and sauerbraten like a Rhine maiden. But some of our best wines are Italian.

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ish can be a drawback for aspiring riders), was adept at communicating. He was also tougher than the average young rider and wouldn't let older riders push him around during a race. They were notorious, these older jocks, for taking advantage of rookies whenever they could. They'd rip into a turn behind some kid and yell "Get out of my way! I'm in trouble! The horse is going down!" and when the terrified kid responded by taking up on the reins and moving away from the rail, they'd whisk through the hole he'd left behind, smiling all the while.

By 1965, Mahorney's career was in orbit. After being the leading apprentice at Santa Anita, he led all riders at both Aqueduct and Arlington Park; that summer, he made the transition from apprentice to journeyman with ease, and in 1966 he finished second in the standings at Hollywood Park. He was floating along inside the jockey's dream bubble, excited and high, but already he was *thinking* a little too much. Success bothered him in some ways—it had come too simply, almost without effort—and he was beginning to realize that riding horses was a job, like any other. It was a great job, far better than juggling cucumbers at two bucks an hour, but the business aspects of it and the increasing demands on his time were disillusioning. In the summer of 1966, when the Hollywood meeting ended, he returned to Arlington Park. There, on his first day, he won two of his three races, and appeared ready to dominate the ranks again. On August 2nd, as he was driving home in his new Bonneville after morning workouts, he saw a car at the top of the hill he was ascending suddenly cross over to his side of the road. It hit him head-on at sixty miles an hour. The young man driving it had passed out, and in the rolling softness of his stupor landed unharmed, but Mahorney woke up in the hospital with two broken knees. Since the doctors were studying him for concussion and internal injuries, the knees were overlooked, and Mahorney, thinking they were only bruised, went back out to the track and got on a horse. When he realized—from the intense pain and the fact that he was unable to bend them—that his knees must be broken, he flew out to California to have them operated on by a doctor who had worked on them before. After the operation, the doctor, sounding like an actor in a TV movie, announced, "You may have difficulty riding again, Bill." As soon as Mahorney could get out of bed, he started working on his legs.

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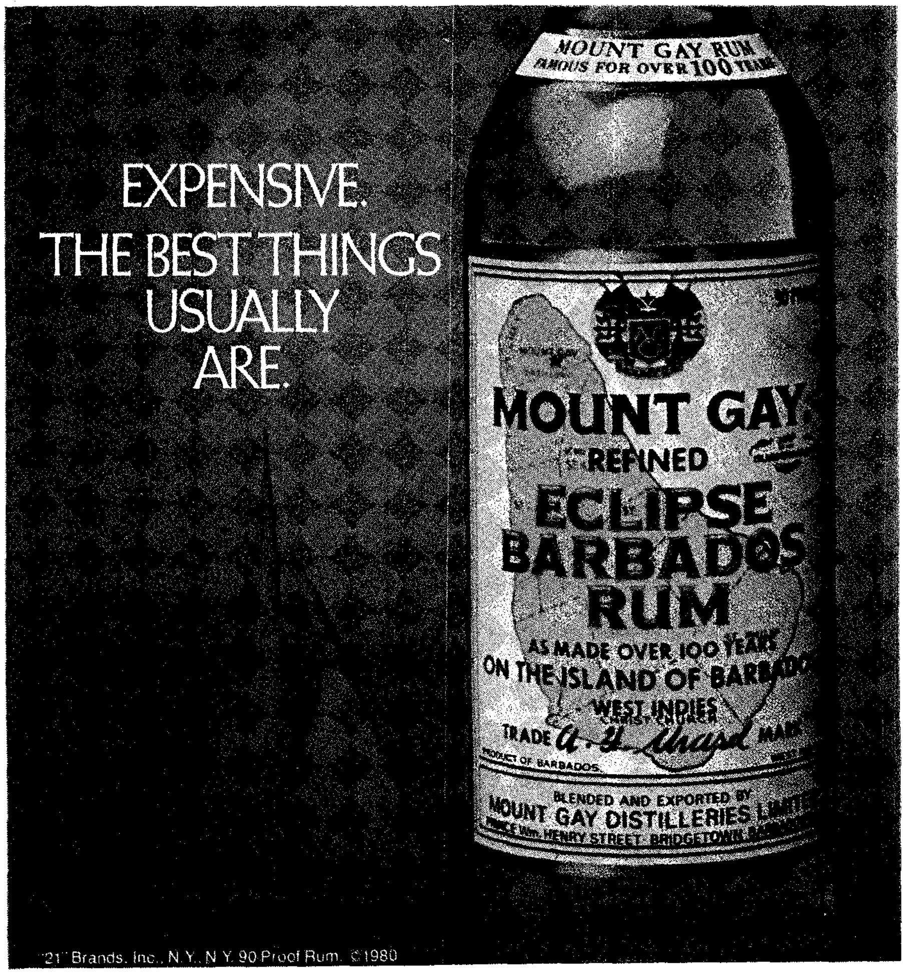
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Before long, he was walking with crutches and then without them. He had trouble with disintegrating cartilage and with slippage in the joints, but eventually he was strong enough to give riding another try. Instead of going back to Arlington or Aqueduct, he went to Bay Meadows. Maybe he told himself he'd ship up to the big leagues again when he was fit, but this never happened. His knees were too sensitive. Over the next decade, the pain in his left knee increased; he could feel bones rubbing together, pinching the nerves. At the end of 1975, he underwent surgery again. The doctors gave him an artificial joint of steel and plastic, and told him he might be crippled for life, but he hardly even listened.

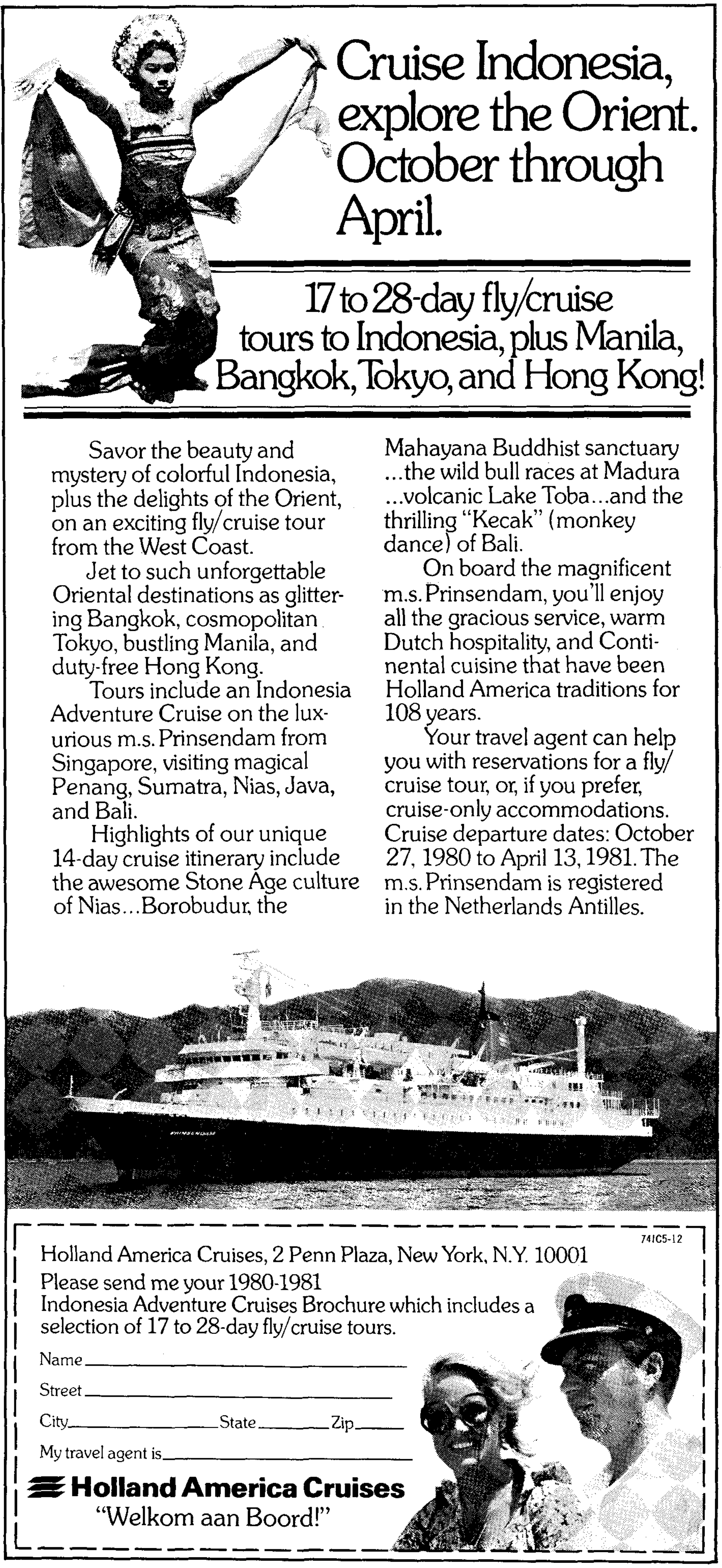
Lying there in the sun on the roof with his scarred knees in evidence, Mahorney had the look of someone on the verge of satisfaction. Something in his attitude reminded me of gentlemen relaxing after dinner, grandfathers loosening their vests and lighting up cigars. No doubt it had taken him years to reconcile what he could do now with what he'd done in the past, and with his dreams, but he seemed pleased to be where he was. He had to ride more often to make the same amount of money he'd made as an apprentice. But there was the consolation of sixty-seven acres in Marin County. He was no longer so tough on himself, no longer so critical, although sometimes, without warning, the old anxiety sneaked up and ambushed him. Just the other night, he said, he'd been driving home after the races when suddenly he'd got tense and angry, for no reason at all.

AFTER six weeks of the meeting, my betting ledger looked like this:

Stake:	$500	
Week One:	$372	(−128)
Week Two:	$336	(−36)
Week Three:	$295	(−41)
Week Four:	$487	(+192)
Week Five:	$522	(+35)
Week Six:	$478	(−44)

I attributed my rotten start to confusion, and Week Four's big winnings to being *in touch*, but otherwise what I had in hand was a record of breaking even.

Breaking even—how I hated those words! They were the province of coupon clippers, gas hoarders, voyeurs. What good would it do me to break even? I wanted resolution, not a stalemate. Money had little to do with what I was ultimately seeking, that much I'd learned, but I still thought it would indicate a failure of nerve if I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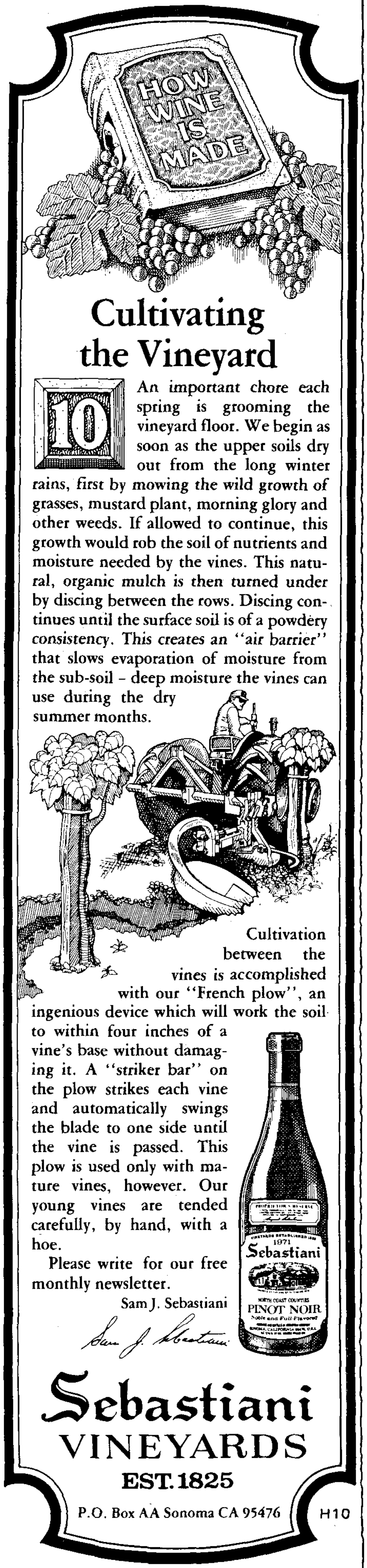

Cultivating the Vineyard

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went home with my stake intact. My problem was epidemic among small-time gamblers. When you're playing with limited cash—twenty dollars was a big bet for me, the bundle I'd laid on Bushel Ruler more than a tenth of my original capital—it's difficult to win decisively; i.e., in quantities large enough to inflate the ego. A two-dollar bettor can pick four or five winners and, if they're favorites, show a profit of less than twenty dollars. Knowing that you've been right four or five times, and that what you win is indeed determined by what you wager, somehow doesn't compensate for what seems an unjust return on your investment. So small-timers make the mistake, as I was beginning to do, of shopping around for long shots. Too often, I passed up horses I liked because their odds were short—eight to five, even two to one—and bet instead second or third favorites, on the outside chance they'd improve enough to win. They seldom did. Then, too, I was getting bored, in need of larger shocks, riskier endeavors, to obtain the results (adrenaline rushes, accelerated heartbeat) I'd always got freely as a casual bettor. Seeing the same jockeys every day, seeing them ride horses I'd seen run before, seeing the same races over the same distances carded in the same way—I was like a man who's lost the feel for his wife's thighs, for sparks.

So I decided, like myriad plungers before me, to up the ante. I would bet less frequently (no more crazy two-dollar show tickets on forty-to-one shots who looked good in the paddock; they added up) but in higher units. A twenty-dollar bet on an eight-to-five horse produced a not unreasonable payoff. Also, I would concentrate my bets on a group of trainers who I knew would send their horses to post fit and well meant: Martin, Jenda, Hixon, Brinson, Gilbert, Taylor, Walsh, and a few others. And I would stop playing the outside posts in sprints (I kept doing this, in violation of everything I knew) except under special circumstances. If I could do all these things, I thought, I might still be able to show a profit.

BOB HACK, an agent, walked by on his morning rounds, and I joined him for a while. Everybody said Hack was a nice guy. People said it almost involuntarily whenever his name was mentioned. "Gee, he's a nice guy," they'd say, or "Bob Hack? Hell of a nice guy," and I began to wonder if Hack had some terrible secret they were trying to hide, in the way a small town pulls itself together to shield the village idiot. But no, it was just that Hack was . . . nice. He inspired awe, because he was defying gravity. Nice guys were supposed to finish last, but there stood Hack as evidence to the contrary. The notion that niceness, perhaps even *goodness*, could be translated into greenbacks seemed to give people on the backstretch a spiritual lift. When Hack strolled by their barn, they'd step out, smile shyly, and wave before returning to whatever sordid and nasty business they were perpetrating inside.

But Hack, when he was asked, credited his success to perseverance. "It looks so easy," he said, almost with a sigh, stopping to talk to a trainer who wanted Richie Galarsa, one of Hack's jockeys, to ride a nice filly of his but was confused about where to enter her. Hack took out a well-thumbed Condition Book, its green cover falling off, and, after consulting it, advised the trainer to run the filly in the sixth race on Tuesday. "So far, that's a weak field," he said. "You want me to enter her for you?" Agents often performed this service, saving trainers time. The trainer nodded, and tapped Hack's shoulder gratefully. "Thanks a million, Bob," he said.

Hack was expert at accommodating his clients. He had the comfortable feel of old shoes, but this was somewhat deceptive. He was always scouting for business, even when he appeared to be just having a chat with another agent. I never saw him standing still. Instead, he moved about in balletic little arcs and pirouettes, up on the balls of his feet, peering over shoulders, around the crowns of caps, looking for somebody he'd been meaning to get in touch with. His connections were extensive—forged over thirty years on the backstretch, beginning when an uncle, Clyde Turk, got him a job rubbing horses. After a brief, impractical stint as a trainer—his "stable" consisted of a few cheap nags with names like Overhead—Hack graduated to agenting.

From the start, he represented good riders—Charlie Tohill, Bobby Jennings—but, with a growing family at home, he needed a steady paycheck, so he began working afternoons, and still does, as a pari-mutuel clerk. This was his insurance, his hedge against catastrophe. The agent game is very risky, with suspensions, injuries, malice, relative popularity, and racing luck affecting your income, and Hack had almost quit on more than one occasion. Once during a low period, when his

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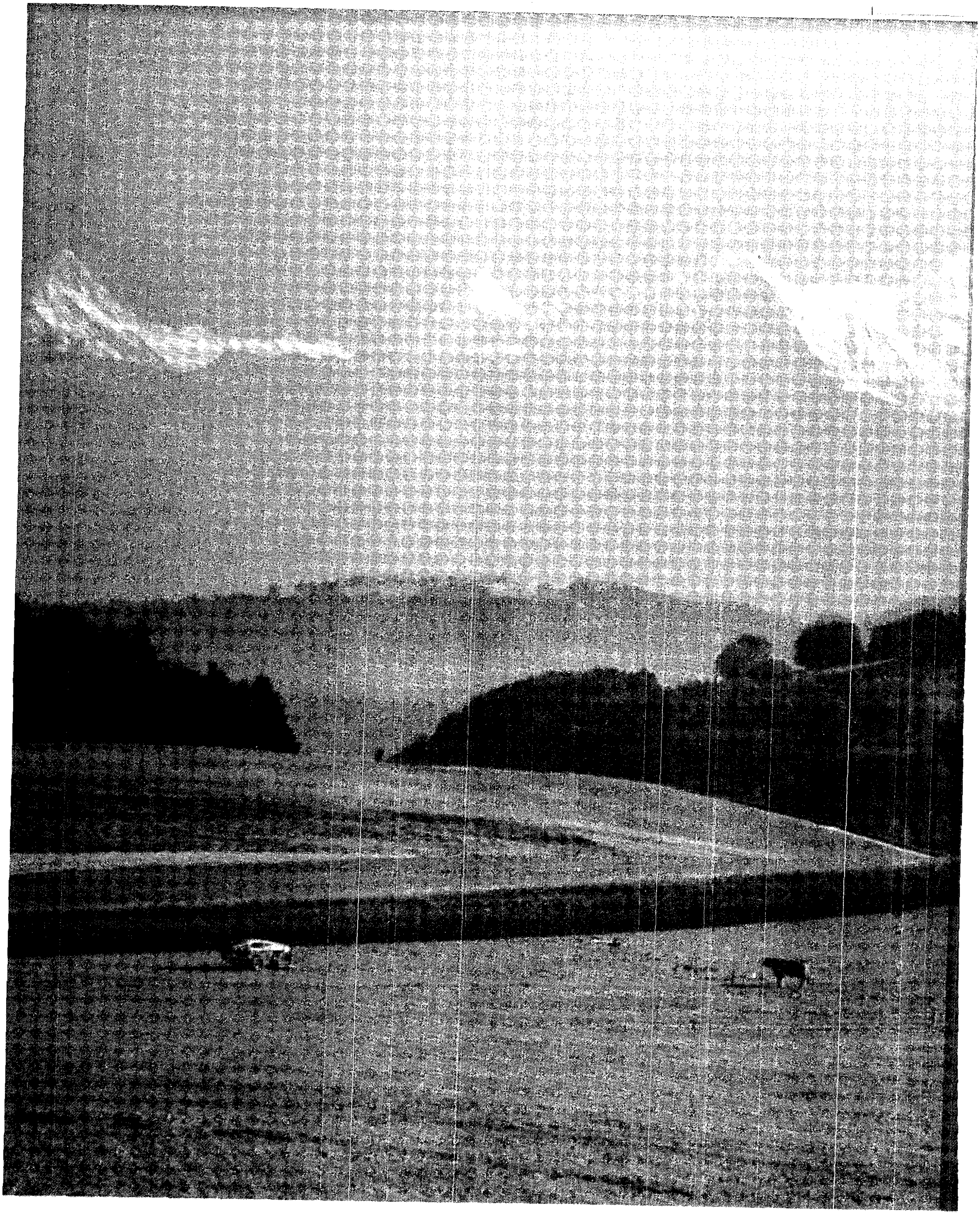

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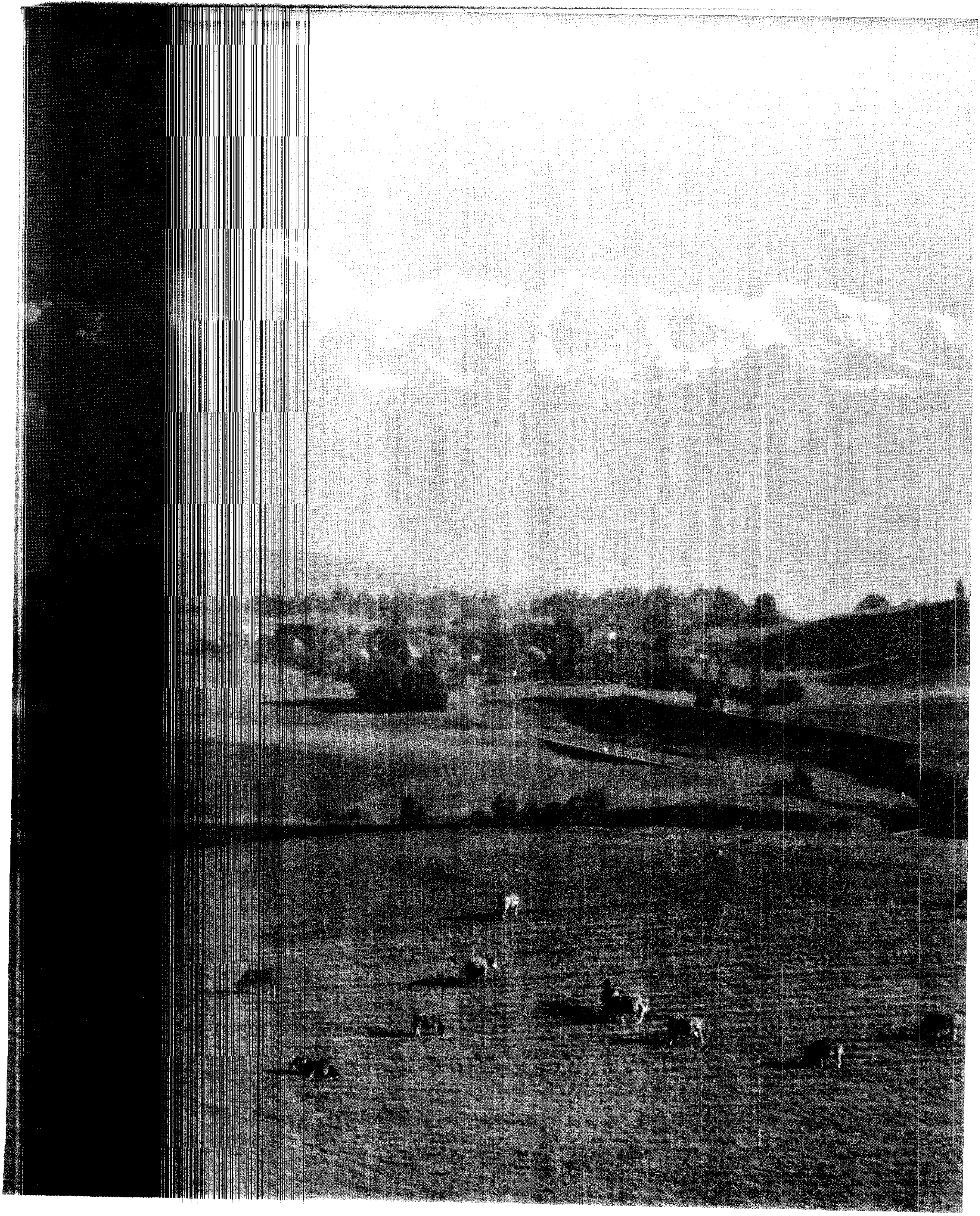

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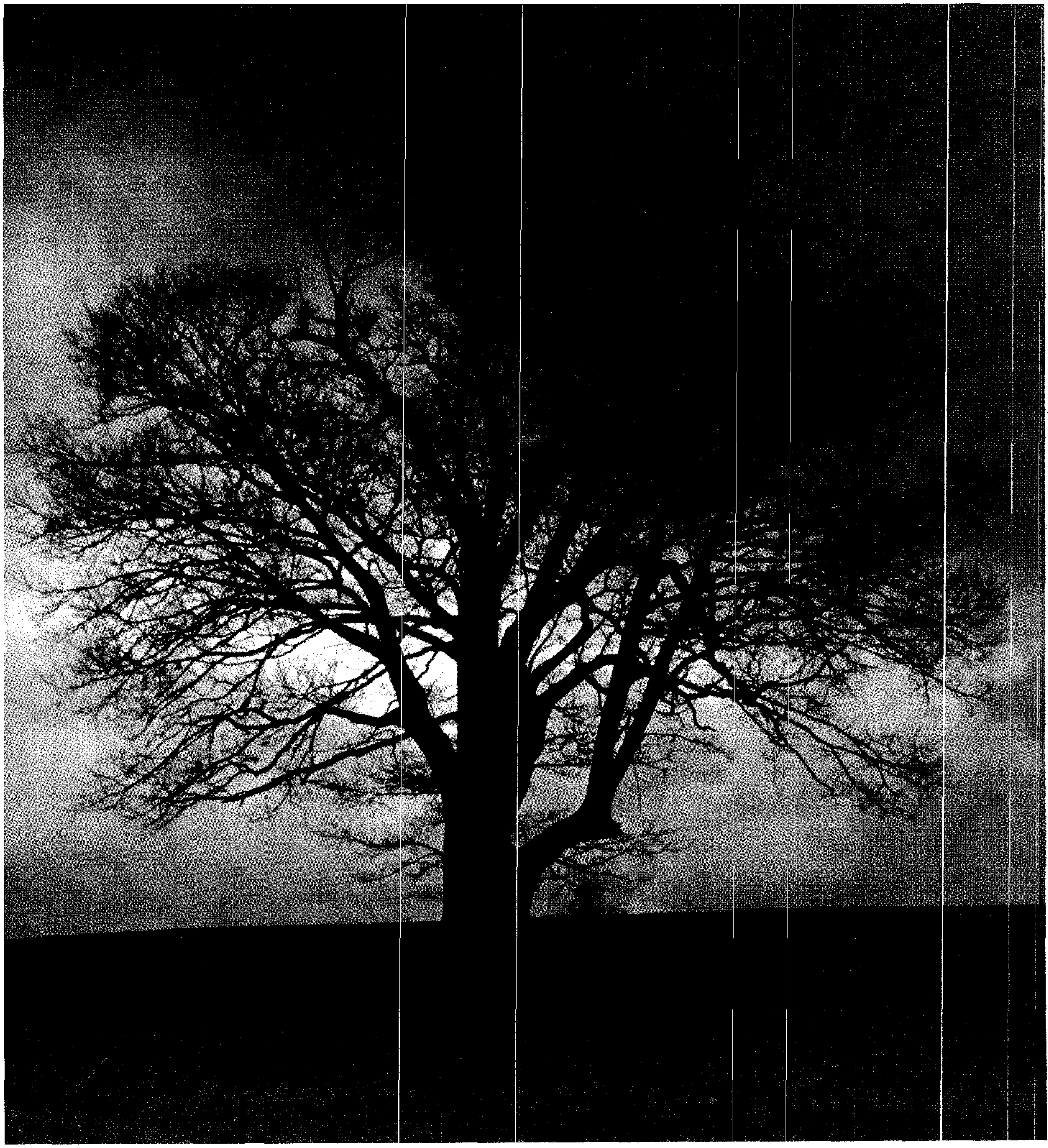

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jockeys were cold, he took a job selling tack at a backstretch shop. But he hated the sense of enclosure, of being in an *office*, and after a year and a half of self-inflicted torture he was back beating the shed rows for mounts. Now he was sitting pretty. Galarsa was live and Enrique Muñoz, his other rider, was steady, and Hack's ten-per-cent share of their earnings would more than compensate him for his earlier shuffling. He liked being out in the morning, making his rounds, and he enjoyed the company of his peers, or most of them, anyway. "There's only one guy I don't like," he said. "I don't like the way he does business." I thought I knew whom he meant. Nobody liked the agent in question, because he was a crook. He tried to bribe trainers, telling them he'd bet a hundred for them if they used his boy on a hot horse in a stakes race, and he stepped on everybody's toes in the process.

Like most agents, Hack had a parental attachment to his riders. When jockeys faltered, their agents took them in, giving them bed and board, and steering them away from fast chickies and uranium deals in Pensacola, Florida. Hack was especially concerned about Galarsa, who was making big money now but might not get mounts so easily in the future. "I hope he's banking some of it," Hack said wearily, the many lines in his face becoming abruptly visible. He adjusted his baseball cap and walked down a shed row, keeping a cautious distance between himself and the horses. He felt uncomfortable around them, even after three decades of exposure. One of his best young riders, Juan Gonzalez, had been killed in a bad spill at the Pleasanton fairgrounds not so long ago, and Hack still flinched whenever Gonzalez was mentioned in his presence.

THIS was Pichi's big day. Headley had decided to run her over a distance of ground, a mile and a sixteenth. She'd never gone so far before, not at Del Mar or Hollywood Park, but she was running against a delicate field of maidens, fading beauties who'd already had ten shots at victory, and even a couple of the *Form's* expert handicappers thought she might win. Hermis picked her first, and so did Handicap. In the consensus, she ranked second behind Button Face, a funky little roan of no appreciable class. Everything seemed propitious, and then, early on the morning of the race, Jimmy Colaneri came by the barn to show off his swollen jaw. It was black and blue, the result of an impacted tooth. He explained to Headley in a mumble that he couldn't ride Pichi because he was in so much pain. Colaneri was apologetic, but Headley told him not to worry. At the same time, Headley's brain was clicking wildly ahead in search of a replacement rider. He hated to lose Colaneri, who'd done such a good job last time out. Moreover, Colaneri, as an apprentice, still had a five-pound allowance, which would have meant a great deal to Pichi, especially in a route race. She was likely to sink under a heavier load. But Headley couldn't find an available apprentice to his liking, and settled at last on Mel Lewis, a skillful rider who was sixty-two years old and a mighty favorite of the Golden Gate publicity department. Whenever reporters from surrounding newspapers dropped by for their semi-annual visit, they were offered as subject matter for feature stories Lewis (human interest); Efa, the twelve-year-old gelding (equine interest); Mahorney, the bionic man (scientific interest); Jorge Aragon, the jockey (noble Peruvian); and the Turf Club chef (gourmet interest). When Steve Cauthen came north in 1977 to ride in the California Derby, he and Lewis were forced into posing together in a youth-and-age tableau, and in the photograph both jockeys look as though they'd eaten too many burritos. Headley had faith in Lewis's ability to handle a finicky filly, but the added weight gave him pause. The Sandomirs expected a victory, and now he wasn't sure Pichi would deliver.

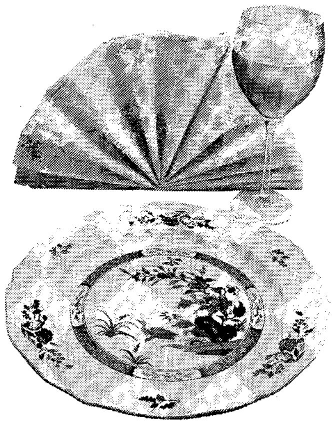
"At least they're not crazy, like some owners," he said. "They won't fire me if she loses. I had this one owner, he took his horse away from me after a claiming race because the horse didn't win by far enough. Can you imagine that? I had another owner, his horse was a router but he'd only let me run him in sprints. Then he'd yell at me when the horse lost."

"Why'd he do that?"

"Because he was crazy is why."

Bo was busy in Pichi's stall. He was combing her mane, drawing strands of it forward so that they fell prettily between her eyes. I asked him how long she needed to rest between races.

"Depends," he said. "This time, she only did rest six days. Next time, we'll



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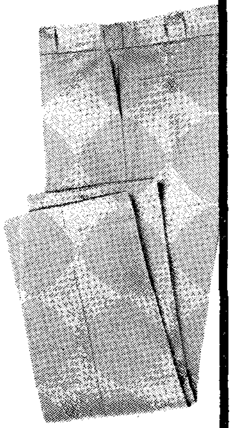

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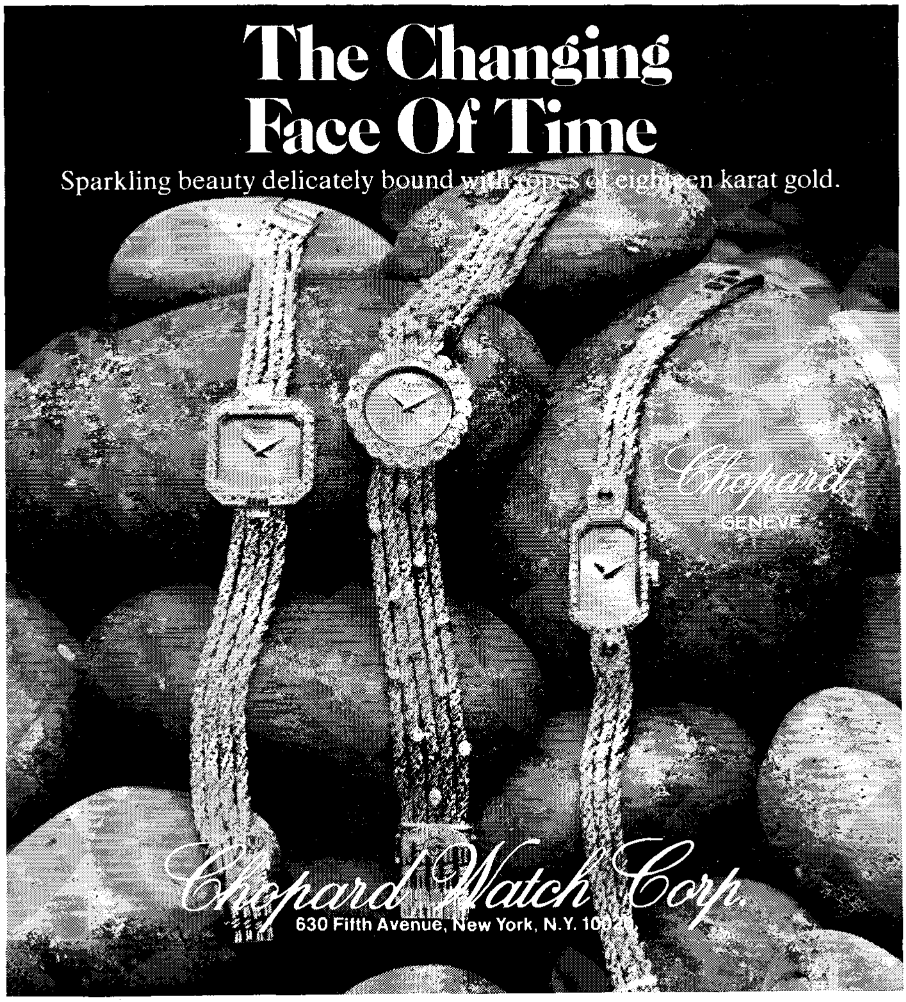
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have to rest her up ten, fourteen days before she'll be ready."

"You remember Rob Bob, Bo?" Headley asked.

"Rob Bob was a nice kind of a horse."

"He used to run at the fairs. Rob Bob ran with less rest than any horse I ever saw. One time, I saw him finish second on Friday and come back to win on Saturday. He must've been nine or ten, too."

"Rob Bob had forty-eight wins. Two more and he'd of made the Hall of Fame."

"How'd he die, Bo?"

"I think he cracked a bone. I think he just broke down."

Before the race, I watched Headley in the paddock. Most trainers at Golden Gate didn't win often enough to be cavalier when their horses really had a shot, and Headley was a case in point. He moved with the quirky precision of an instrument wound too tight, performing under tension. He chain-smoked and chewed gum, popping the wad with his teeth, and stuttered more than usual. When Lewis entered the stall, Headley introduced the jockey to the Sandomirs and then repeated, adding rhetorical flourishes, the instructions he'd given earlier: whip the horse left-handed and watch her in the gate. Lewis did a better job of acting than he'd done in the youth-and-age tableau. He crossed his arms, furrowed his brow, and let a rapt expression play across his features, as though he were committing Headley's words to memory.

The gate for the race was set up near the middle of the grandstand, and I had a fine view of Pichi going into the three hole. She made no complaint. In fact, she looked almost relaxed, turning this way and that to sniff at her opponents. Spring is a difficult season for fillies. "They's got other things on their minds besides racing," Bo told me once. A few days ago, I'd seen a filly invert the natural order by trying to mount a pony during the post parade. The horses in this race were showing similar signs of distress. When the gate snapped open, Pichi took them by surprise. She broke slightly to the right but earlier than the others and had a head out on the lead. Immediately, several jockeys who had broken from outside posts began challenging the horses inside, hoping to sweep past them and take a position on the rail, and Lewis made a split-second decision to keep Pichi out front. He touched her lightly and she ran. The decision was questionable, because it demanded an expenditure of energy—

speed—that might better have been saved for use later on, but Pichi appeared none the worse for wear. She trailed Bargain Belle, a filly with good early foot. Rounding into the first turn, Lewis asked her and she came on to take the lead. She wasn't ahead by much, but she was ahead, and the sight was one I thought I'd never see. She was striding elegantly, gliding along, her legs fully extended, and for the first time she looked like a *race horse*, a *thoroughbred*, an animal invented for the single purpose of *running*, her body geared precisely to the flow of the action and unfolding by perfect and apparently unlabored increments. I thought that when horses ran in front this way they must have no sense of competition, of other horses on their heels. They moved so gracefully forward in the matrix of their flesh that it was easy to forget, watching, that every stride exacted a price.

The first quarter went in 0:23⅗, a creeping pace, and I thought Pichi might have enough left to hold on. Going down the backstretch, she was still gliding, and Lewis was just beginning to restrain her, in an attempt to bank something against the future. He took back on the reins, straightening his legs and lifting his rear higher off the saddle. Pichi dropped back to second. A few strides later, she was third. I wanted to believe that her retreat was tactical, but within moments Annie Get Your Gun, the favorite, came up to challenge. When she passed Pichi, the two horses were held briefly in juxtaposition, and I could see how tired Pichi was. Her tail drooped, and her gait was now awkward and out of rhythm. She looked like a battered club fighter coming out for the tenth round, wobbly-legged, not caring about winning anymore, trying only to finish. She was all used up, and when Annie Get Your Gun's tail waved in her face she quit a little more. Lewis wouldn't think of whipping her. She dragged home eighth, beating only a few cripples and Bargain Belle, who had also bloomed too soon.

Although Lewis had made a costly error in judgment by asking Pichi too early in the race, drawing too heavily on her reserves, it was difficult to hold him responsible. Rating a horse is a complex affair, and to do it successfully a jockey must know his mount well. During a race, he has to decide how best to apportion a finite quality, his horse's speed, over the distance of ground to be covered. Moreover, he has to make adjustments in the rate

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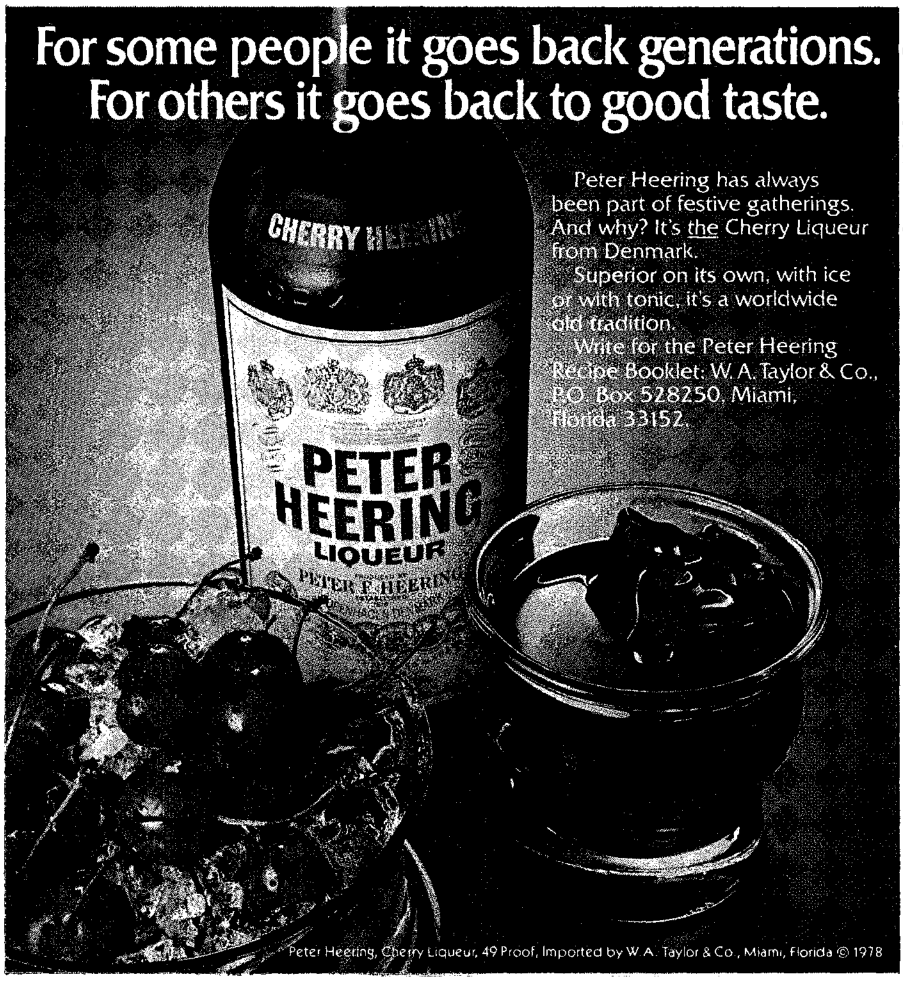

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of apportionment according to the rate at which the race evolves—within the context of its pace. His job is to correlate one notion of time with another and achieve synchronism. Here Lewis, being unfamiliar with Pichi, had failed. She had never been a front-runner, and he had been wrong to take her out on the lead. If she was ever to win, she'd have to come from off the pace, making her move in the stretch, and the pace would have to be slow enough not to exhaust her, yet fast enough so that when she made her move others would be beginning to tire.

I saw Headley later, and he looked glum. He'd begun to think a terrible thing about Pichi—that she might never win, because she was a late-breaking sprinter, the sort of horse who burned up if pushed too early and came on too late when saved for the stretch. "I don't know what's next," he said gloomily. Bo was unwrapping Pichi's legs. "She never was a router," he whispered, touching her ribs. "Look what a skinny son of a bitch she is. How's a filly going to run that far when she don't eat?"

RULING DON was the first horse I ever saw die. He broke down in May, on a beautiful morning, with the sun shining and all the touts and trainers along the rail talking of summer, of county fairs and smaller tracks, like the one up the coast in Ferndale, where the breeze blew lightly in off the ocean and kept things cool. I was standing among them when I heard the sharp, sudden, gunlike sound of bone breaking and looked up and saw a horse begin to falter. This was Ruling Don. He'd been working five furlongs fast, inside on the rail, running well, but then his right front leg had broken abruptly in half and he'd gone out of control. His shin and hoof flopped about in the dirt, held in place by a hinge of skin, and he pitched forward as though he'd been pushed down a flight of stairs, with the same panicky flailing. When he stumbled past the main gate, I saw that he was running now on three legs and a stub of bone, hop-stepping toward oblivion. He couldn't quite stop himself. His limbs worked of their own accord and carried him forward along the curve of energy expended, downward in compliance with gravity.

Art Lobato was riding him. He was pulling up hard on the reins, but Ruling Don kept stumbling forward, threatening to fall. Lobato knew that he'd likely be crushed if the horse fell, so he slipped his feet from the stirrups and bailed out. He hit the track with a thud, then gathered himself into a fetal ball, arms crossed over his knees, and looked back to see if he'd be trampled by other horses, still coming. He was lucky; the horses had been taken in hand or steered wide or yanked to a halt, and he was able to scuttle crabwise under the rail to the safety of the infield grass. He was wearing a sleeveless red T-shirt, and for a moment I thought the dark stains on his chest were blood. But he was just sweating. His face had no color in it. He looked pale and old.

About twenty yards down the track, Ruling Don tripped to a stop without losing his balance. He was breathing hard and looking around in a bewildered way, tottering on his unbalanced legs. Every now and then, he tried to take a step forward, but managed only to lurch a few inches and shift his weight. Somebody ran over and took his reins and rubbed his forehead while Slaughterhouse Red, the gateman, who supervised the comings and goings of horses, called the Corporation Yard, where track equipment was stored, and told the maintenance boys to send over an ambulance in a hurry. An exercise rider walked past me, wiping viciously at his eyes. "It always gets to me when that happens," he said. "Don't matter how often I see it, it always gets to me."

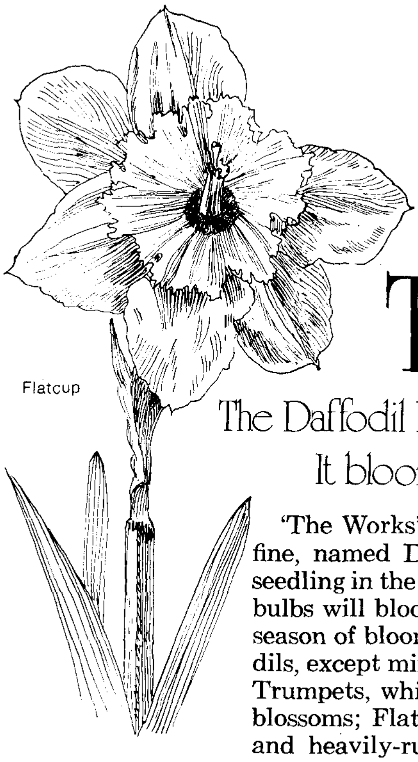
A few trainers nodded in agreement and bitched among themselves about the condition of the strip, but they did this every morning. *It's a crime for horses to have to run over junk like this*, they said, and they picked up pebbles and smoothed over cockles and hoofmarks as though such hasty minuscule improvements would make things better.

"There's just too goddam many sore horses running these days," one man said.

The man next to him spat. "So what else is new," he said.

Bob Hess, who had once trained Ruling Don, stood with his back to the track and said he'd thought that the horse might have had some problems, but nothing serious, nothing bad enough to break him down.

Five minutes later, the horse ambulance drove onto the strip, and two men got out and unlatched the back door. They lowered a ramp for Ruling Don and coaxed him along, but after three tentative steps he quit. The pain was too great. Blood trickled down from his knee, and he twisted his head around. His bewilderment seemed to increase, spiralling into fear. The men



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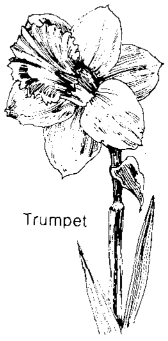

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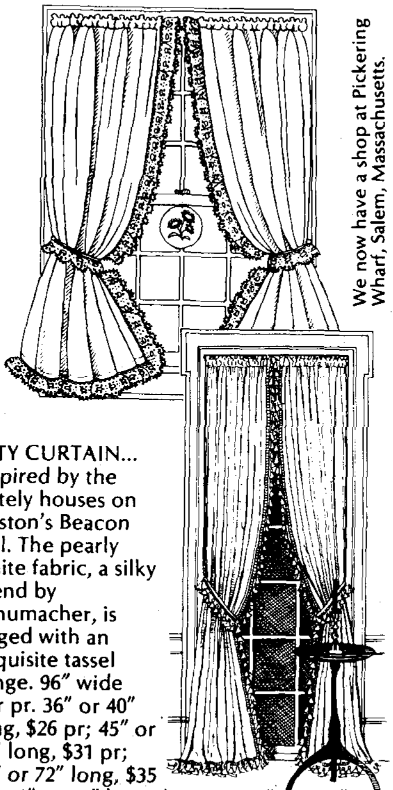

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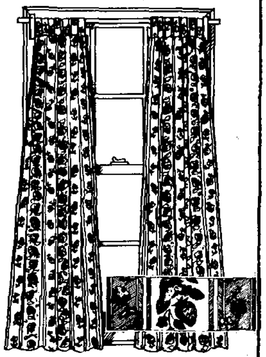

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got behind him and locked their hands over his tail, forming a sling with their arms, and they were joined by Lobato and Gerry Danbrook, the horse's trainer, and Mike McRae, a veterinarian. Together, they pushed, and Ruling Don proceeded reluctantly up the ramp, dragging the exposed bone over corrugated metal. It made a scraping noise and had the effect on some bystanders of chalk squeaking on a blackboard. When the horse was inside at last, the men latched the doors and drove over to the Corporation Yard.

McRae gave Danbrook a brief medical report. Ruling Don had fractured a cannon bone and exploded a fetlock joint, but his leg could be repaired in an operation. The surgery would have to be done elsewhere, though, because the emergency facilities at Golden Gate were minimal at best. In all probability, McRae said, Ruling Don would never race again. Danbrook ordered the horse destroyed. There was no reason to keep him alive. He couldn't race, he was a gelding and hence useless at stud, and, besides, his owner, John Schipani, had no insurance to cover the costs of surgery. (Later, Danbrook phoned Schipani to deliver the bad news.)

So there in the Corporation Yard, amid the tractors and harrows, McRae set about preparing his "euthanasia solution." Its primary component was phenobarbital. The drug acts directly on the central nervous system, shutting down all sensory input. Sometimes McRae administered succinylcholine chloride, a curare-like drug, before the phenobarb, to deaden a horse's muscles and prevent any radical reactions—involuntary kicking and rearing—but Ruling Don was in shock and was behaving calmly. McRae slipped in the needle, and the horse overdosed almost immediately. His muscles quivered, his eyes glazed over, and he dropped to the ground. The appropriate forms were signed. A representative of the track had already telephoned Clarence Pementel, a rancher in Mission San Jose. Golden Gate paid Pementel to haul dead horses to the San Jose Tallow Company, where they were transformed into tallow and dog food.

Ruling Don's history was brief and melancholy, barely long enough to fill a dossier:

Chestnut gelding, three years old. Ancestry undistinguished—Windsor Ruler out of Señorita Cevole. Raced a total of eleven times. One first, two seconds, a third. Earned about four thousand dollars. Début at Agua Caliente, Tijuana, Mexico, August 28, 1977. Finished eighth. Ran three more times at Caliente before breaking his maiden, on October 16th, going a mile in 1:37⅗. Showed evidence of a good stretch kick. Potential talent. Shipped up to Bay Meadows in November, ran a promising fourth in a claiming race. Ran again at Bay Meadows on November 25th and was claimed by Bob Hess for Tom Pergakis for sixteen thousand. Raced first time for Hess on December 19th, stepping up to allowance company, with Tony Diaz riding. Apparently serious bid, but finished dismal seventh on muddy track, sixteen lengths behind. Indications of leg problems. No longer a stakes-calibre horse, no longer quite so valuable. Returned to commodity status. Rested three months before racing again, then ran at Golden Gate on March 16, 1978. Seventh, by five and a half lengths. Ran next a month later, for a fourteen-thousand-dollar price tag. Appeared to have the race in hand, but jockey, Raul Caballero, was forced very wide on the turn and gave up too much ground. Finished fifth, returned to the barn tired. Entered again on April 22nd. Price tag dropped this time to twelve thousand five. Good start, tired in the stretch, finished third. Claimed by Gerry Danbrook for John Schipani. Never raced again.

GERRY DANBROOK was just returning from a gallop when I caught up with him at his barn. He swept down from the saddle and walked briskly toward the shed row, strutting like an adjutant. A Snoopy the Red Baron decal was glued to his riding helmet. "I call this Bad News Week," he said. First, he'd lost two nice horses, seen them claimed away; then Ruling Don had gone out and busted a leg. Danbrook's stable had been reduced to a rudimentary three head, but he was playing it tough. Toughness was a quality he admired, a manly quality, and when he ordered his teen-age groom to wash down his mount, he did so with authority. Danbrook wanted desperately to be known as a winner, so he was less than eager to discuss Ruling Don.

"Come into my office, we'll have a cup of coffee," he said, leading me into a tack room equipped with a coffee maker and several cans of Yuban. On one wall, a poster showing hand-holding lovers skipping out of a misty landscape advised us that whenever we thought things were done, there was always something more to do. Apparently, this was another aspect

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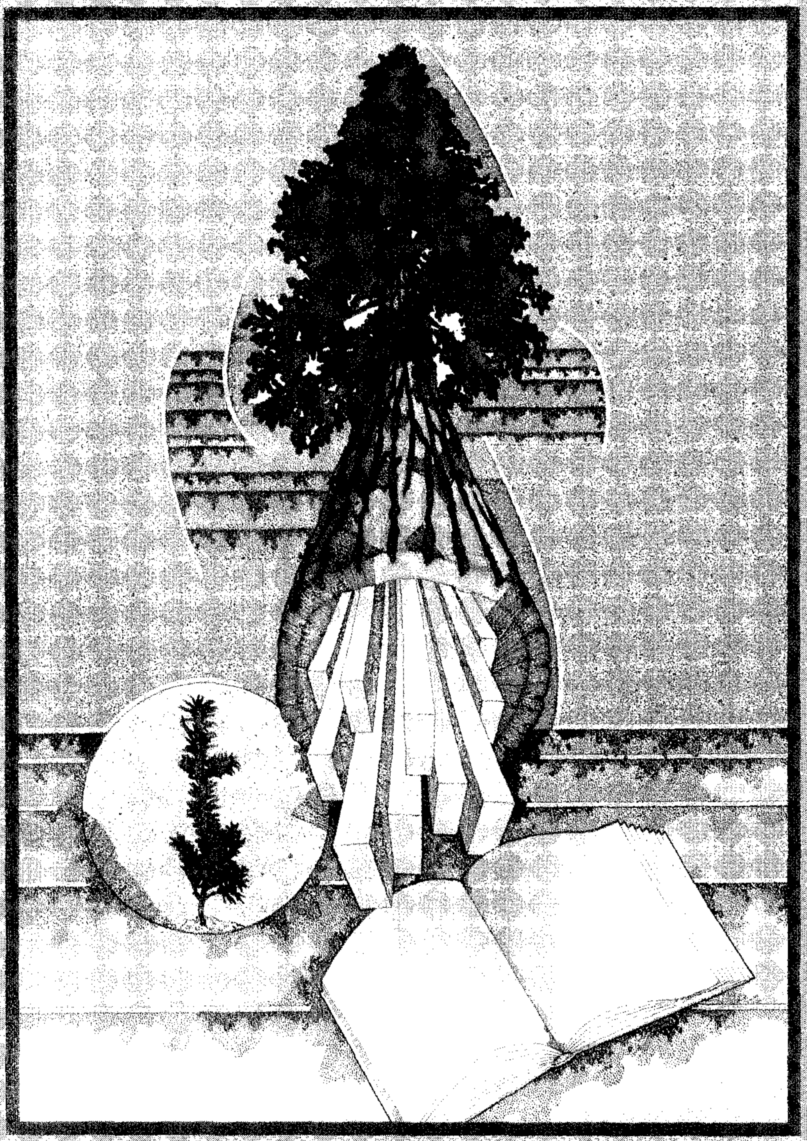

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of Danbrook's present credo. Twice before, he'd left racing—once to take a trip to Asia and once to go back to college (he wanted to be a pilot), and this time around he was determined to stick it out.

I asked him to tell me about Ruling Don.

"Ah, you know," he said, looking at the floor. "The horse had problems."

"What kind of problems?"

"He was sore. His legs weren't in such good shape."

"Was he running on phenylbutazone?"

Danbrook frowned. "Most of the horses here run on bute."

He poured out some coffee.

"What did Schipani say when you told him?" I asked.

"John Schipani's a class guy. He understands these things. I already learned a lot from him."

For a while, we sipped our coffee and talked more generally about racing, and then Danbrook got fidgety.

"Listen," he said. "I don't lie to my owners. That horse wasn't very sound, but that's the chance you take in claiming. You're bound to get some bad ones. I'm not going to cry about it. Before, I used to listen to too many people. People are always trying to screw you up. The other day, Art Hirsch, he told me if I ran my horse Pobjoy for eighty-five hundred instead of twelve-five he'd claim him. Used to be that would get to me. I'd be up all night thinking. Not anymore. I ran Pobjoy for eighty-five, he came in second, nobody claimed him."

"What would've happened with Ruling Don?" I asked.

"He would've been a useful horse. Nothing special. I would've kept him till he wasn't useful, then tried to get rid of him. That's how it goes."

PHENYLBUTAZONE, trade name Butazolidin, has anti-inflammatory properties akin to but stronger than those of aspirin, and it also has some value as an analgesic and an antipyretic. The compound is used in the treatment of rheumatism, arthritis, and musculoskeletal disorders in both horses and human beings. It works primarily by inhibiting the biosynthesis of prostaglandins, those diverse and bewildering hormones that in some instances are the producers of inflammation.

On the backstretch, phenylbutazone is nicknamed "bute," a word pronounced with the same crisp technological fervor as "disco" or "module." Bute is modern, efficient, an equine panacea capable of transforming sore horses into competitors; seventy-five per cent of the stock at Golden Gate took it regularly, either orally or by injection. The steroid drugs whose use it was supplanting—the most popular of which was cortisone—had awesome side effects, including pituitary upset, hormonal imbalances, fluid retention, and retardation of the natural healing processes. Despite these drawbacks, about thirty per cent of the stock still raced on cortisone (often in tandem with bute). Cortisone was a frightening compound, and any alternative to it had to be deemed a pharmacological breakthrough as well as an advance in humane treatment.

But phenylbutazone also created problems. They were less visible, more insidious, falling into a familiar pattern of abuse. Bute worked so well to alleviate soreness, banishing aches as easily as Valium unravels tensions, that it was given almost randomly at the first sign of stiffness, even to lightly raced two-year-olds who in the past might have been rested until they were fit. Once the pattern started, it was difficult to stop. Vets had little control over the specific application of the drug, because they were dependent on trainers for their livelihood. They had to be accommodating. If Trainer X demanded bute for a sore filly, then Vet Y, even if he considered it unnecessary or contraindicated, usually prescribed it, on the assumption that if he didn't another vet would. The California Horse Racing Board's veterinary representative at Golden Gate, Dr. Jay D. Hoop, supervised drug use on the grounds, but since the board believed bute to be relatively harmless when it was given in accordance with certain guidelines, Hoop had little actual say unless those guidelines were transgressed. Even bute's efficiency had negative characteristics, especially for those marginal horses that were always sore and couldn't move very well without drugs. When they ran on bute, they moved freely, but they couldn't feel the pain associated with inflammation. Some of them were running uninformed, with their warning systems shut down, and they tended to exert undue and dangerous pressure on sensitive joints and muscles. They ran, in effect, on chemicals when they should have been resting or put out to pasture, and it seemed to me that more horses than ever before were breaking down in the sad, struggling manner of Ruling Don.

JAY D. HOOP, doctor of veterinary medicine, a tall, gentlemanly figure in his sixties, had his office in the receiving barn, a rotundalike structure

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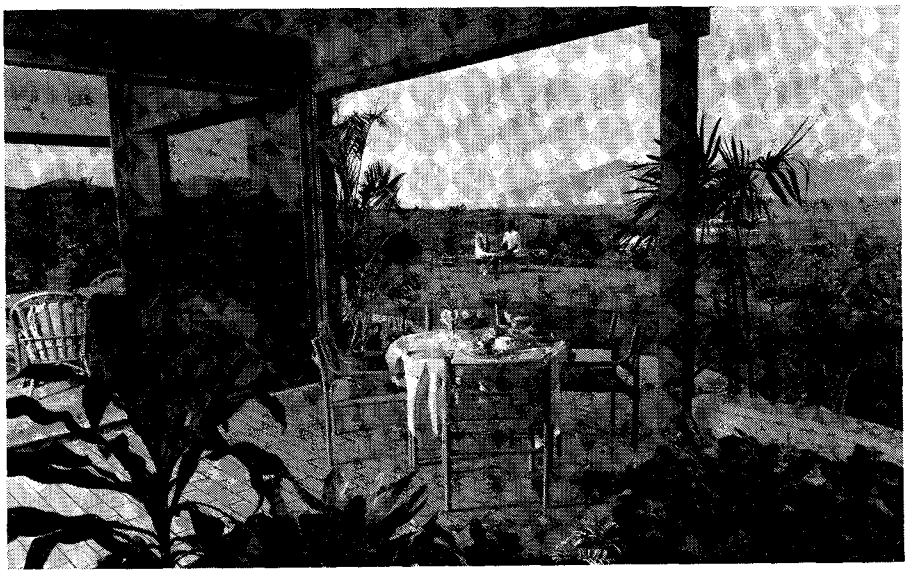

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with numbered stalls all along its interior circumference. The barn was painted dark red, and restrictive signs were plastered near the entrance. A security guard in rent-a-cop gray was posted nearby to make sure that unauthorized parties stayed out. Just before each race, the horses scheduled to run were brought to the barn and examined by Hoop, the official veterinarian. If any horse looked unfit to run, Hoop scratched him from the field and placed him on the Veterinarian's List, which, according to the California Horse Racing Board, was "not a punitive device but a protection for the racing public, for the physical health of the horses, for the jockeys who ride those horses, for the continuity of the racing programs, and for the investment of the racing owners." A horse on the Vet's List couldn't start again until he'd recovered from his infirmity. In addition, Hoop was responsible for overseeing the elaborate post-race testing procedure. An assistant took a urine specimen from every winning horse, from the first and second finishers in exacta races, from the first three horses in stakes races, and from any horse who showed the sort of form reversal that might indicate tampering, and also took occasional random samples. The specimens were flown to the official racing laboratory, the Truesdail Laboratories, in Los Angeles, where they were subjected to analysis by gas chromatography and thin-layered chromatography, ultraviolet and infrared spectrophotometry, and mass spectrometry. The tests were supposed to reveal any foreign substance present in a horse's system. If a prohibited drug showed up, a criminal investigation would be conducted by the board. Violators could be charged with felonies and imprisoned. Penalties for the abuse of permitted medications were not very harsh, although recidivists were sometimes suspended or stripped of their licenses.

When I went to visit Hoop, Ruling Don's breakdown was still on my mind. I had come to believe that, of the official reasons given for placing a horse on the Vet's List, only two really had any impact at Golden Gate—the last two, those that protected owners and the two racing associations, Pacific and Tanforan, that sponsored meetings at the track. It seemed to me that a subtle balance had gone awry, that the racing industry was grinding up horses for profit, cannibalizing its own best interests. I thought that horses, and the jockeys who toppled with them when they broke down under unwarranted stress, deserved better.

Hoop thought I was overstating the case. He agreed that California drug laws were broadly written, but believed that the penalties for violating them were severe enough to frighten off most would-be offenders. Prohibited drugs, which included stimulants, depressants, narcotics, and local anesthetics, had a more immediate and telling effect on performance, and were more tightly controlled. Horses being treated with them couldn't race within sixty hours of their last dosage. Phenylbutazone, on the other hand, was permitted, and occupied the same catchall category as steroids, aspirin, muscle relaxants, furosemide (Lasix, a diuretic given to horses who bled from the nostrils under exertion), vitamins, analgesics, and other medications linked less directly to performance. Bute had to be given steadily, not in an arbitrary, on-off fashion, and it couldn't be given at all in the twenty-four hours preceding a race. If it was, said Hoop, it would be detected at Truesdail. Since the start of Tanforan, only one infraction had been detected, when an excessive level of bute was found in Moonlight Cocktail's urine after she'd won her race. The stewards decided that the extra dose had been given accidentally, and fined Steve Gardell, the trainer, two hundred dollars—less than his share of the purse.

"This whole bute thing is blown way out of proportion," Hoop said, in annoyance. "It's nothing special. It doesn't make a horse run any faster."

"Doesn't a horse run faster when he's not feeling any pain?"

Hoop adopted a more vigorous tone. "It *doesn't* make a horse run any faster. That's all there is to it. Bute reduces inflammation, nothing further. It's just that everybody's prescribing it now. These fads happen all the time. Once, down at Hollywood Park, the rumor got around that Bobby Frankel was only using three nails in his horseshoes. Frankel's a successful trainer, so the next thing you know, everybody's using just three nails." Hoop smiled. "Didn't help, though."

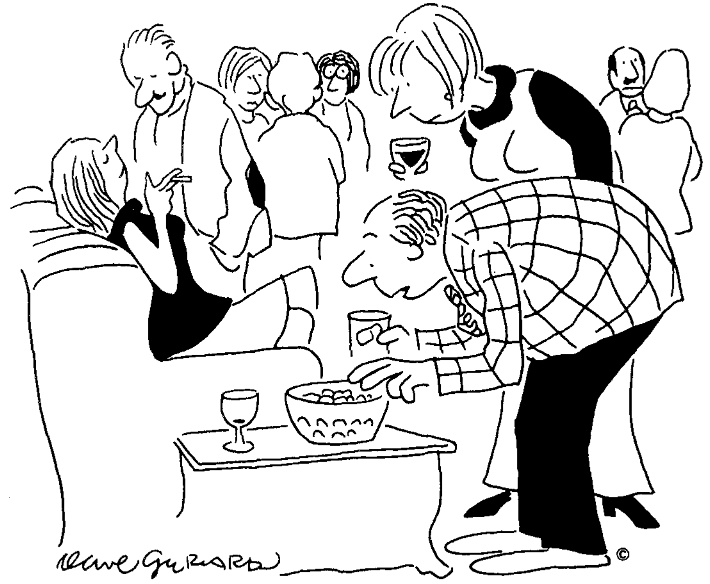
The California Horse Racing Board refuses to supply bettors with any information about drugs. I asked Hoop why.

"The drug list is confidential," he said. "We believe that certain things shouldn't be made public."

I asked again.

"It's our policy."

This seemed unfair to the fans. Certainly a chronically sore horse run-



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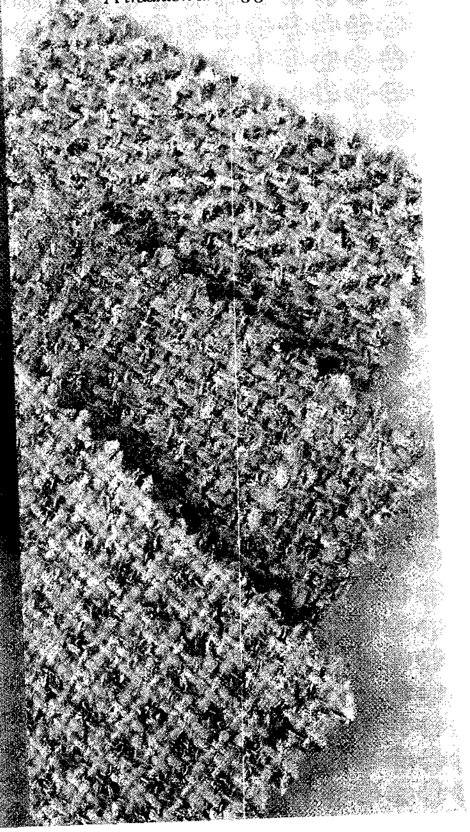

ning on bute for the first time would show an improvement, and California bettors should be made aware of such things. Some states require the posting of drug specifics at each race track, along with scratches and equipment changes. But what bothered me most in talking to Hoop was his apparent trust in technology. This was the modern romantic affliction, I thought. Nose cones were replacing gushing cataracts as objects of admiration; soon motel walls would be decorated with canvases depicting astronauts blown about like Michelin men in the starry recesses of space. Clearly, the development of new drugs—whether they were anti-inflammatory, analgesic, depressant, or stimulant—would always be a step ahead of the scientific testing procedures necessary to detect them. Moreover, it was extremely difficult to pin a drug-related crime on an owner or a trainer, even with a positive test in hand. Excuses were manifold, ready-made. Maybe a groom who didn't understand English very well mixed up the medications, or maybe he was acting in consort with some other trainer, or on his own, or as an agent for a syndicate, or as part of the Grooms' Liberation Front, and maybe he was gone now—certainly he did it!—lost in the palm-thick jungles of Guatemala. The defense could rest and most likely get off with a fine for negligence.

After an hour, I realized that Hoop and I were talking at cross-purposes. His job, as he saw it, was to keep a steady procession (between seventy-five and ninety head a day) of what he called "raceably sound" horses moving toward the starting gate. It came down to a question of language, of definition. I think I would have defined "raceably sound" more stringently than Hoop did. It wasn't that Hoop was a bad man, or even a negligent one. He was only a man of the times, it seemed to me, loyal to what Chief Justice Marshall had defined in 1819 as "an artificial being, invisible, intangible, and existing only in contemplation of law," the corporation.

FROM the curved windows of Clifford Goodrich's office, I could see the track and the Albany hills and, in the other direction, looking west, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Bay, and San Francisco. This was the executive suite, with plush carpeting, a new desk, comfortable furniture, a bathroom, and, to the rear of the suite, a darkened nook where the directors of the Tanforan and Pacific Racing Associations some-

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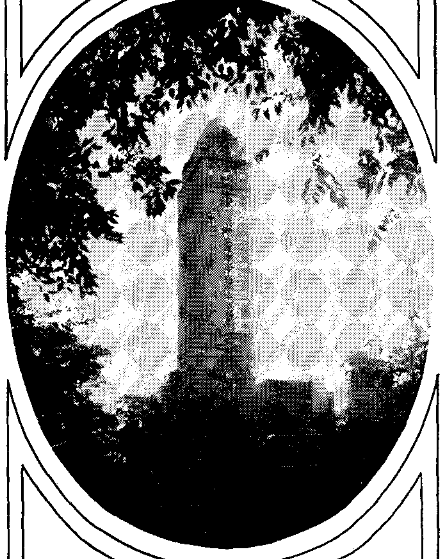

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times held their meetings. They seldom visited the track except for meetings or for special events like the California Derby.

Goodrich, the general manager of both Pacific and Tanforan, was the directors' man on the spot. The job was a tricky one for anybody who retained, as Goodrich seemed to, a respect for honesty. He was intelligent, reasonably direct, and still young enough, at thirty-five, to look ill at ease when he had to skirt the edges of a potentially embarrassing question. Goodrich was having a rough time of it. Figures showed that attendance at Pacific's winter meeting was down, and early returns at Tanforan gave no indication of a reversal of the trend. So Goodrich found himself in a bind, caught between running a race track properly, as he'd learned to do from the ground up, and hedging in order to satisfy the directors' and other investors' dissatisfaction with decreasing profits.

When a group of Bay Area businessmen bought Golden Gate Fields, in 1965, and formed a holding company (the Bay Area Turf Club, later Bay Area Sports Enterprises) to supervise the Pacific and Tanforan Associations, the future of racing in California seemed limitless. In its first year of control, the group pumped a million dollars into the decrepit plant (the only major overhaul it would have in fifteen years, except for the addition of a turf course in 1972), then sat back and raked in the profits. In 1966, Bay Area Turf Club stock split ten for one, and the corporation declared a five-dollar-per-share dividend on the new over-the-counter issue, which had a par value of a hundred dollars.

About the same time, the California Horse Racing Board hired the Stanford Research Institute (now SRI International), in Menlo Park, to assess the over-all economic condition of the racing industry in the state. The results of the SRI study, Project I-5329, are instructive. The report cited several business practices that might imperil the industry's future. Racing associations were not plowing enough money back into their tracks. Instead, they chose to pay big dividends—more than double the going rate in similarly structured corporate enterprises. Furthermore, fans were complaining about the quality of stock allowed to compete at race tracks. People wanted to see better horses, but associations were doing little to cater to this desire. "Horse quality was found to be of critical importance for developing and maintaining widespread interest in horse racing," said

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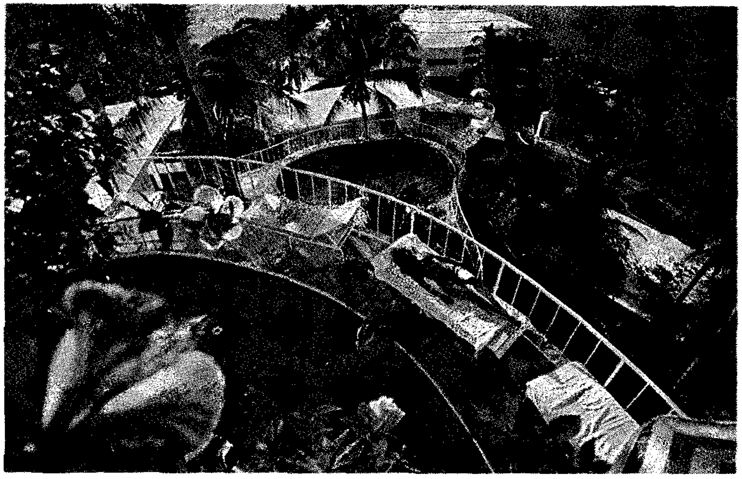

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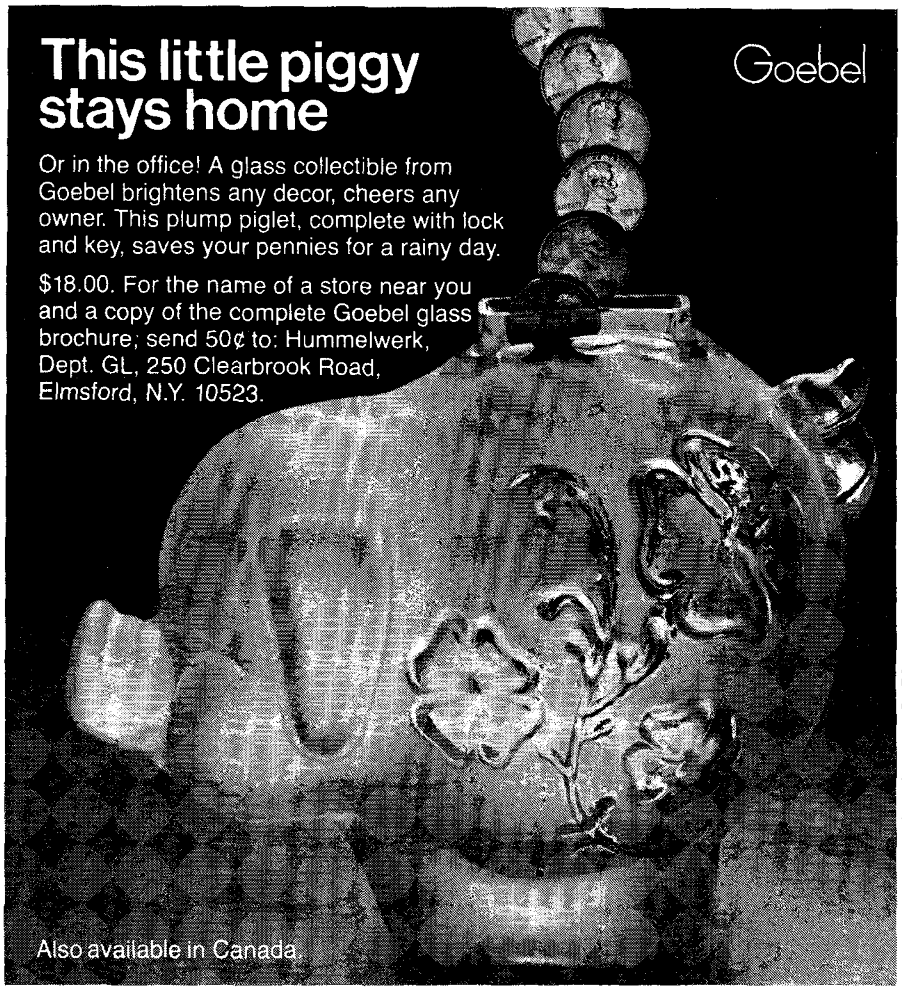
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the report. "Improvement in the current quality of horses running at California race meetings would be likely to have more effect in increasing attendance in northern as compared with southern California." The state's breeding industry, with a "critical shortage of high-quality stallions," was in need of support, and racing associations had been for the most part unwilling to help. The report had a final criticism: the profits made by racing associations were too high, and the purses that these same associations paid to horsemen were too low.

The SRI report, particularly its insistence on the necessity of upgrading the quality of stock performing, was largely ignored. Instead, racing associations attempted to increase their already inflated profit margins by requesting the right to run even more races per season. From 1967 to 1978, the number of racing days in California, including those at harness and quarter-horse tracks, jumped from six hundred and thirty-three a year to nine hundred and ninety-six. Where the horses for this expansion came from is anybody's guess; why they needed to be medicated before running is not.

When I mentioned the SRI report to Goodrich, he refused to credit its arguments. The associations weren't to blame for the industry's problems, he said. Competition from other professional sports—basketball, two baseball teams, soccer, hockey, harness and quarter-horse racing—as well as from college athletics, had significantly reduced the potential Bay Area audience for thoroughbreds, but the State of California was the real villain. At California tracks in 1978, some eighty-three per cent of the money wagered was returned to the public in winning payoffs, while the remaining seventeen per cent, known as the takeout, was divided among track operations, horsemen, and the state. Because of inflation, which had increased business costs across the board, the tracks and the horsemen were short in the pocket and wanted a larger share of the takeout pie. The substantial profits of the past had been whittled down to slivers, and associations, Goodrich said, were being "forced" to pass along escalating costs to the fans. Recently, the California Horse Racing Board had decided to commission another study, to be undertaken not by SRI but by Temple, Barker & Sloane, of Lexington, Massachusetts, a management-consulting firm. Goodrich hoped that when it was completed it would give the asso-

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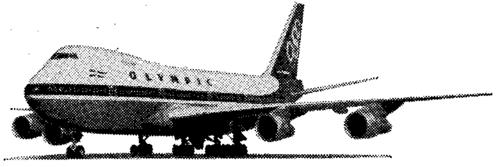

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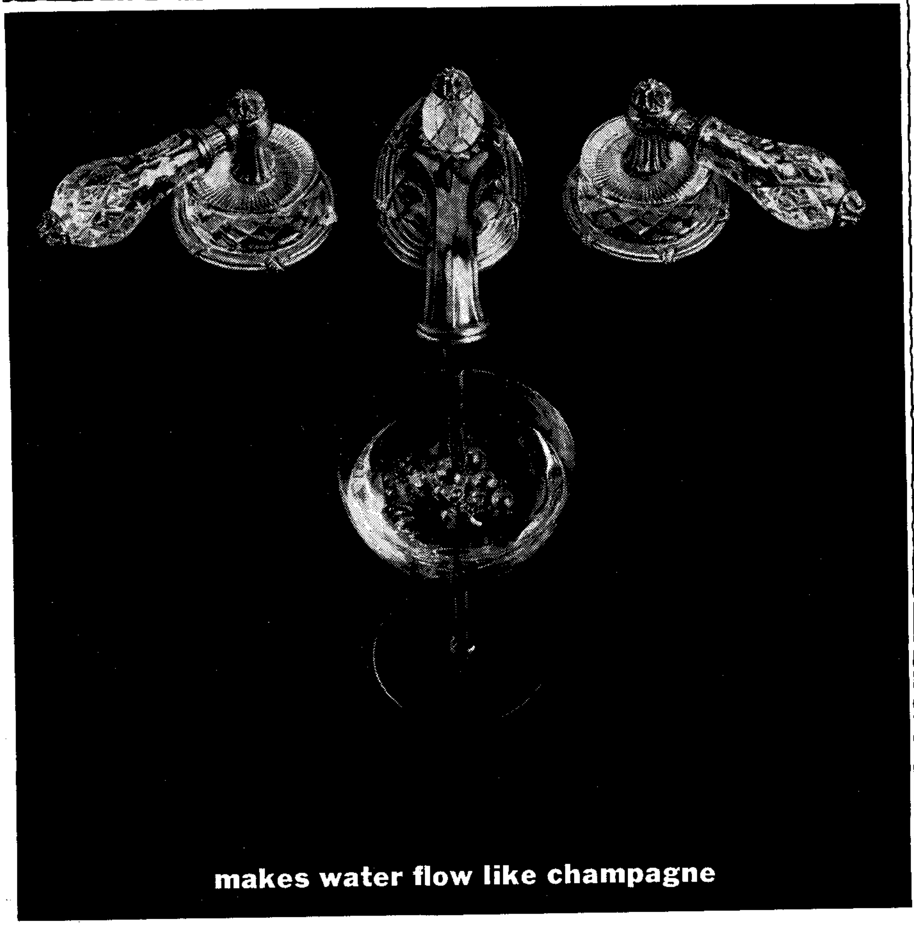

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ciations some statistical support for their lobbying efforts in Sacramento.

I asked Goodrich what he planned to do.

"We're going to start lobbying more heavily," he said. "We've got to get some legislative relief."

"What about the quality of the stock running?"

"I don't know too much about it," Goodrich said.

Eventually, Goodrich sent me a copy of the management summary of the new report. Indeed, "An Analysis of the California Horse Racing Industry" made a strong case against the state's inequitable allocation of the takeout, and proposed a model for redistribution, but it also reiterated many of the criticisms in the SRI report:

> Attendance declines are the result of many factors. Consumer research points to the quality of the racing, the quality of the facilities, the level of take-out, and the appearance or perception of race manipulation as factors that influence attendance.

Bo Twinn's kittens were bigger now and still unclaimed, even though the meet was almost over, and as they crawled around over his lap they seemed an aspect of his condition rather than something he was likely to get rid of anytime soon. He brushed them off distractedly, like a horse brushing away flies, and smoked a slow cigarette while sitting at a table reading his *Form*.

"You going on vacation when the meet ends?" I asked him.

"Probably."

"What'll you do?"

He smirked. "Little as possible."

I nodded at Pichi. "Think she'll win today, Bo?"

"I don't know," he said curtly. "I never know what she's going to do."

Pichi was entered in the sixth race. She was going up in class to sixteen thousand but dropping back to her preferred distance, six furlongs. Jimmy Colaneri's toothache was long gone, and he'd be in the irons again, which meant she'd carry a hundred and eight pounds instead of the hundred and thirteen she'd carried under Mel Lewis. She had a chance, I thought, and nothing more.

"You come back here in an hour," Bo said, shooing me away. "Headley'll be here then with those people from Los Angeles."

"The Sandomirs?"

He made a disgusted face. "What other people is there who'd fly up from

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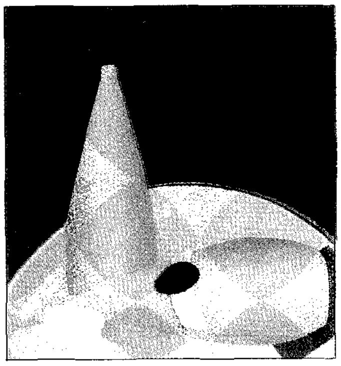

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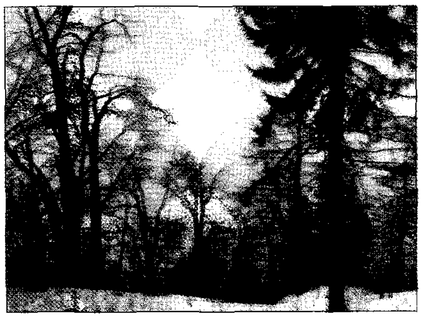

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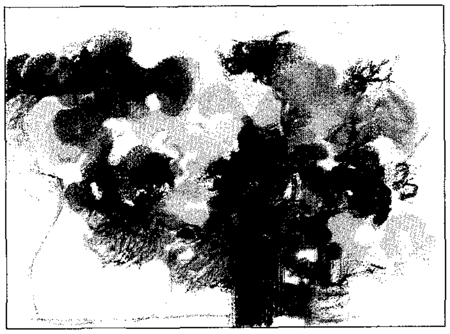

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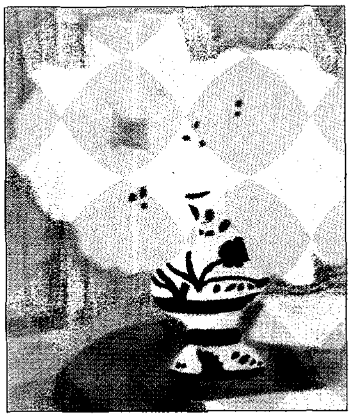

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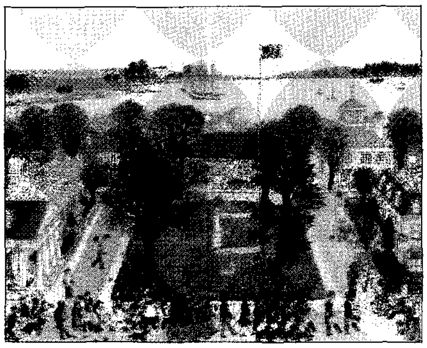

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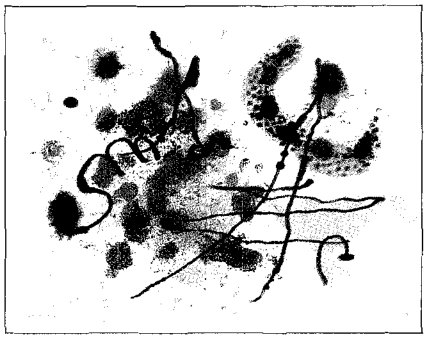

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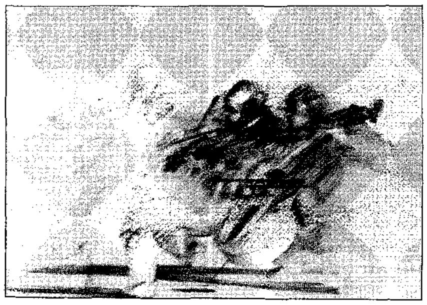

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When I saw Headley go into the paddock after the fifth race, I went down and joined him. He seemed nervous again, but he was more businesslike than usual and introduced me to Mary Sandomir, a small woman in blue. She was the sort of person who makes you feel good right away, putting you at your ease. Her hand was warm, and she smiled warmly, and walked around the saddling stall with what might be called a purposeful dizziness, jumping from one thought or action to the next without much transition. She said her husband hadn't been able to make the trip, but she'd brought along her granddaughter, Sandy, and also two friends of the family, a young man named Alan and his girlfriend, both of whom wore expensive jeans. Mrs. Sandomir showed me her camera, then told Sandy, who was about seven, to stay close by, because the men were bringing in the horses. When Bo led Pichi over, Mrs. Sandomir went right up to him. Her hair, henna-colored, almost matched Pichi's coat. Bo had done a bad job of shaving and his cheeks were spotted with blood, but this didn't prevent Mrs. Sandomir from giving him a little kiss and hugging him in a motherly way. I thought he'd sink into the bowels of the earth.

"How are you?" she asked. "You're looking good."

Bo stared at the dirt and muttered something unintelligible.

Mrs. Sandomir went closer to Pichi and rubbed her nose and the white between her eyes, then stepped back and took her picture. She kissed the filly on the nose. "Hello, baby," she said.

Bo led Pichi away. He seemed glad to be going.

"That horse," Mrs. Sandomir said, plucking at my shirtsleeve. "She's so sweet. But she scares me. Ooh, she has such a temper!"

Jimmy Colaneri entered the paddock, tapping his boot with his whip. He was tall for a jockey, with long-lashed dark eyes and a polite manner that bespoke the ten years he'd put in waiting for a break. This was his first full season riding thoroughbreds—before, he'd been an exercise boy—and so far it had been splendid. When he talked about his good fortune, he bubbled over and was capable of saying things like "It just tickles me to death."

Mrs. Sandomir greeted him solicitously. "How you feeling?" she asked.

"Aw, I'm fine," Colaneri said, blushing a little.

Mrs. Sandomir clucked through her teeth. "Last time, his jaw was out to here," she said, holding her hand about ten inches from her jawbone.

Headley interrupted to give the jockey his instructions. He told Colaneri the strip was slow, and reminded him to watch the early speed on either side of him in the gate. "If you have to hit her, make sure you do it left-handed," he said. "I don't want her lugging in again."

Charles Palmer, the paddock judge, called "Riders up!" and Bo helped Colaneri into the saddle. Colaneri's yellow-and-black silks complemented Pichi's high chestnut color, and the filly moved forward with precision through the windswept air, her coat gleaming in iconographic tribute to the efforts of trainer and groom. When I turned around, Headley was leaving for the grandstand. I wanted to go with him, but Mrs. Sandomir chose to watch the race from the Owners' Pavilion, and I stayed behind with her. The pavilion was a terrible vantage point. We could see the gate, but the entire backstretch was obscured by the tote board, and the horses wouldn't come back into our line of vision until they reached the stretch. Mrs. Sandomir was unconcerned. She scolded Alan for betting on the favorite, Andadora, then opened her purse and took out some photographs. They were ordinary snapshots, the kind that feature children posed against a tree or a jungle gym, but these were of horses—Pichi's relatives, a foal and another filly. The Sandomirs owned them both.

"We have a whole family," she said. "The two sisters and a baby."

The filly resembled Pichi, and I wondered if she could run. The odds were against it for sure. I had to admire the Sandomirs for intransigently following their hearts. Mrs. Sandomir waved the photographs under my nose again, and I had the feeling she was about to tell me a great deal about the horses, foundation mares of a Sandomir dynasty, but then the gate

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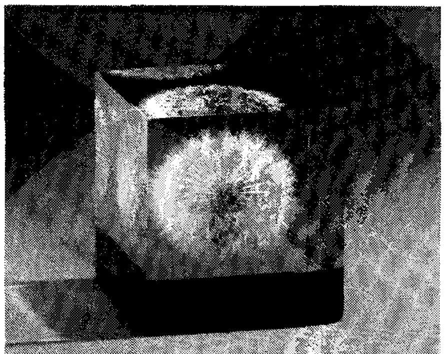

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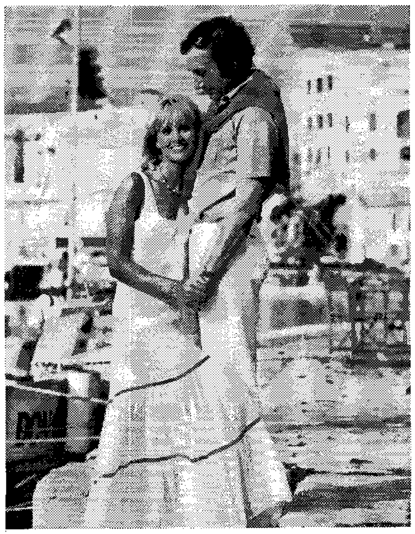

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opened and we were hooked by the flareup of silks in the green metal mesh.

LATER, Colaneri would remember a single moment from the race, when he'd opened his mouth to scream but nothing had come out. "I thought I was dead," he said. His troubles started in the gate, when Pichi failed to respond to his urging. She broke poorly, trailing the field, and Colaneri was forced to rethink his strategy. He'd wanted to take her outside and run her there, away from traffic, and then make his move in the stretch, but now he was blocked ahead by a wall of flesh and couldn't maneuver in any direction. All he could do was sit tight and hope for a break. Seconds later, he got one, when a hole opened in the pack, a flash of daylight between horses. He touched Pichi with his whip and she came right on, making up ground. When she had almost reached the hole, Mark Couto, the rider on Minnie B., turned around in his saddle and hit his mount hard. Colaneri recognized this as a habit of Couto's, something he did whenever his horse began to quit. Minnie B. slowed down a little anyway and drifted toward the center of the track—toward Jane Driggers, on Silver Symmetry—and the hole began to close. Colaneri couldn't pull up on the reins, not without throwing Pichi dangerously off stride, and he couldn't move left or right, so he held on and kept driving and got caught in a pinch between horses.

Pichi was suspended between Minnie B. and Silver Symmetry. She ran as though she were in a vacuum, with just one foot touching the ground and the three others fanning the air. Neither Couto nor Driggers knew what was happening. They could feel the press of flesh, but because Colaneri hadn't screamed they didn't know he was struggling for balance. Colaneri was thinking about his inevitable demise. When Pichi was released from the pinch, she would land full force on one leg, and the leg would break, and down they'd go, horse and rider delivered to dust. Colaneri braced himself when Minnie B. pulled away, shutting his eyes against the impact. Then Pichi was free, a thousand pounds thrust down on a spindle of bone, but somehow her leg held together instead of exploding, and she planted another one after it, and another, righting herself without so much as a false step. She recovered her stride and continued, wholly redeemed, with nothing to

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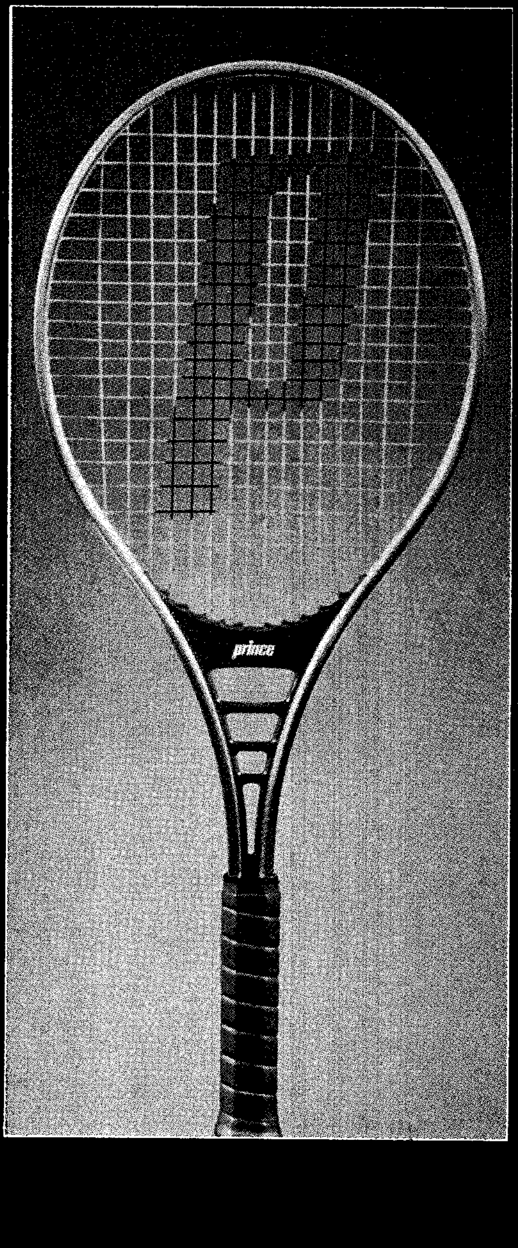

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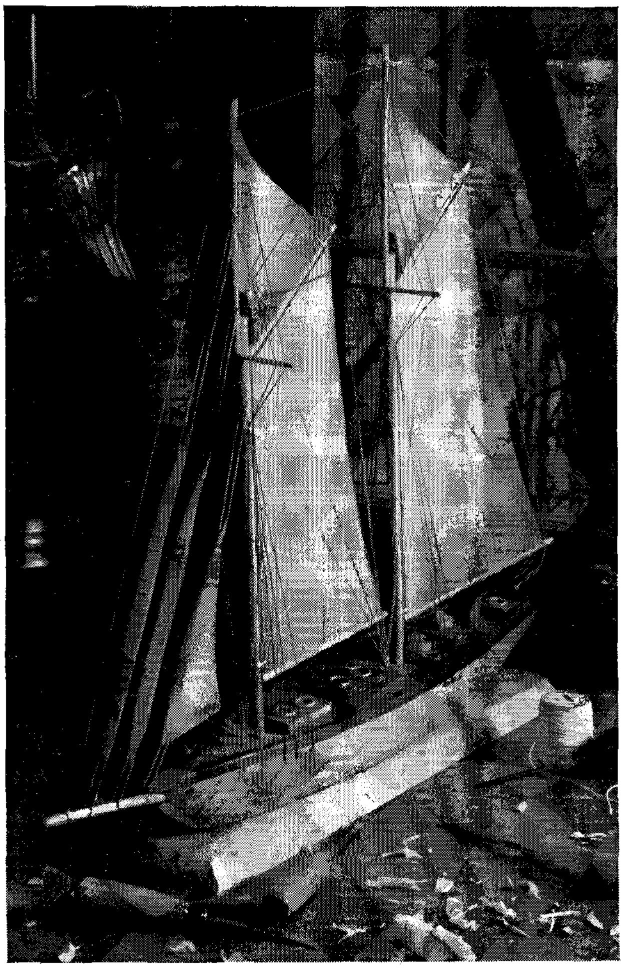

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lose. Colaneri couldn't believe it. He touched her again and took her outside, to see if she had anything left to give.

All this happened in less than fifteen seconds, and when the horses disappeared behind the tote board Pichi was running seventh, far back of Minnie B., who had taken the lead. The next quarter mile was invisible to us, and the things around me took on a dreamlike quality. It was like being in a movie theatre when the soundtrack suddenly cuts off. I became aware of my own breathing and the person breathing next to me, of life outside the frame. The platform seemed to wobble beneath my feet, and I was hyperconscious of the fans in the grandstand behind me. I turned to look, and saw them as molecules in a pattern, their bright shirts and blouses chromosomal beads. Mrs. Sandomir brought me back by touching my arm. She was very animated, disturbed by what she couldn't see, and she walked back and forth twisting a handkerchief between her fingers and asking the same question over and over: "Where the hell is Pichi?" I think she wanted to be assured of a just outcome, but I had no such assurance to give. When the horses came into the stretch, I couldn't even find Pichi. But Alan could. He took Mrs. Sandomir by the shoulders and pointed her in the right direction.

"Here she comes," he said. "She's on the outside."

Pichi made the most inelegant stretch run I'd ever seen. She went far too wide on the turn, but Colaneri spoke to her and she picked up the pace, passing horses at the back of the pack. She passed Breeze Ahead and Dancing Señorita and Pilfered Purse, all nags of little talent. For a minute, it appeared that she would challenge the leaders, but when Colaneri hit her she lugged in. Colaneri was amazed. He was whipping her left-handed, just as Headley had told him to do, but instead of keeping her off the rail the stroking seemed to be driving her toward it. Either she was rebelling against being hit or her inside bias was simply too strong to correct. The lugging was costing her dear—she was losing ground. I folded my program in half and looked away, and then damned if she didn't start moving again, jump after jump, passing My Masai and drawing close to Minnie B. She gained another stride and, with fifty yards left, pushed forward a little more and hooked Minnie B. head to head. Colaneri hit her and she jumped, and he hit her again at the wire, and

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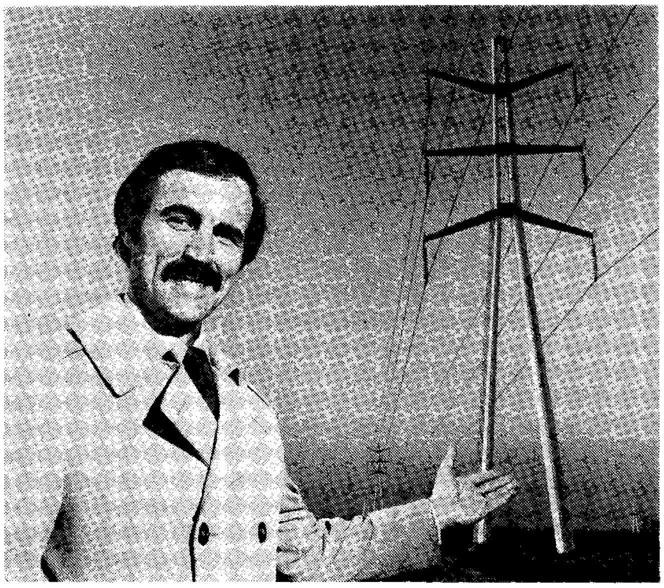

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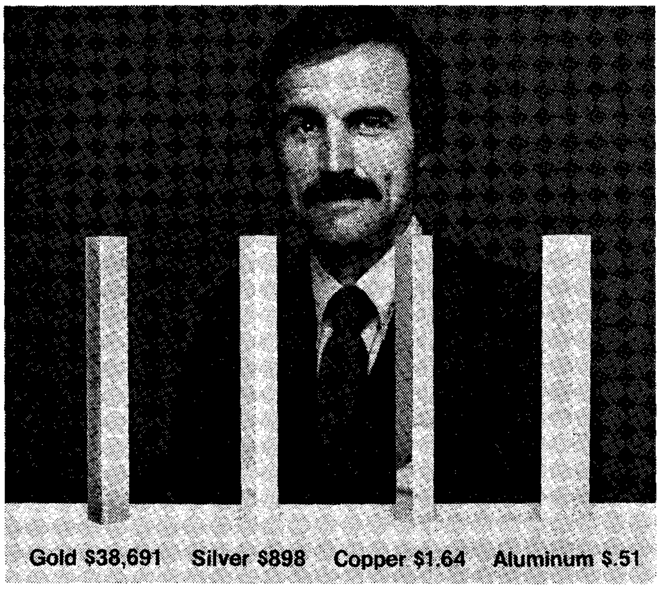

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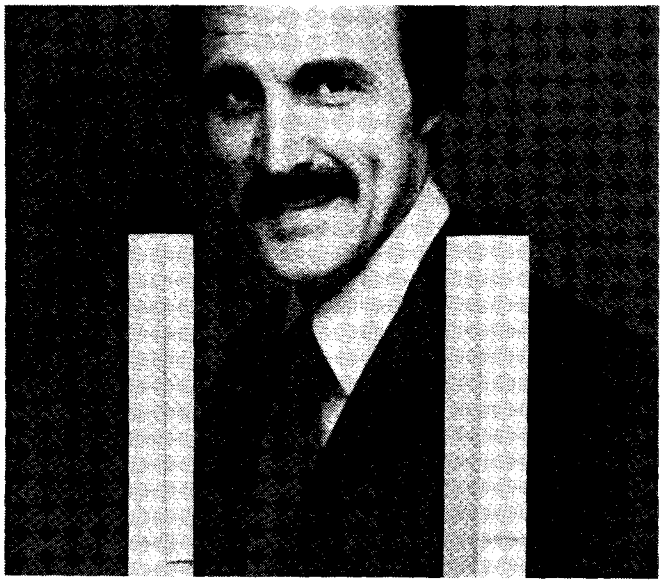

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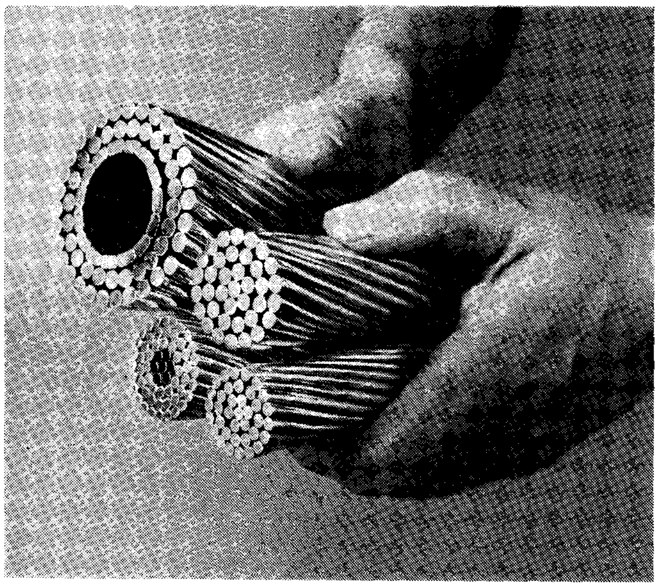

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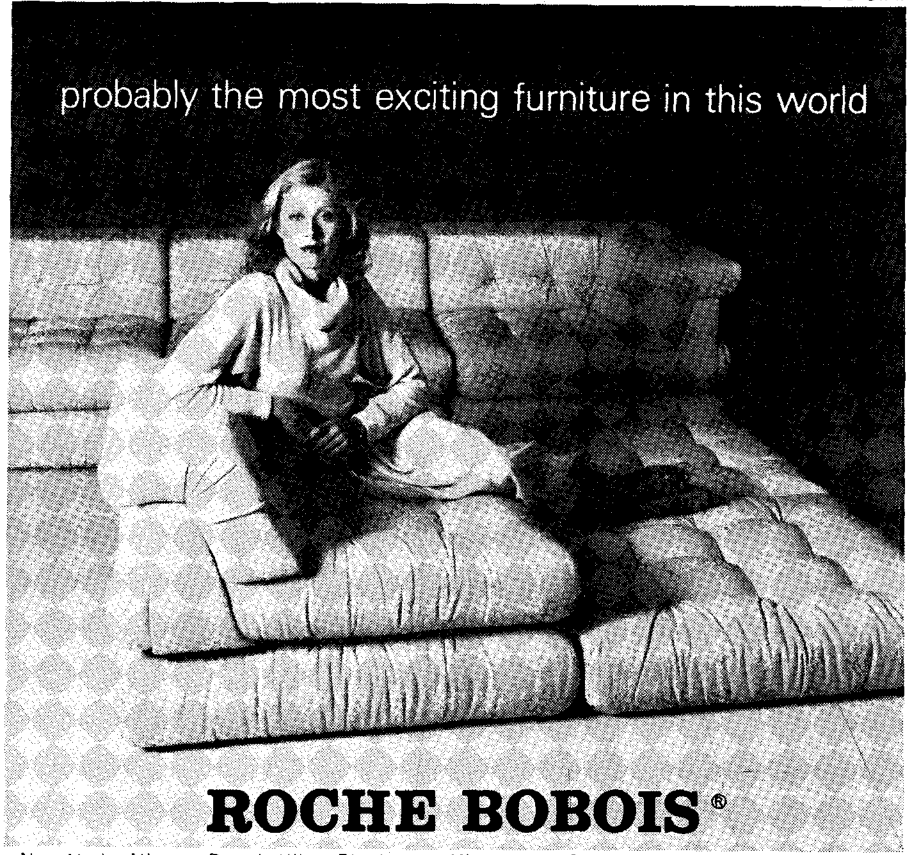

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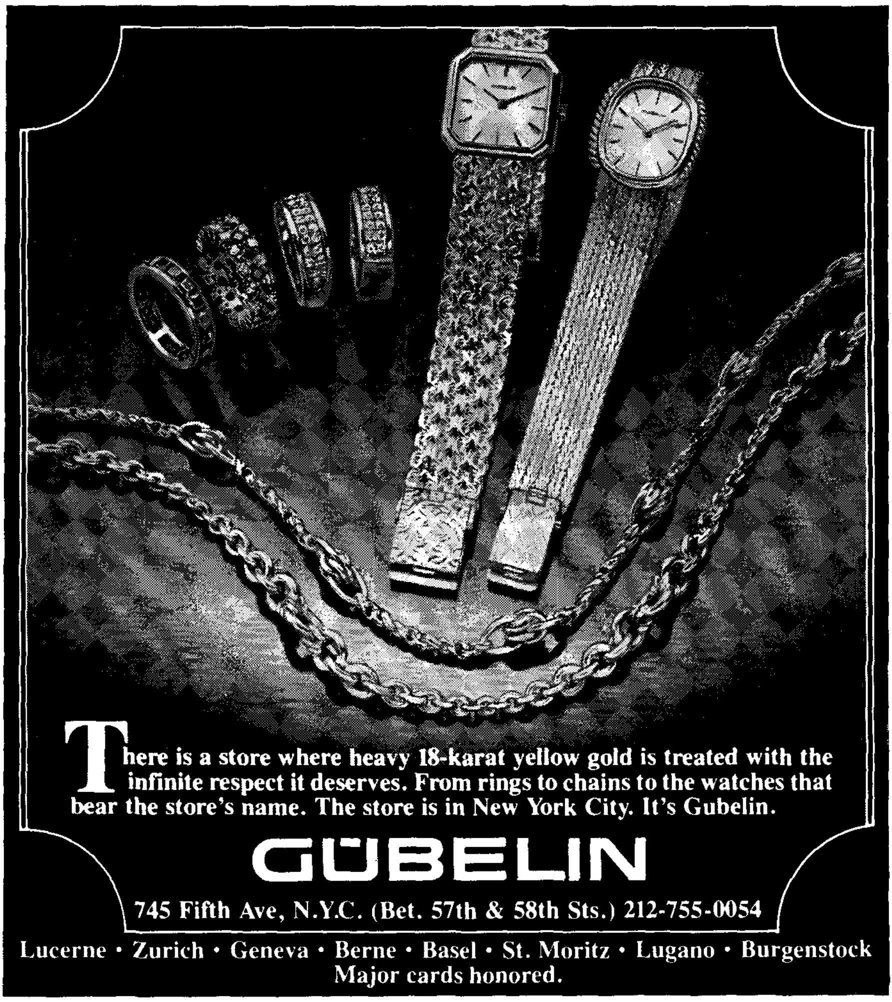

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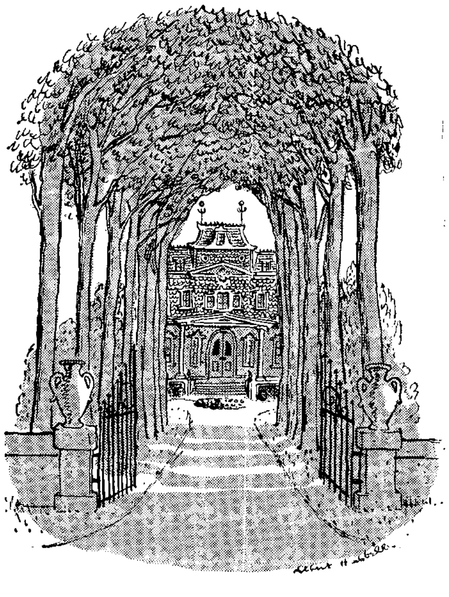
she jumped again and seemed to pass through the photoelectric beam a split second ahead.

Immediately, the "Photo" sign went up on the tote board.

"Did she win?" asked Mrs. Sandomir.

"I think so," I said. "It looked like she got up on the last jump."

Alan thought she'd got up, too, and so did his girlfriend, but none of us could be sure. It was a commonplace around the track that the camera saw things from a special angle, some point outside history; the evidence captured on the photographic plate often diverged considerably from what you thought you'd observed. Horses materialized out of ectoplasm, and when you looked you saw *their* noses or heads touching the line, making a shambles of what you'd taken for reality. So we waited in silence for the verdict. Colaneri brought Pichi back and dismounted. Bo unstrapped the saddle and gave it to him, and he stepped onto the scales. I was watching Bo. A cigarette burned between his lips, and he led Pichi around in circles, cooling her out. If she won, his work—along with Headley's patient supervision—would acquire a momentary significance. The care he'd lavished on her sore legs and sorry disposition would seem important, not just part of his job. You could tell him the care mattered even if she didn't win, but I don't think he would believe it. He'd been on the backstretch too long, and its singular sense of payoff was inculcated in him by now. The photo clip soon came whistling down on its wire from the lab on the roof to the placing judges in their booth above the paddock, and the photo on it showed clearly that Pichi had won. She had won by a neck and paid $18.80, and everybody



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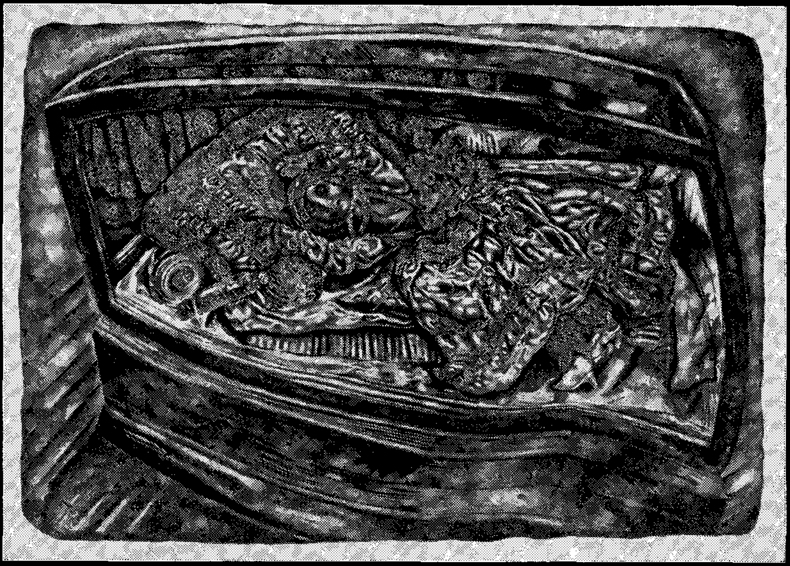

Ivan Albright, **Show Case Doll**, 1954
Lithograph; 17¹/4 x 25⁵/16 inches; edition: 44

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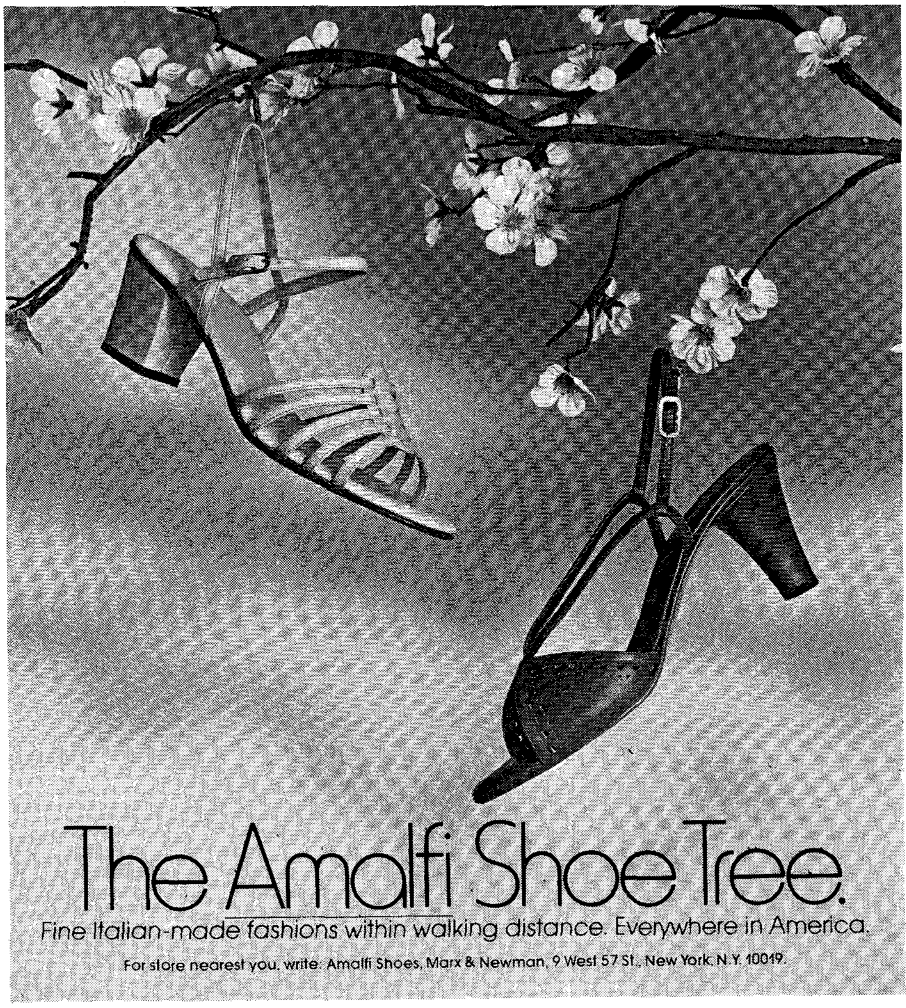

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on the platform went wild. Alan hugged his girl and said that Gregory Sandomir would freak out when he heard the news, and the little girl Sandy ran from rail to rail participating in a joy she didn't quite understand. Tears rolled out from under Mary Sandomir's big sunglasses and down her cheeks, and she squeezed my arm tightly and wouldn't let go.

After the race, I went back to the barn to see how Pichi was reacting to her changed condition. She looked the same to me. She was on the hot-walker, going around, apparently indifferent, and Bo stood off to the side muttering to himself. He had his work clothes on again and was using a hose to water down the dust.

"Congratulations," I said.

"Well, she did it." A smile almost got him, but he ducked it just in time.

"She sure did."

"Yeah, she sure did do it," Bo said.

"She looked terrific in the stretch."

"I thought she might do it, but I wasn't sure. Colaneri, he give her a good ride."

"You know," I said, "that's the first time I didn't bet on her."

Bo shut off the water. "I didn't bet on her, either."

"I was going to bet her. Hell, I was going to bet her across the board."

"I was going to bet her, too," Bo said. "But some son of a bitch followed me to the window. They do that, some bastards, wait for you to come out of the paddock and see if you're going to bet. Everybody around here wants something for nothing."

I watched Pichi circling.

"Well," Bo said, "I got all these stalls to clean." He moved inside and pulled the barn door closed behind him.

THAT night, I was sitting in the Home Stretch bar, high on Pichi's victory, staring at the photographs of animals and human beings on the wall behind the bar. Men and women with horses, horses with men and women. It had never struck me before how accurately the pictures reflected the composition of the backstretch. The proportions were almost exactly right, with the human beings just slightly dominant. Thoroughbreds were tricky, that much I had learned. They liked secrets, and even when boxed in and broken they retained a little wildness deep inside. They wouldn't run to form, no matter how you coaxed them, and in a world increasingly controlled and uniform this was exciting. When you picked a win-

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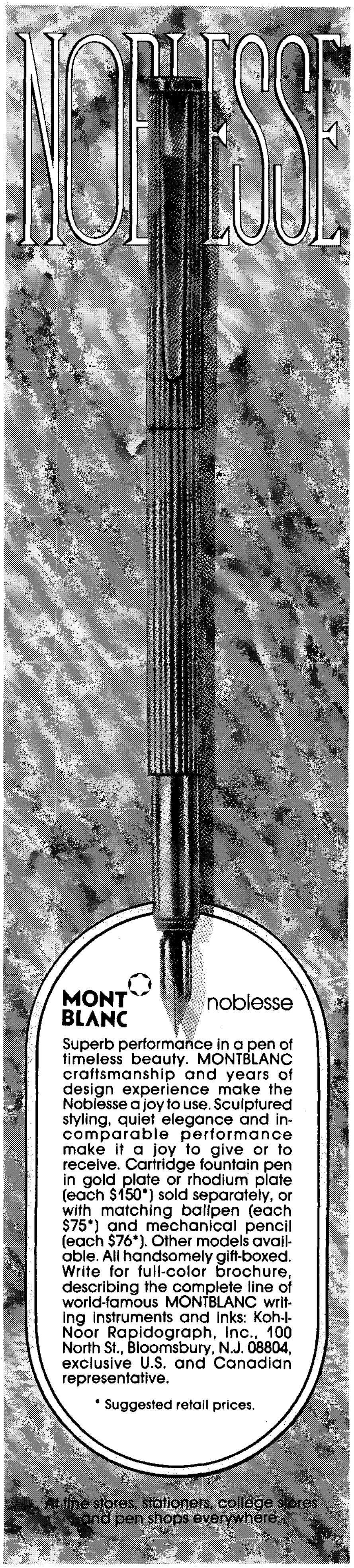
ner, especially at a price, you were buying back a little of your own wildness, cutting a wound into the fabric of domesticity. We were starved, I thought, for contact with an animal other, and experienced the lack as a form of sensory deprivation, a diminishment. The corporate fiction into which we'd fallen denied us our passions, and we were hurting because of it.

I had another bourbon and thought how thoroughbreds took us away. In their moment of running, they had wings. When I was in touch with them, I felt the same way I felt on the river when I hooked a steelhead and it seemed to fire every neuron in my body, transforming me into one long synapse, bits of energy blowing apart. Why did fish so often strike your bait or your fly when you were thinking about something else—lips, a bird, the moon? When you weren't "concentrating"? After the strike, there was always a shock of recognition, learning again that water was a world, and of electricity, intercepting a charge in the flow. Whenever I beached a steelhead, I looked at my line in wonder. It looked flimsy, and the knot attaching it to my hook was tiny and not very strong. *All connections ever tenuous.* I knew what was happening then. I was letting go of the sadness, letting go of my mother. Living and dying, winning and losing: I sat on the stool and drank my whiskey, suddenly permeated by all the emotions I'd been blocking out. Nothing abides; no cause for alarm. Again I looked at the photographs and thought how thoroughbreds resisted. In holding on to that ounce of wildness, they kept their dignity, and, more than any quality of the flesh, this made them beautiful. But I didn't know how long they could survive—not when they were faced with so many obstacles. In some sense, our own survival was dependent on a continued mingling of the images, on caring for what was sensate but inarticulate, or articulate only in ways we chose not to consider speech. I bought another bourbon and joined a groom down the bar who was talking to his crème de menthe, and together we discussed the horses and how great it was when one of them suddenly came alive and surprised everybody by winning a race.

AFTER Pichi's win, I spent a rueful morning studying my betting ledger. Of my initial five hundred dollars, I had three hundred and sixty-four dollars left. The seventh week was my undoing. The tactical changes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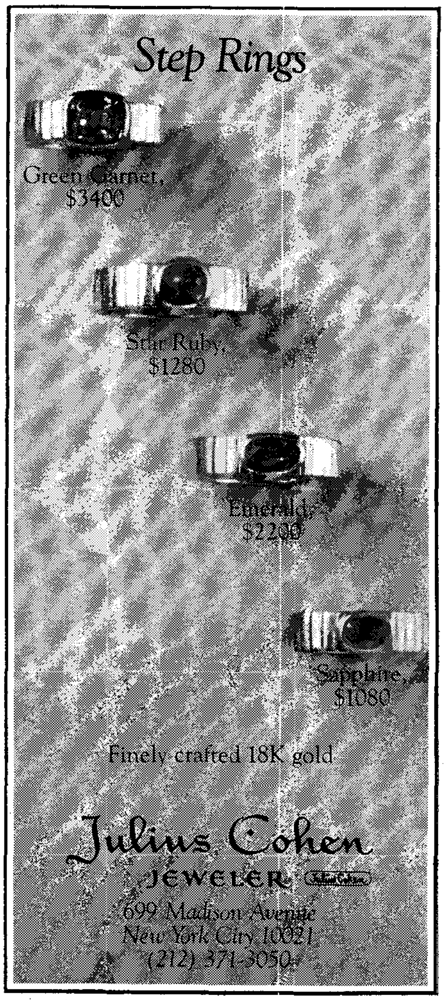
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I made—fewer bets but of greater magnitude, distributed among topflight trainers and stock—might have paid off over a longer period, but in the short run they proved devastating. I just couldn't accept the discipline imposed by such a limited scope. For five or six races, I'd sit tight, waiting for an opportunity to play, but if it didn't come I'd revert to the craziness of the first week and bet a large sum on an ill-considered filly and soon thereafter mark down a loss. I cashed a few tickets when I stayed within my self-imposed boundaries, but the truth was, win or lose, I didn't care anymore. I was tired of the goddam *Form* and bored stiff with statistics. On the sixth of June, I bought a newspaper and read the front page first. This was a signal event.

Sometimes, as I sat watching, I wondered about the immemorial question of the track: Could the races be beaten? The answer was tough to swallow: Yes, they could be, but never by me. I lacked the qualities necessary for success—dedication to the profit motive, a high tolerance for the drudgery of daily handicapping and record-keeping, a cold, emotionless eye, a tightly controlled system, an accountant's approach to cash flow, and the cutthroat managerial attitude of a Harvard Business School grad. The few winners I knew weren't casual racegoers. To put it more accurately, they worked for the track. Golden Gate Fields was their place of business, and they reported every day because they couldn't get the edge they needed by hanging around a bookie joint. They had to look over the horses personally, incorporate late scratches and jockey changes into their calculations, and keep tabs on the changing tote-board odds. Handicapping was their job, along with attending the races, and most of the time they enjoyed it no more than the average worker enjoys his nine-to-fiver. And they were under considerable pressure, too: they earned no salary if they performed their job badly. Perhaps there were winners around for whom the excitement never died, but I'm sure they were in the minority. Besides, you could find blithe souls in any line of work, happy garbage men, whistling dentists. As for me, I was a loser, certainly not pleased with the label, but not dismayed by it, either. The most important wager I'd made had paid off; the cash outcome was not as significant. What I'd got from the track was pretty much what I'd deserved; after all, I'd been indulging in the pre-

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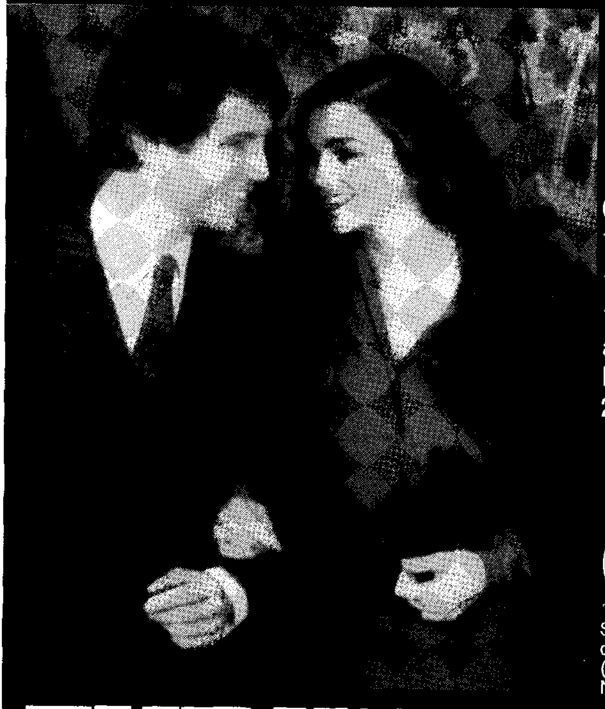

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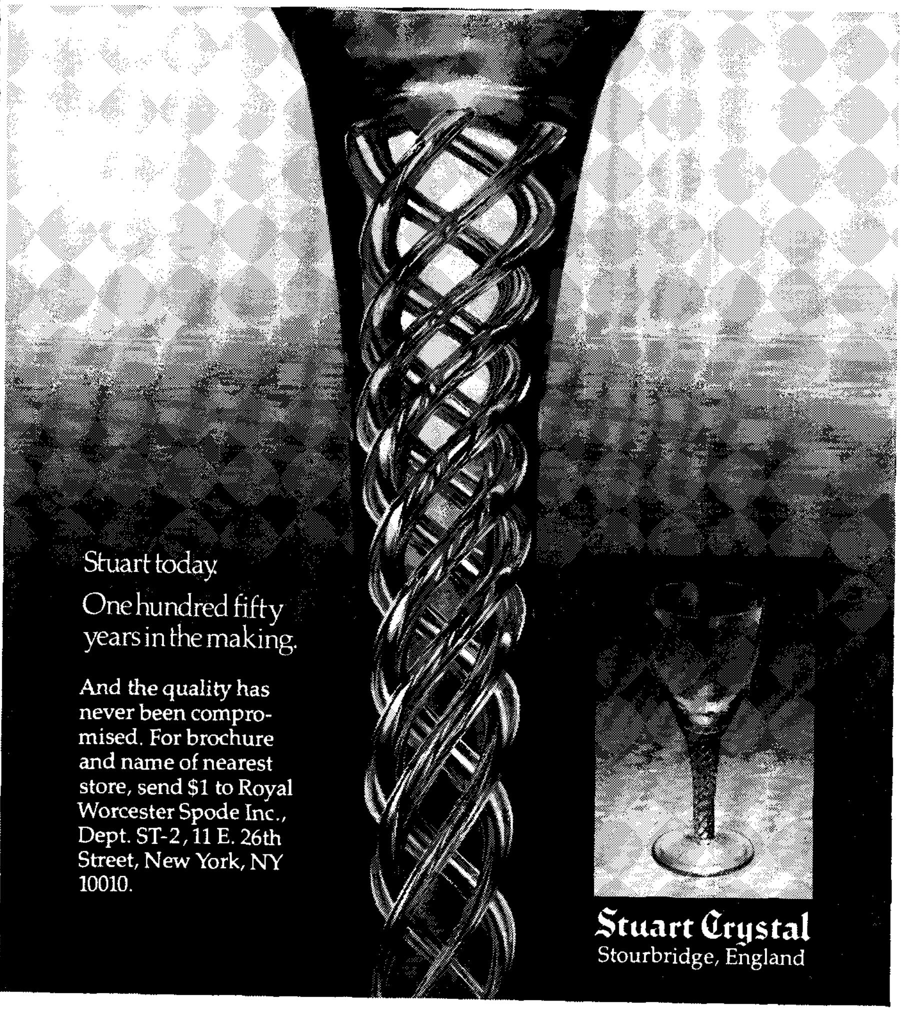

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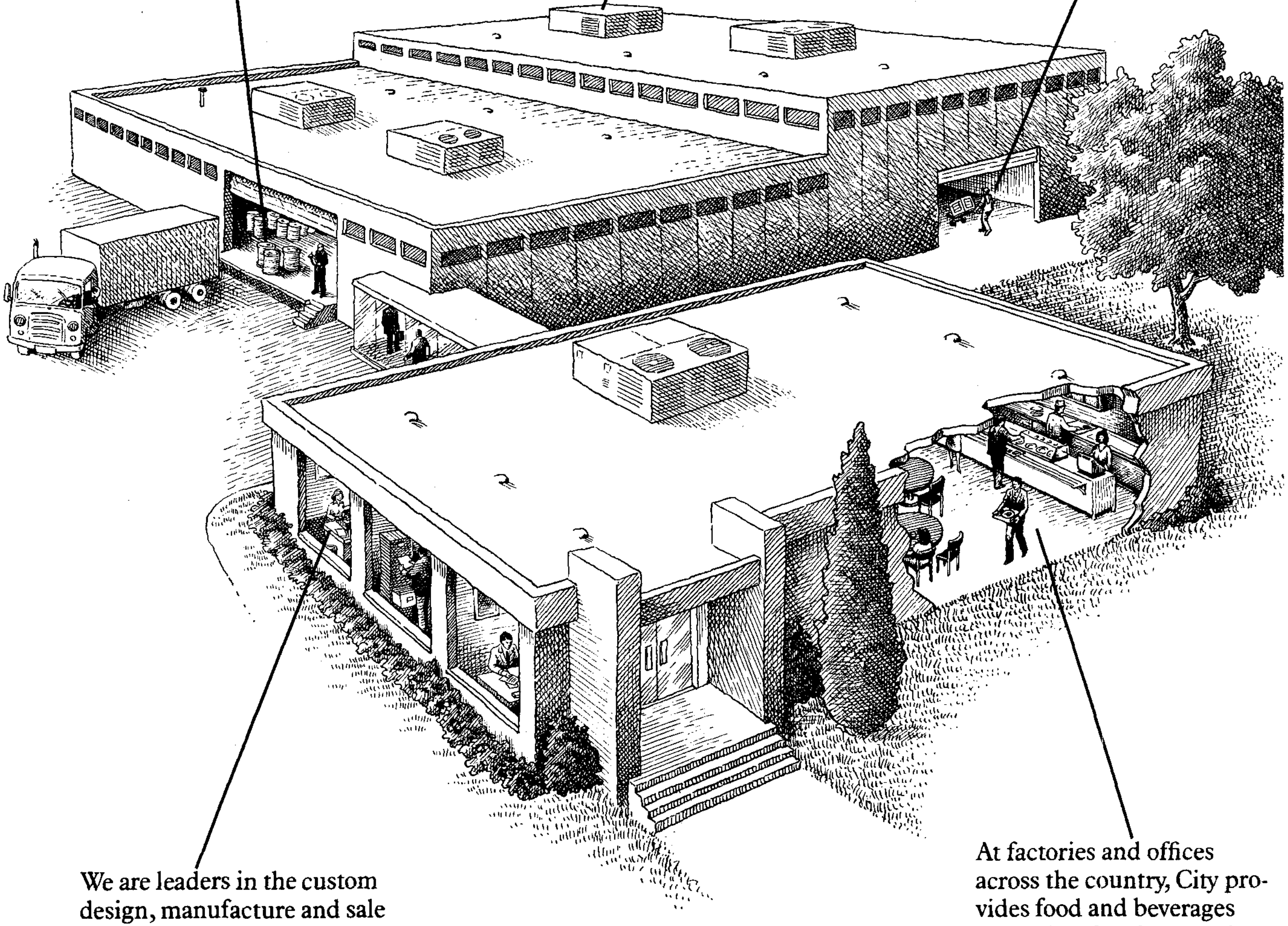

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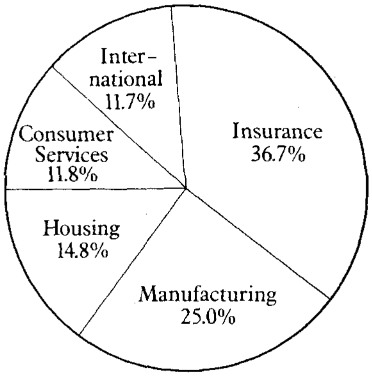

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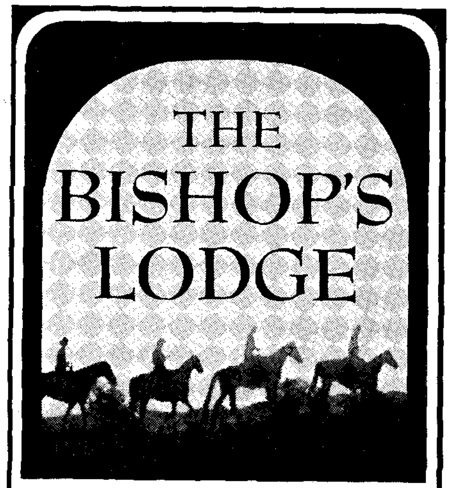

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carious notion that there was more to life than met the eye.

That should be the end of my handicapping chronicle, but it isn't. Losers walking around with money in their pockets are always dangerous, not to be trusted. Some horse always reaches out and grabs them. In my case, it was Plumb Dumb Bandit, sixth race, June 8th, two days before the meet ended. There was something about the way she looked, the *feeling* I got as she crossed over the main track and planted her hooves confidently on the turf course, where she would soon be asked to cover five furlongs. Confidently? How could I be falling into that trap again? On the other hand, how could the mare be going off at thirteen to one? She had three thirds in her last four starts, was five years old and Kentucky-bred; I was captured by the heartwarming suspicion that if her entire racing history were spread out before me, instead of just the most recent portion given in the *Form*, I'd discover in her past a victory or two on the grass. Yes, I was *convinced* she was a turf horse (anyone could see it), and I made my bet and watched her move from seventh to first to take the race, winning by an indisputable length and returning $28.60. I won't say how much I collected, but it brought me close to even again, or maybe a little better, which meant, of course, that I would have to make further bets in the future to break the stalemate. —BILL BARICH

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

The Nominating Committee, under Dr. Andrew Townes, will nominate one individual for President-Elect and one for Secretary-Treasurer. These nominees will be mailed to the membership the first week of March and this will give members time to have write-in nominees as provided for in the new Bylaws.—*Florida Pediatric Society Newsletter.*

And neaten up the guest room.

•

Keiser said that even though the bills are silver certificates, "they are worth no more than face value.... If you try to use (a $5 bill) at the Safeway, you're still only going to get $5 worth of groceries."

Even though the bills are comparatively rare silver certificates—as distinct from the more common Federal Reserve notes in circulation today—they are worth only their face value, Keiser said. "If you try to use (one of the Roberts' $5 bills) at the Safeway," he said, "you're still only going to get $5 worth of groceries."—*Washington Post.*

Still can't hear you, Keiser.

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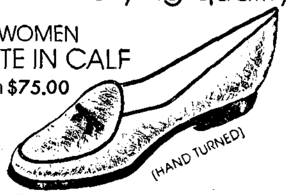

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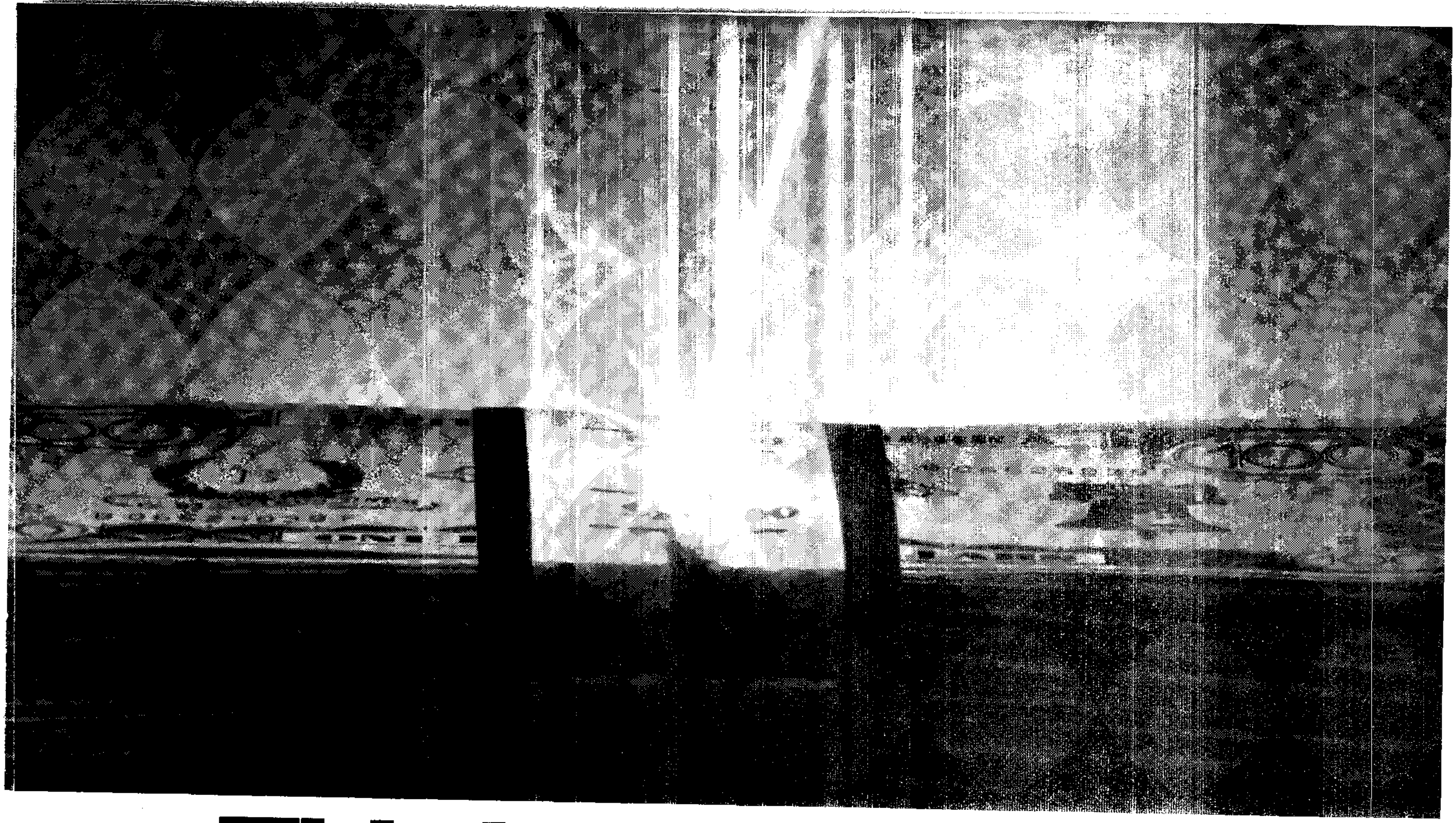

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wrecks

SO much has gone wrong with "Heart Beat," a movie about the novelist Jack Kerouac and his friends Neal and Carolyn Cassady, that when it's over one feels like somebody tiptoeing about in the debris at an accident site—a pile of dead chickens here, a woman's empty shoe over there, bits of glass on the highway—and wondering how such a grievous multiple disaster could have come to pass. This wreck is unreconstructible, however, and it's probably best not to hang around too long. The picture, which was written and directed by John Byrum, begins with Kerouac's early, anonymous wanderings and drinkings in the late nineteen-forties and early fifties, mostly in the company of Cassady (Nick Nolte), a sometime jailbird and full-time free spirit who became the model for the central character in Kerouac's famous novel "On the Road." Kerouac (John Heard) and his pal both fall in love with Carolyn Robinson (Sissy Spacek), an art student whom Cassady marries; later in the film, when the Cassadys are living in a dispiriting suburban San Francisco development with their three young children, Kerouac moves in with them for a time, and they essay a three-way marriage. "On the Road" is published, and Kerouac, back East by now, becomes famous, while Cassady goes to jail on a drug bust. The sixties are at hand, and the Beat Generation is—well, beat. This history does not appear to be beyond the grasp of contemporary cinema, but Mr. Byrum tells his story with the same clunkily literal ear and eye that have characterized some epically foolish past movies that tried to tell us something about the arts; "Heart Beat" isn't quite on the level of "A Song to Remember," in which Cornel Wilde, as Chopin, coughed up that delicate little spatter of blood onto the piano keys while whipping through the première performance of some famous polonaise, but it comes close. In this movie, we see Kerouac sitting on the floor of a tenement bathroom with a typewriter on his lap (he's a *writer*, remember) while a drug-sodden friend vomits repeatedly into a toilet at the opposite end of the room; the anonymous freakee recovers long enough to hand Jack a letter that has come for him, and when he asks about its contents Kerouac mumbles, "It's from my Mom. It seems I'm thirty."

This is meant to make us feel depressed, I think, but there is more doubt about the purpose of several intentionally witless voice-over commentaries by Carolyn Cassady that fill in the interstices of the three pals' draggy travels. "Like freedom, the road ahead was fraught with peril," she says. And "Expectations are like billboards—a diversion but not an improvement." Or try "Something was ended—call it innocence." These soundtrack apothegms instantly recall Miss Spacek's similarly vapid observations on the soundtrack of Terrence Malick's "Badlands," in which she played the teen-age companion of a mass killer—a role based on Caril Ann Fugate, the girlfriend of the murderous Charles Starkweather. There Miss Spacek's semi-literate summations seemed scary, because of their lack of affect, but their echo in "Heart Beat" serves no discernible purpose; it's a distracting nudge in the ribs to the cognoscenti. But every part of "Heart Beat" exudes a similar fecklessness and want of judgment, right down to the most trifling sets and camera shots—closeups of faces patterned with shadows thrown by a rain-streaked window; Cassady stumbling up a fake-looking empty street at dawn, to the accompaniment of a solo tenor sax; and a stiffly arranged night-club jam session, all cigarette smoke and amber light, in which Cassady looks exactly like a hired hepcat snapping his fingers in front of the bandstand in one of those terrible Hollywood big-band featurettes of the nineteen-forties. The movie keeps giving off the wrong signals: an angry poet named Ira is intended to suggest Allen Ginsberg, but as played by Ray Sharkey he often sounds more like Alan Arkin.

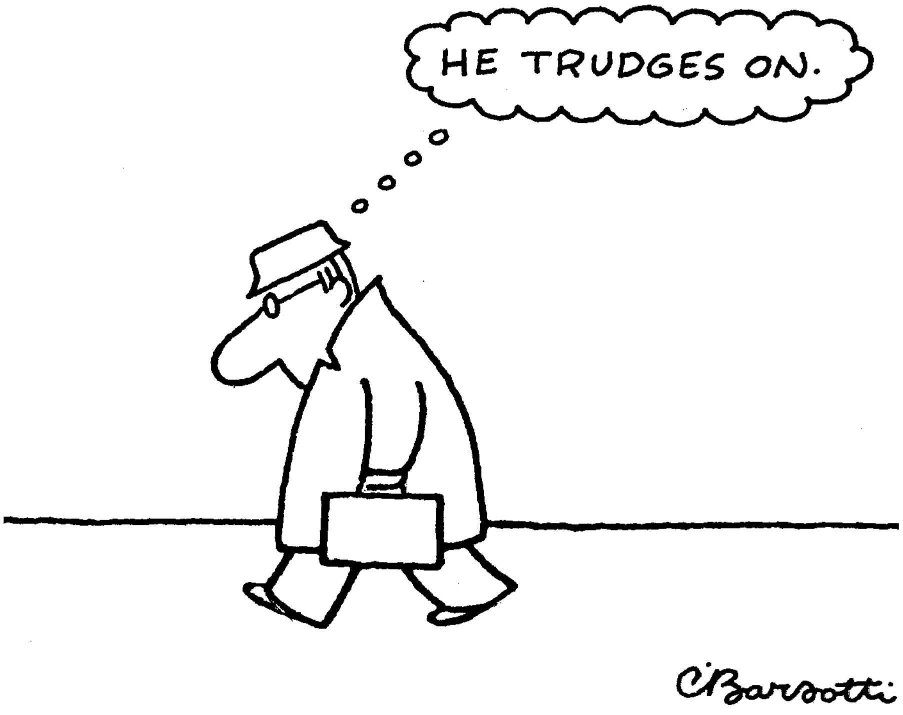
None of these deficiencies would matter much, I suspect, if "Heart Beat" worked as a romantic and sexual period piece, which is probably what it was meant to be, but Nick Nolte as Cassady—with Kreml-slick haircut, skivvy shirt, small dark glasses, and busy gum-chewing jaw—is scarcely given a scene or a moment in which to convey the funny libertinism and sexual attractiveness of a ratty boy charmer, which are essential to lend this story some sense and tension. He seems lost in the part, and so do John Heard and Sissy Spacek in theirs (though she does look smashing early in the picture, wearing some big-shouldered, Joan Crawfordy dresses and fashionable tipped-down hats). The sadness one can see on the faces of the principals at the end of the picture is not so much the look of aging beats who have come to understand that they were probably born just ahead of their era in this country as the misery of three splendid young stars who have begun to sense how much of their own time and energy have been thrown away in this silly film.

THE unspoken compact that winos have with the rest of society is that they shall remain invisible in our midst—an arrangement that may not entirely excuse our persistent inability to do anything much about their actual condition as victims of alcoholism, malnutrition, chronic depression, legal harassment, and social alienation. The ironies and cruelties of this painful standoff might make a stirring movie, but "On the Nickel," which deals with some fictional winos living in the shabbiest sectors of the Los Angeles inner city ("the nickel" is their argot for the local skid row), isn't it. The movie often appears to be ready to say something thoughtful about this difficult subject, but its conclusions are inaudible because of the lump in its throat. The picture's brief perceptions aren't particularly surprising ("You take my wine away and I'm nothin'," a raggedy drunk says, "but this way I'm somethin'"), and most of its energy is wasted by the story's lurching swings from harshness to sentimentality and back. In one extended sequence, we watch a decayed wino known as C.G. (Ralph Waite) screaming and shuddering in the throes of delirium tremens, during which he is succored by a gentle bag lady named Rose (Penelope Allen), whose bit of scruffy turf he has been invited to share. The fit leaves him only long enough for the pair to step into a gallant little dance together, which is depicted in a gummy slow-motion process shot, to the accompaniment of "Waltzing Matilda" rendered by soaring orchestral strings. A moment or two later, he is again kicking and gagging in the dirt, and this time the horrendous business concludes with the same lady hovering over him as she bathes his forehead and wasted torso and murmurs, "Oh, what a face. . . . All the scars, all the battles," to complete the embarrassing Pietà.

The movie, which was conceived and written and directed by Mr. Waite (he plays John Walton in "The Waltons" on television), occasionally gives evidence of some subtle intentions—most of all, perhaps, during a winos' party at which the decrepit outcasts are heard in overlapping bursts of talk and obsessive monologue about jackrollers and peanut farming and the difficulty of filling out Social Security forms. But once again we are dismayed to sense that we are there only in order to sob about the misery of it all. The scene drifts away when a drunk hoarsely wavers through a few notes of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" and then gives way to a fellow playing "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" on a mouth organ while the camera observes, in gigantic closeup, Rose's sensitive, well-nourished face and her shining and perfect actress's teeth. "On the Nickel" is an uncomfortable movie to sit through, not because of its subject matter but because it makes us party to the further degradation of the faceless citizens of skid row, who have been abysmally patronized once again.

I'M not much of a theatregoer, and I have so far missed Albert Innaurato's long-running hit comedy "Gemini," which has now been adapted by Richard Benner into a movie called "Happy Birthday, Gemini." Plays and movies work in different ways, of course, but since Mr. Benner (who also directed the film) seems to rely mostly on the addition of some rolling stock—a garbage truck, an ambulance, a mobile hot-dog stand, and shots of moving traffic—and a trifling background jazz score to convey the impression that we are no longer watching this work from a twenty-dollar orchestra seat just west of Broadway, it is only slightly unfair of me to put forward a few lines and scenes from the movie version to explain my conviction that Thespis and I should continue our present estrangement. The central dilemma of this rubbishy drama is the suddenly dawning suspicion by an opera-loving Harvard undergraduate named Francis Geminiani (Alan Rosenberg) that he may be homosexual—a proclivity the knowledge of which would probably not sit well with his father, Nick (Robert Viharo), an exuberantly masculine Italian butcher (curly black hair, red neckerchief, broad gestures), or with Nick's widowed lady friend, Mrs. Pompi (Rita Moreno), or with a tarty but warm-hearted next-door neighbor of the Geminianis'—they all live in Philadelphia ("Yo, Nick!")—named Bunny Weinberger (Madeline Kahn), who is the mother of a fat, asthmatic, near-genius teen-age boy named Herschel (Timothy Jenkins). The heavily encumbered vehicle is propelled into motion by the arrival in the Geminianis' back yard of a Wasp brother and sister named Judith and Randy (Sarah Holcomb and David Marshall Grant), both of whom are Harvard classmates of Francis's, and one of whom (the girl) has been sleeping with Francis during the recently concluded term at Cambridge. What keeps these seven—count 'em, seven—characters talking is not any shared sense of wonder over the almost perfect unlikelihood of their coming together in the first place, given the disparity of their social and psychic sets, but the playwright's relentlessly theatrical plan for them, which is their discovery (suspected by us in the first six minutes, and confirmed over the ensuing one hundred and five) that each of them, having suffered a hidden blow or Inge-ery at life's hands, has secretly doubted his or her capacity for being loved or for putting trust in others. Imagine that! The Innaurato-Benner machine bumpily wheels the seven into view and out again, in various confessional pairings and combinations, and the work is further identifiable as still being a play, rather than a movie or a bit of life itself, by its fondness for utterly false crises—suddenly presented dangers that plainly will never come to pass but are put forward so that various characters can say urgent or vivid things. One crisis is a threatened suicide by the extroverted Bunny Weinberger, who climbs to the top of a fire escape and proposes to leap to her death because, as she puts it, "I turned ugly." Others, including Herschel, attempt to dissuade her from below, and she cries, "Can't I even commit suicide in peace? . . . Roll that fat blubber out of my way!" Another is Randy's offer of himself to Francis for the purpose of a trial homosexual seduction that will presumably clear up his emotional anxieties. "You're scared?" Randy says tauntingly. "C'mon, big talker! C'mon, chicken!"

More dialogue. Nick, the loudmouthed butcher, to his son's well-bred Harvard friends: "You don't gotta like us, but you gotta notice us, right?" Nick's lady friend, musingly, when asked how she would like it if a son of *hers* turned out to be gay: "Well, I'd rather he was queer than humpbacked or dead." Bunny again, on finding that her hated (read loved) son Herschel has been smoking a little marijuana: "*This* is duh fruit of my loins? You four-eyed, fat-assed creep! Twelve hours I was in labor with you." And so on. I suspect that the surprise of having a woman talk dirty and the joke—I guess—of having a mother make vicious fun of a child's physical deficiencies may both work better in the living-room-like confines of the theatre than in a movie. I should add, however, that people at the screening that I attended laughed uproariously at many of the lines and situations I have singled out here, which I cannot account for. None of the actors in the picture are able to breathe much life or wit into their



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ethnically various roles, but this failing I am absolutely able to understand and, at last, forgive.

“Where the Buffalo Roam” is a raunchy comedy, roughly based—no, pretty closely based, come to think of it—on the writings and doings of Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, the neo-Gothic celebrity/contributor to *Rolling Stone*. The movie, which often resembles an “Animal House” of politics, with a fire extinguisher squirting into the faces of some plane passengers, a near-orgy in a hotel room, a Doberman pinscher lapping up bourbon, and intermittent bursts of gunfire, is attention-getting, to say the least, but God only knows what anyone will make of it who isn't already familiar with Thompson's work and private style as a “gonzo journalist.” His wildly despairing, semi-fictional, possibly stoned brand of reporting came into flower in the early nineteen-seventies, when he covered political campaigns, the Super Bowl, a law-enforcement agents' convention in Las Vegas, and a lot more, in a manner proclaiming that the only possible defense against the depressing weirdness (a favorite word of his) of the times—of the Nixon years, in particular—was to sustain a condition of extreme personal freakiness (drugs, grass, bourbon, beer, exhausted paranoia) that would match or exceed the freakiness of the state and the whole country in a period when the “waterheads” seemed to be having things all their way. This was a satiric invention, of course, and a pretty good one, and the most surprising thing about “Where the Buffalo Roam” (which was written by John Kaye and directed by Art Linson) is how much of Thompson's tone gets into the picture. At one point, a journalist on the Nixon press plane during the 1972 campaign reads aloud some lines from *Blast* (as *Rolling Stone* is called in the picture): “The candidate and his crew of shameless enforcers brought their weird act through Wisconsin last week, passing out free hits of black acid to anyone who could stick their tongues out. A truly remarkable way to get votes.”

“Where the Buffalo Roam” is such a good paraphrase of all this that at times it is depressing for just the same reason that Thompson's stuff used to depress me: because of the incidental bullying and cruelty that often seemed to go along with his performances as a narcissist provocateur. There are many shots here of straights reacting in a startled way to Thompson's ever-pres-

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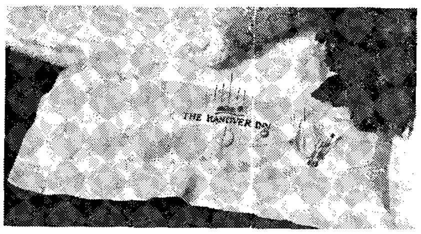

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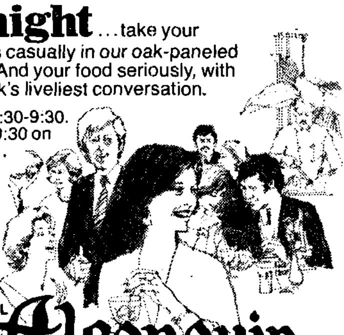

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ent doctor's bag—stuffed with amphetamines, Wild Turkey, grapefruit, joints, and a big pigsticker of a knife—but the joke often ends up with some casual mistreatment of chauffeurs and blacks and bystanders along with the prigs and pols. But never mind: this movie is too mild and childlike to deserve such second thoughts. And too funny. It is made, for me, by the performances of Bill Murray as Hunter Thompson and of Peter Boyle as Thompson's sometime lawyer and fellow-zany Lazlo. Murray (who is a regular on "Saturday Night Live") has got Thompson's spacey manner and costume down in great style—his mumbled, speeded-up, shrugging, throwaway delivery, and a rig that makes him look like a nineteen-fifties fraternity undergrad (shorts, white sneakers, pulled-down canvas hat, Hawaiian shirt), which has been partly and ineffectually altered into guerrilla costume, with bandoliers of beer cans. Boyle, a "heavy water-buffalo type," makes a vivid and convincing comic transition in the course of the picture from a leftish civil-libertarian lawyer, passionately defending kids against Fourth Amendment-violating police searches and seizures and punitive drug sentences, into a stoned-out, gunrunning revolutionary—any old revolution will do. A lot of scenes in the movie don't work at all, but I did like a touch-football game in a hotel room, during which Thompson runs plays with the help of a maid who is wearing football shoulder pads, and—the best bit in the picture—a dishevelled lecture appearance by Thompson in a crowded college auditorium. There are questions from the audience, and a young woman asks, "If you see him"—President Nixon, during the campaign—"what will you do?"

"I'm going to tell him to wear brighter colors," Thompson replies.

"Where the Buffalo Roam" isn't much of a picture, but it sure does add some brighter colors to this gray movie week.

—Roger Angell

•

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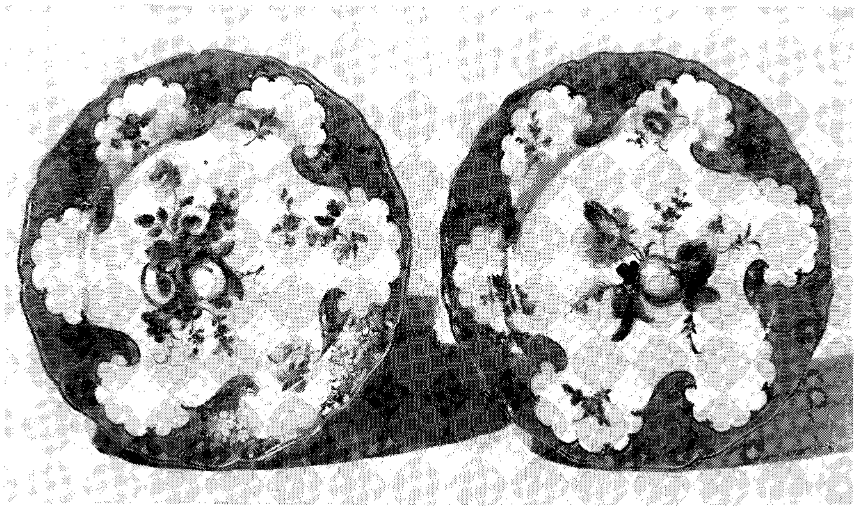

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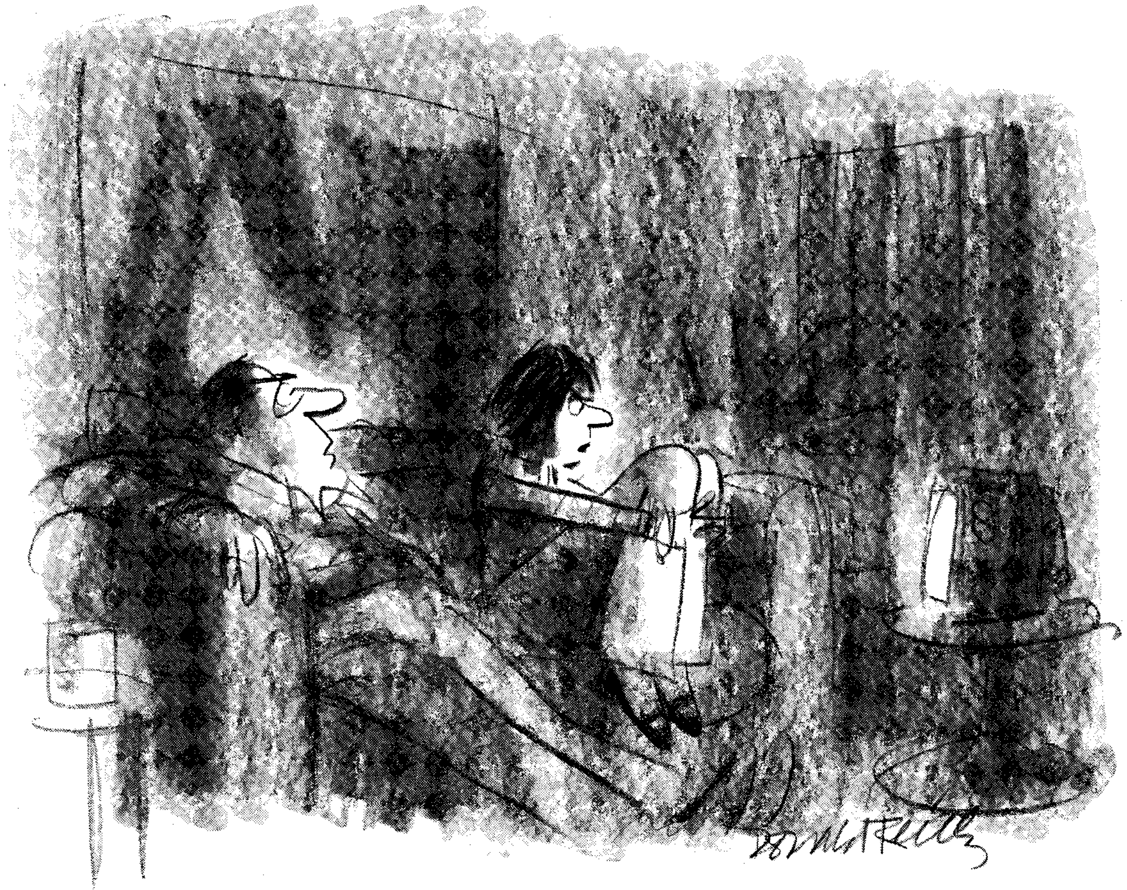
MUSICAL EVENTS

Destiny Transformed

BESIDE the swimming pool of a motel on the California seashore at Laguna Beach is not, perhaps, the most obvious place in the world to look for two dozen of the greatest experts on the music of Giuseppe Verdi. But there, for three days at the end of April, the scholars assembled regularly, to be whisked by minibus to the nearby campus of the University of California at Irvine, where the Sixth International Verdi Congress was taking place. Previous gatherings had been held in Venice, Verona, Milan, Chicago, and Danville, Kentucky; in the conventional format of such congresses, papers based on a chosen topic were read and discussed. In the past, there have also been linked performances of Verdi operas, but these generally had little or no relation to the preoccupations of the congress and took small account of recent advances in Verdi research. So for this year's congress, which was sponsored jointly by the University of California at Irvine, the American Institute for Verdi Studies, and the National Endowment for the Humanities, the organizers resolved to mount a production of a Verdi opera that would attempt to be the focus and the exemplar of the ideas being discussed in the academic part of the proceedings. The campus at Irvine has a splendid, well-equipped theatre, and the dean of the School of Fine Arts, Clayton Garrison, is an active director. The opera chosen was "La Forza del Destino." William Holmes, a faculty member at Irvine, is editing the score for a new Verdi edition. Richard Bradshaw, who conducts at the San Francisco Opera, was invited to direct the music, and Andrew Porter, who was in residence at Irvine as a Regents' Professor, was asked to prepare a new translation of the libretto.

"La Forza del Destino" has commonly been held to be one of Verdi's least satisfactory operas—overlong, diffuse in structure, uncertain in its sense of direction. This opinion is seemingly confirmed by Verdi's own revisions of the score, particularly the radical change he made in the dénouement of the opera after its St. Petersburg première, in 1862, and before its first production at La Scala, in 1869. In modern performances, the 1869 version is used; cuts are usually made, and reordering of parts of the score is common. But scholarly and practical opinion is changing. A writer who eighteen years ago called "Forza" "a sprawling, uneven opera, with fine things in it, but only just stageworthy as it stands" can now declare it to be "laid out on a vast canvas but . . . not unshapely." Julian Budden (who was also in residence at Irvine as a Regents' Professor) writes at the end of a perceptive analysis of the score in Volume II of his indispensable guide "The Operas of Verdi" (Oxford University Press; $39.95) that the opera may be found "exhausting to listen to. But it is certainly not incoherent. . . . [Its] only fault is that it is too rich in ideas." So at Irvine it was decided to take Verdi's creation seriously, for once. The opera was presented uncut. (The evening, with two intermissions, lasted just four hours; it seemed much shorter.) The 1862 version of the score was used—probably for the first time in more than a century. Most significantly, both the production and the musical direction attempted to be as faithful as possible to Verdi's original intentions. There exists a "production book" published by Ricordi in 1863; it provides detailed stage directions probably drawn from the productions in St. Petersburg and Madrid, which were supervised by Verdi. Also, illustrations survive of stage settings for the opera—some had been gathered together in a small but fascinating exhibition at the congress—and the Irvine designer, Richard Triplett, modelled his sets directly on those done by Carlo Ferrario for the Scala première. Then, there is copious evidence from late-nineteenth-century recordings of the way in which singers directly connected with Verdi treated his vocal lines, and in the score of the opera that Verdi used in Madrid there are markings by the composer which provide invaluable clues to the kind of expressive freedom he expected from his performers.

The results of this conflation of scholarly research and practical music-making were enthrall-



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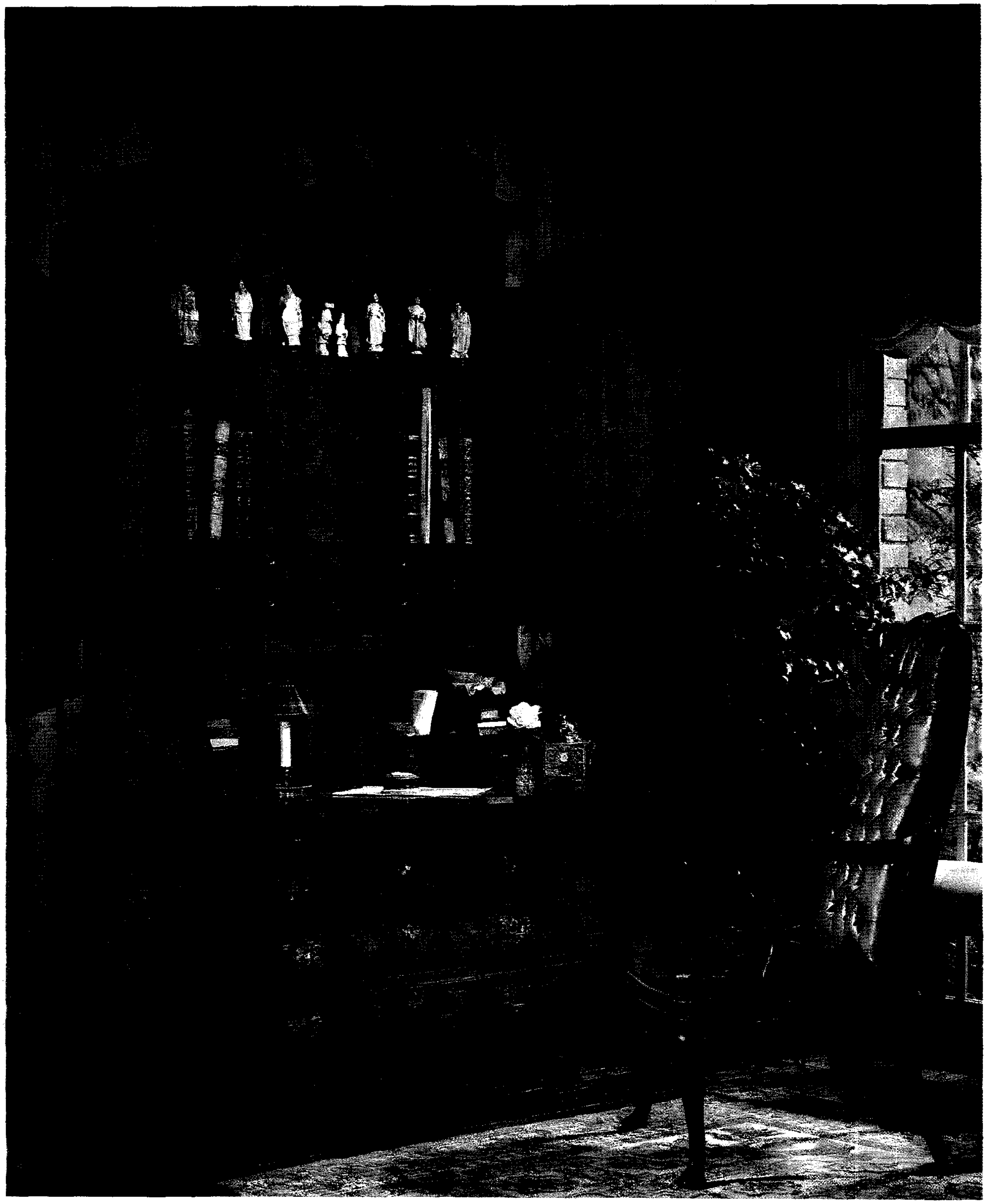

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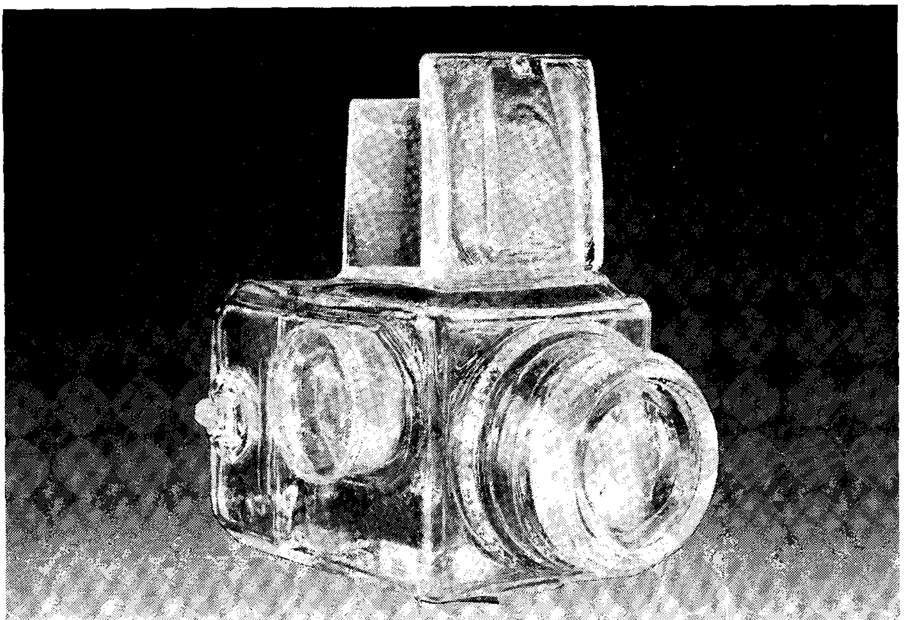
ing. The Irvine "Forza" was not merely an exercise in archeology. To start with the look of the show: Mr. Triplett could not hope to match the architectural grandeur of the Scala sets, so he simplified and stylized them, keeping their essentials—naturalistic trees, believable nteriors, a solid church (though the church's side porch was reduced by Mr. Triplett to a meaningless arch). "Live" light formed a vital part of the production's atmosphere—candles on the table at the inn and in the Marchese's house and carried by the monks n procession. The rest of Cameron Harvey's lighting was beautifully done: warm, flat, natural, without a spot in sight—the next-best thing to oil or gas. In these quiet, unobtrusive settings, Mr. Garrison moved his characters around with sensitivity, not always precisely following the directions of the production book but using it as a guide. And he added at least some of the essential quality that no printed text can give: a coherence of characterization and of motive.

Verdi's drama is based on the intertwined fates of Donna Leonora; her lover, Don Alvaro; and her brother, Don Carlo. After Leonora and Alvaro's unsuccessful elopement in the first act, in which Leonora's father is accidentally killed, the opera tells of Carlo's search for Alvaro, seeking revenge, and of Leonora's quest for peace as a hermit when she believes Alvaro to be dead. The essence of Verdi's original ending is that Destiny triumphs over them all: Carlo and Alvaro fight their final duel in front of the cave where Leonora is living. She emerges and recognizes them; Carlo, mortally wounded by Alvaro, stabs Leonora; they both die. Alvaro, cursing humanity, throws himself to Hell off a high cliff. (In the more familiar 1869 version, Religion—as Joseph Kerman put it in one of the congress's livelier papers—triumphs over Destiny, for Alvaro accepts the consolations offered by the monks of the monastery, and Leonora forgives him before dying.) Now, to give a strong motivation to the violence of the original ending is a difficult task, but Mr. Garrison achieved it. Indeed, he made it seem on this occasion the only possible resolution of the conflicts, for his central trio—Carol Vaness as Leonora, Henry Howell as Alvaro, and Jake Gardner as Carlo—were all strong-willed, impetuous, fiery characters, unlikely to compromise at any point. Miss Vaness, by far the most convincing actor, was torn by warring emotions from the first moment



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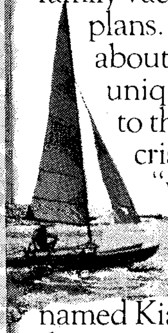

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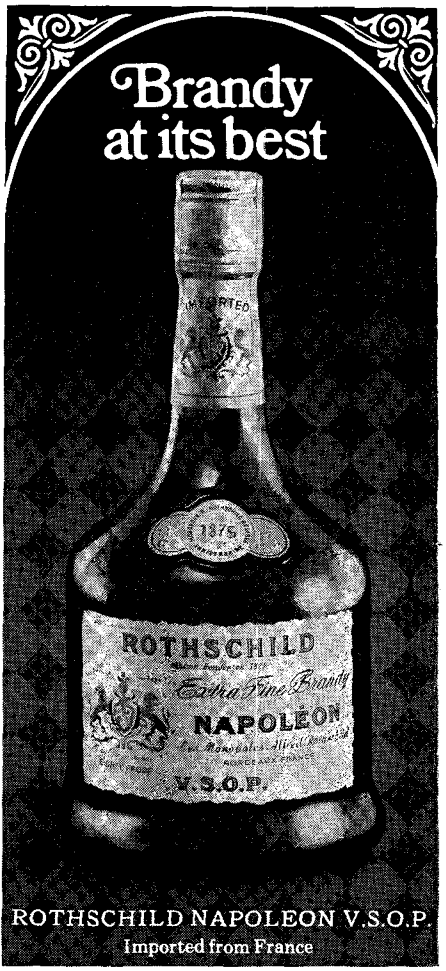
we saw her, as she tried to choose between loyalty to her father and love for Alvaro. Mr. Howell, rather less subtle, blundered through the action of the first act but presented both deep feeling and strong resolution in his pair of numbers that frame the third act in the original version. Mr. Gardner, a small, secretive figure, conveyed a powerful sense of malevolence as Carlo, which was only strengthened by his cheerful, deceptive portrait of himself as a student from Salamanca.

The drama of these three is played out in a very broad context, involving large character parts—the gypsy Preziosilla and the monk Melitone, which Verdi once declared to be the most important roles in the opera—and an active chorus, which depicts scenes of revelry, martial life, and monkish devotion. At this "Forza," so cogent in its central conflicts, I became a little impatient over these diversions. The effect of using the original Act III—restoring both the duet for Alvaro and Carlo, which is often cut, and the final aria for Alvaro, which is invariably cut—is to throw the emphasis back onto the main characters; the famous "Rataplan" chorus, which in all Verdi's revisions ended the act, becomes just a set-piece interlude. With, in addition, the "War is exciting" chorus, the merchandising activities of Trabuco, the interruption of hungry wanderers, a tarantella, and a sermon from Melitone, the act becomes overweight. Nevertheless, both Cynthia Clarey's Preziosilla and Derek Hammond-Stroud's Melitone were vivid and lively—the spirited Miss Clarey almost persuading us that war *is* fun, and the grumpy Mr. Hammond-Stroud verging on caricature in his spoilsport complaints. (Mr. Porter's translation, always a model of clarity and sensitivity, becomes at this point a display of virtuosity, somehow managing to retain the puns and rhymes of the Italian while making sense in English.) The large, bustling chorus (which included rather too many women) was not always handled with skill—its busy movement covered important lines of the soloists. But it sang with vigor and confidence.

The realization of the music was no less remarkable than that of the drama. Richard Bradshaw directed an exceptionally flexible and supple account of the score, without any of the rigid, foursquare insistence that marks so much Verdi conducting. His orchestra consisted mainly of students, which meant that a more daring or unusual



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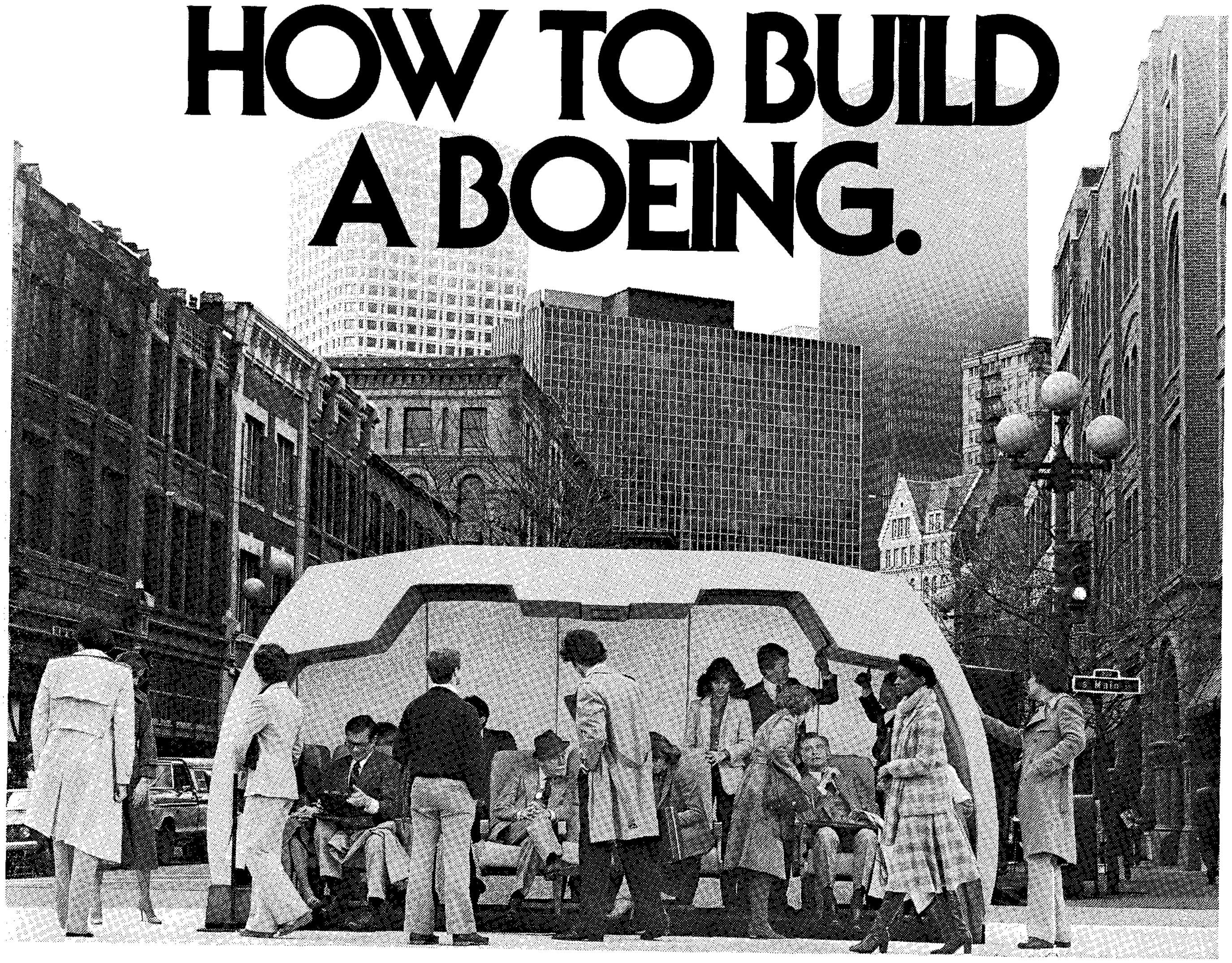

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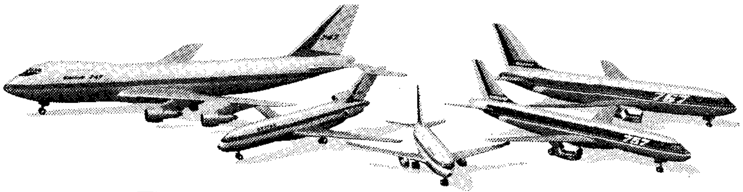

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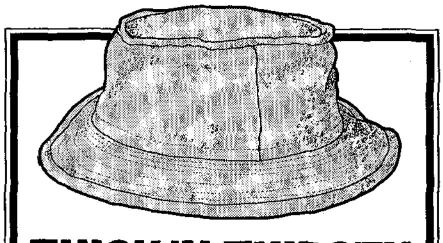

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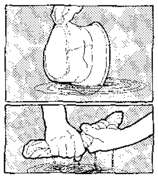

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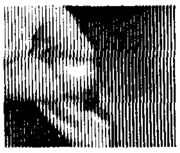

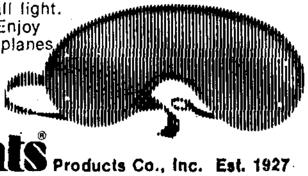

approach to the orchestral texture was impossible. But it supported the singers well, and they provided the real insights of the performance. Miss Vaness made the best use of her opportunities: she took time over phrases, bent the precise pitch of notes to suit the line, and always put the words first, projecting them through the music, not *merely letting them emerge in a flow* of glorious tone. Yet the sound was still glorious, and there was no want of tension in the phrasing. I could hear less that was original in Mr. Howell's solidly conventional account of Alvaro's music, though his Act III romanza was unusually relaxed, broadly shaped, and full of expressive strength. He boldly attempted the final aria of the act in the original C major, which Verdi said only Tamberlik (the first Alvaro) could manage; the strain of the final high C was worth the effort, I thought, for the tonal symmetry it gave to the act (in an opera whose tonal organization is carefully conceived). Mr. Gardner's Carlo was finely sung—darkly colorful, the sound warm but direct, lacking only a strength of projection in the part's fiercest moments. Both he and Mr. Howell were magnificent in their duets of love and hate. Among the other singers, there were good student contributions from Carol J. Jones as a sensitive, alert Curra; Al Morris as the somewhat superfluous Trabuco; and Jefferson Walling as the Surgeon, whose line "The bullet in his chest makes me anxious" provided one of the few unintentional laughs of the evening. The only unconvincing portrayal came from Boris Carmeli as the Father Guardian of the monastery; he sang unintelligibly and without focus, and looked like the guru of an esoteric California sect.

In the hands of a conductor less energetic and naturally musical than Mr. Bradshaw, and of a director less skilled in practical stage movement than Mr. Garrison, this "Forza" might have been a failure. And it should be realized that this was an unusually favorable situation in which to produce Verdi, with experts like Mr. Porter on hand to coach singers and conduct the chorus, and Mr. Budden to play the piano for rehearsals; an exceptional amount of care was devoted to every aspect of the undertaking. It is to be fervently hoped that this production does not inaugurate an era in which people think they can put on Verdi operas by merely copying production-book stagings and nineteenth-century recordings. There was a tendency at

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the congress to scoff at directors who "impose their egos" (a phrase used both by Professor Kerman and by Mr. Garrison) on operas, yet I am sure that there will continue to be a place for the highly idiosyncratic creative figure who brings his genius to bear on revealing a partial—perhaps even an eccentric—view of a Verdi masterpiece. This "Forza" was successful because it struck a fine balance between historical faithfulness and practical efficacy. The stage at Irvine is not the stage at St. Petersburg; a four-hundred-and-twenty-seat theatre is not La Scala; a mixed student-and-professional cast is not what Verdi had at his disposal—nor was it pretended that any of these things were so. A "historical" production for Verdi scholars would have left the opera in Italian, but this was a campus event for a varied audience. In a new context, the spirit of the original was reconceived.

There is a parallel here with the re-creation of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century styles of instrumental performance: experience in that field over the last thirty years has shown how fruitful it is to use the exact instruments, playing techniques, ornamentation, and so on that the composer had in mind. Because of its radical nature, this development has taken place mainly in specialist groups—the insights of the "early music" movement are only now slowly beginning to impinge upon more conventional ensembles. But Irvine has shown that there is little that is so radical in a historically based approach to Verdi. Generous rehearsal time is needed, as well as singers who are not set in their ways, and conductors and directors who are similarly flexible in their approach. Repertory opera houses will have to abandon their belief that one generalized style of musical performance is adequate for everything from Mozart to Berg. Given this, however, there is no reason for any house not beginning to make use at once of the fruits of Verdi scholarship and of Irvine's experiment. Much remains to be explored: a discussion at the congress raised questions of "authentic" scene-changing, of nineteenth-century dramatic gesture, and of the responsibility of the principal first violinist for musical direction. Meanwhile, in its insistence that the best guide to an opera's meaning is a precise understanding of the composer's intention, Irvine's presentation of "La Forza del Destino" has provided an important general pointer to the future of operatic production.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

• •

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When I think of the dead, the illustrious
ones, that is, with their names ringed golden
round a diadem, as at Ravenna,
certain ones of their number, who have joined
the immense majority, where even Katherine Mansfield
lives, what strikes me as hardest of all to grasp
is that each of these, certain of their number,
took a few precious instants to know nothing
more significant than me, perhaps at Oscar's party,
when we stood together, sherry or beer in our hands.
And Oscar himself chatted with me, too,
with that tongue that parsed the famous poem
about the butcher shop, when he saw the oxtail
and, along with its bloody riven ribs
in the window, the fat streaks like frozen clouds.
Immortal, wonderful lights! These lights have gone on
to join the other lights, as on the brilliant string
of aerial wattage over the ten-acre lot of Cadillacs.
And then a second wonder hits and makes me feel
a pathos in my gut. Certain of the living will not budge
or bother speaking, will not waste a moment on me.
They seem so immensely cocksure, more sensible,
pragmatic, than the immortal dead, who spoke to me
before they spoke to Katherine Mansfield, Dante, Homer
(and found out if he was a dozen women . . .).
And yet they are not dead at all, these who waste
no time, who do not speak back when I greet them.
They merely choose, with their time, to cut me dead.

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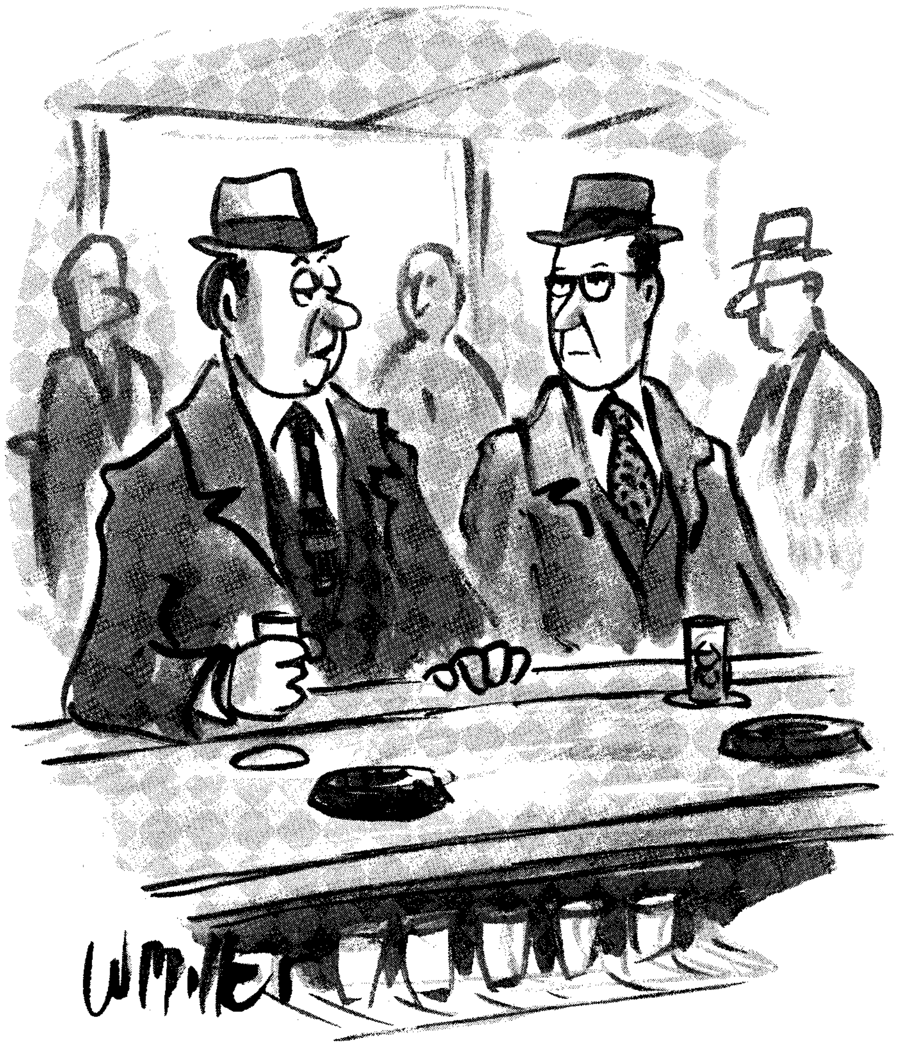
BOOKS

Inside the Ballets Russes

RICHARD BUCKLE'S "Diaghilev" (Atheneum; $22.50) was published last year—one of several conspicuous events that marked the fiftieth anniversary of its subject's death—and Diaghilev consciousness is still rising. The gallery exhibitions, the books, and the television documentaries keep coming, and a movie on Nijinsky's life has just been released, after many years of fruitless negotiation between various picture makers and the dancer's widow. Apart from this general public awareness, there is a new scholarly interest in Russian cultural history and the part played in it by the ballet. The so-called Silver Age of Russian culture—roughly the last decade of the nineteenth century to the end of the First World War—is under renewed critical speculation as Serge Diaghilev's period of emergence. The ballet was in flower: the final masterpieces of Petipa and the first ones of Fokine were being created. But it was Diaghilev, though his connection with ballet had been tentative at best, who took Russian dancers abroad, chose their repertory, and made their name. Because the Ballets Russes remained in exile, the tendency of Western commentators has been to evaluate its achievements in isolation from the country and the epoch that formed them. Richard Buckle isn't unmindful of the historical background, but the new scholarly trends haven't touched him. His early chapters have the thin, "special" credibility of English Chekhov. Besides, it soon becomes evident that Buckle is infatuated at least as much with the celebrity of those he writes about as with their artistry. In an unusually frank preface, he says that he and a colleague cut some seventy thousand words from his original manuscript. Did any of them concern the movements—literary and artistic and, yes, political—that pushed Diaghilev and his circle to a key position among the aesthetes and intellectuals of St. Petersburg? We dimly overhear some large Chekhovian rumblings in the words Buckle quotes from a speech Diaghilev made in 1905:

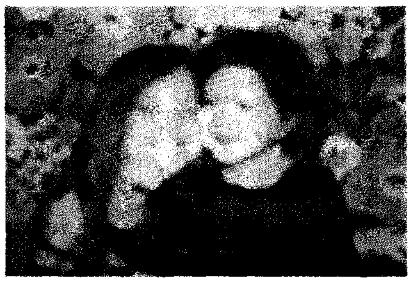
> We are witnesses of the greatest moment of summing-up in history, in the name of a new and unknown culture, which will be created by us, and which will also sweep us away. That is why, without fear or misgiving, I raise my glass to the ruined walls of the beautiful palaces, as well as to the new commandments of a new aesthetic. The only wish that I, an incorrigible sensualist, can express, is that the forthcoming struggle should not damage the amenities of life, and that the death should be as beautiful and as illuminating as the resurrection.

Beyond characterizing it as "most unexpected," Buckle does nothing with this speech but pass it on to us. It's apparently more important to him that Diaghilev knew Chekhov personally, even though it was a slight acquaintance and the letters that Buckle flourishes are probably the only ones the two men ever exchanged.



"All day I was thinking of calling the wife to say 'How's about going out to dinner tonight,' but then I thought the hell with it."

Like most Englishmen who just missed being there at the time, Buckle was profoundly influenced by the impact of Diaghilev's London seasons, by the magic of Diaghilev's name and its appetizingly blackish tinge. Buckle's thirst for aesthetic sensation made him for years one of the liveliest of English dance critics, and he is a good art critic. As a biographer, he falls rather too easily and too soon under Diaghilev's personal spell, but he performs impressively as a connoisseur of Russian painting, and he provides detailed descriptions of the hero's early labors: the magazine *Mir Iskusstva* (*The World of Art*), the epochal exhibition of Russian historical portraits in the Tauride Palace, in St. Petersburg, and the exposition of Russian painting in Paris. *Mir Iskusstva* and the three thousand historical portraits, many never seen before publicly, were meant by Diaghilev to reveal Russia to itself; the show in Paris and its sequel—the concerts of Russian music, with Chaliapin singing "Boris Godunov" at the Paris Opéra—revealed Russia to the West. The following year, 1909, brought Nijinsky, Pavlova, and the first of Paris's *saisons russes* of ballet. There was no turning back to Russia after that. The sequence of events is dazzling, yet we get no feeling of exhilaration or discovery in Buckle's account of it. And though we



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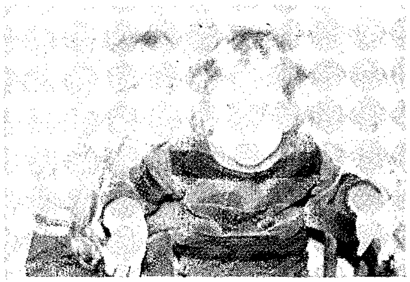

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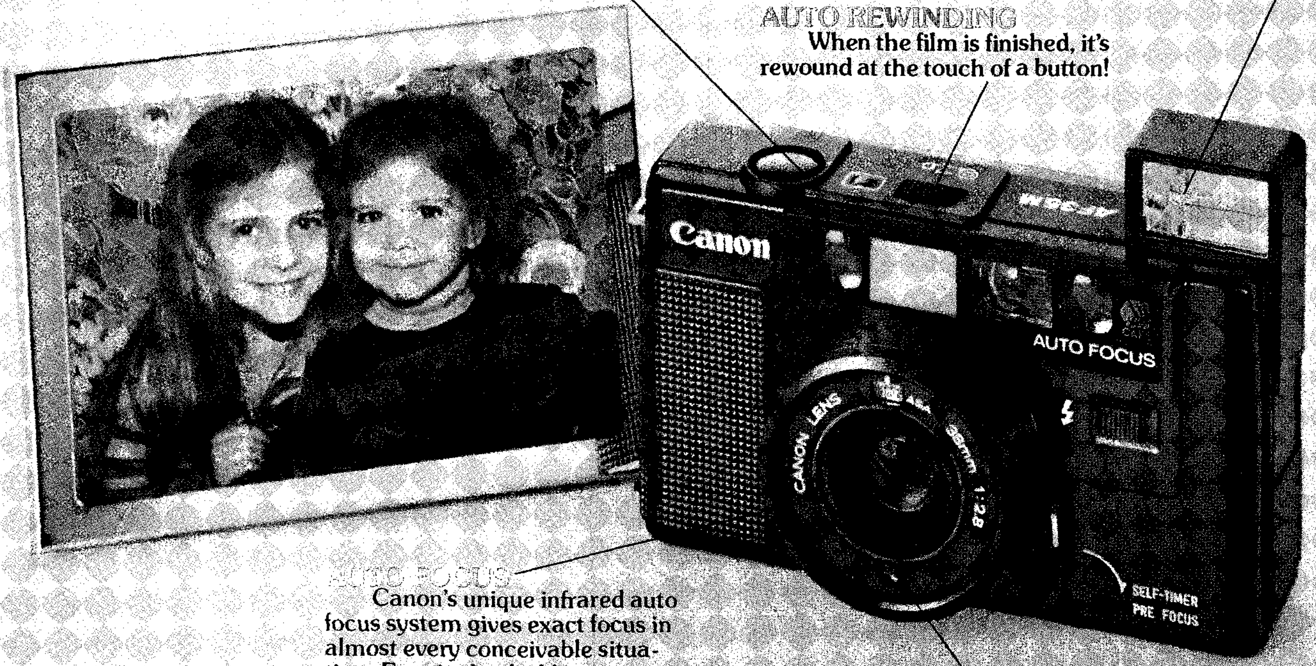

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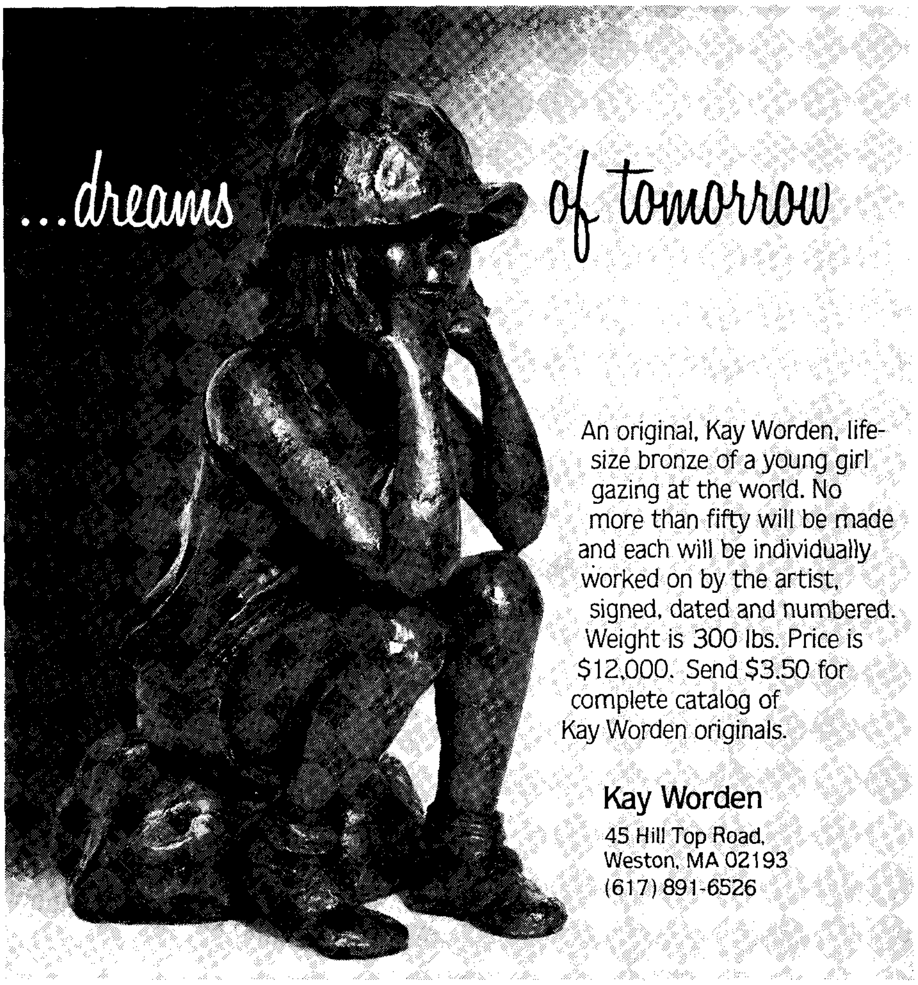
have read of it a thousand times—and Buckle covered it himself in "Nijinsky" (Simon & Schuster; 1972)—the magnitude of Diaghilev's success on that opening night in Paris still comes as a surprise. How did Diaghilev get here, anyway? Between "Diaghilev" and "Nijinsky," Buckle lays out all the stepping stones (there is one appalling reversal when Diaghilev's backer—none other than the Grand Duke Vladimir, the czar's uncle—suddenly dies and the money for the ballet season evaporates on the eve of departure), but the events, no matter how fattened by stratagems and intrigues that have lately come to light, are insignificant without some perspective in which to view them. One has no sense from Buckle of the dimensions of Diaghilev's world, so much smaller than our own. Consequently, it is never clear how an upstart from the provinces—Diaghilev was a distiller's grandson from Perm and, as Buckle assures us, "of no consequence in St. Petersburg"—seized the right to export the capital's main cultural resources. In those days, the flow of ideas within and across national boundaries was contained and stimulated by a relatively small intelligentsia, which had its titled members (like Count Harry von Kessler in Berlin) and its untitled ones (like Diaghilev and Savva Mamontov, the railroad magnate who discovered Chaliapin). Patronage of the arts was no longer the prerogative of the aristocracy. A comer like Diaghilev moved along the aristocratic circuit, although he knew that neither he nor it would last. (That, surely, is the meaning of his toast to the "new aesthetic.") The Great War destroyed forever the system of caste and privilege through which people had possessed and sponsored art; those who tried to operate with a facsimile of that system had obligations far in excess of what it could support. Too far, as time would prove. We cannot read of the *Mir Iskusstva* staff meetings—where an enlightened salon atmosphere was mingled with Old Russian courtesy, where unrestrained and often explosive discussions swirled around the silent nanny sitting watch over the samovar—without envying so many privileges enjoyed at once. And we also feel the fragility of the great dispensation this new élite would bring to pass. Out of those St. Petersburg evenings would come the Ballets Russes, the means by which artists would soon control and almost as soon lose the means of production. We speak nothing but good, these days, of the Ballets Russes. However, if it was the first dance company to constitute



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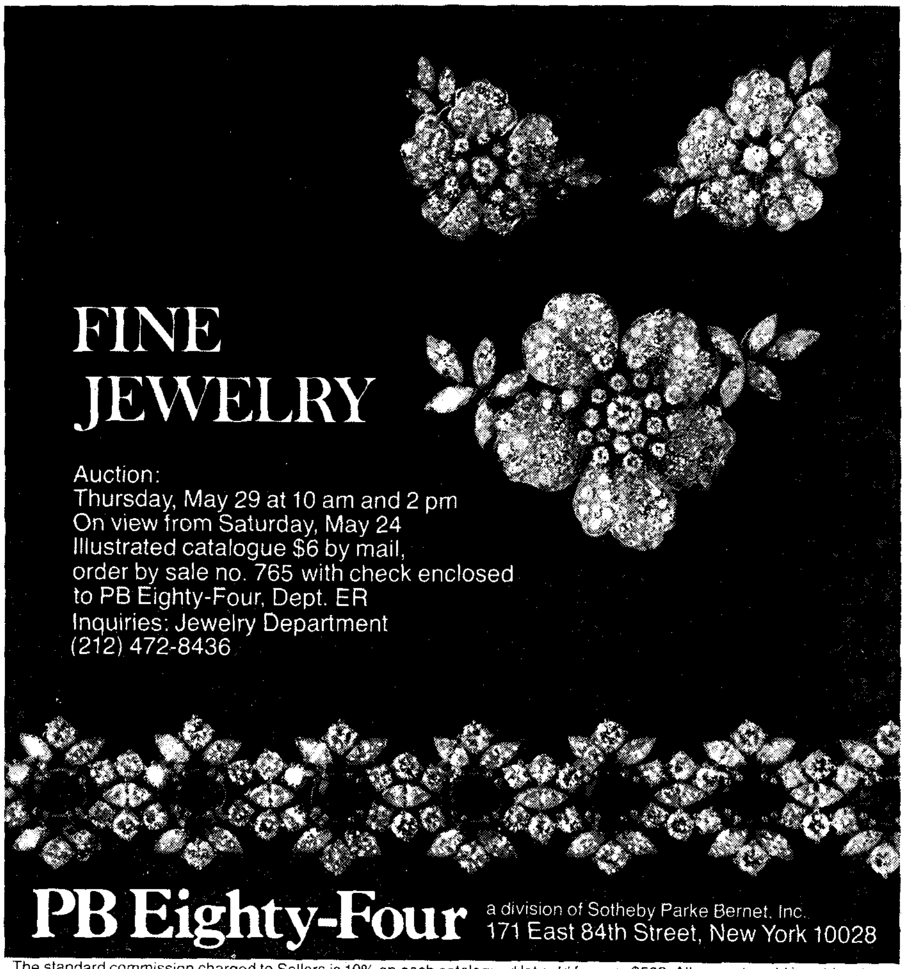
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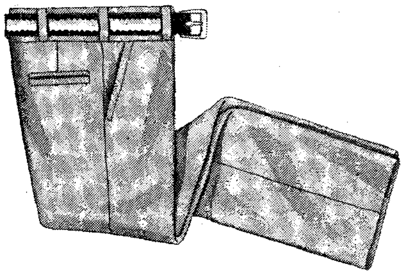

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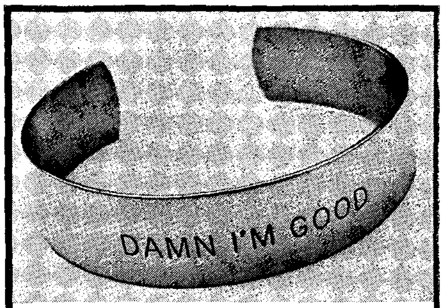

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by Dionne Cole
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itself a vehicle for serious art, it was also the first company to surrender seriousness to constantly changing estimates of what an audience would take.

Without Diaghilev, none of it would have happened. Yet fifty-one years after his death we know very little about this pivotal figure in modern art. It isn't just that he belongs to a sunken world and that all but a handful of the ballets he produced are dead. His letters have never been collected; his critical writings, which are ample, have never been translated. There exists an extensive autobiographical memoir translated from Russian into French by Boris Kochno and from French into English by Richard Buckle; it has never been published. We follow Diaghilev's story, more exhaustively recounted in the Buckle book than in any other; we marvel at the man's abilities. As for the man himself, no sooner have we begun to assemble *this* historical portrait than it snaps together by itself with a wink and a tired smile. Can Diaghilev really be nothing more than the sum of his observers' clichés? He was large, at times fat, and with an oversized head, most often caricatured as that of a bull or a bulldog. As a youth travelling in Europe, he let people think he was a Russian nobleman. He had already acquired a reputation for being dictatorial and ruthless. He called himself a dandy; he was openly homosexual. And this theatrical mixture was inflamed by the gift of hubris. The closest he came to the court appointment he coveted was a minor position on the staff of Prince Volkonsky, the director of the Imperial Theatres. From this post, Diaghilev edited the Imperial Theatres yearbook, making a lavish production of it, and he began to push for the authority to mount ballets. When he was rebuffed, he took a stand and got sacked. Those who saw in this disaster Diaghilev's opening to the West are right; it was his only way out. But how to find it?

Now the biographer must beware, as simple ambition diverges into a complex set of maneuvers. Diaghilev was twenty-eight at the time of his dismissal. It took him eight years of hard work to find the escape route, which lay in exporting the ballet—are we to believe that he never regarded it opportunistically? His mission was to serve Russian art, and he must have seen that to serve Russian art he needed to serve himself. Diaghilev's genius was to know how to do that. He began by casting himself not as a creator but as a catalyst. Assessing his qualifications for the role of impresario, he wrote a cele-

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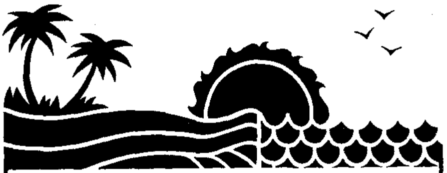

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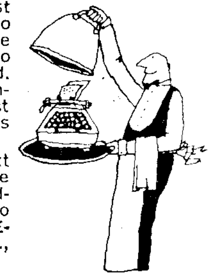

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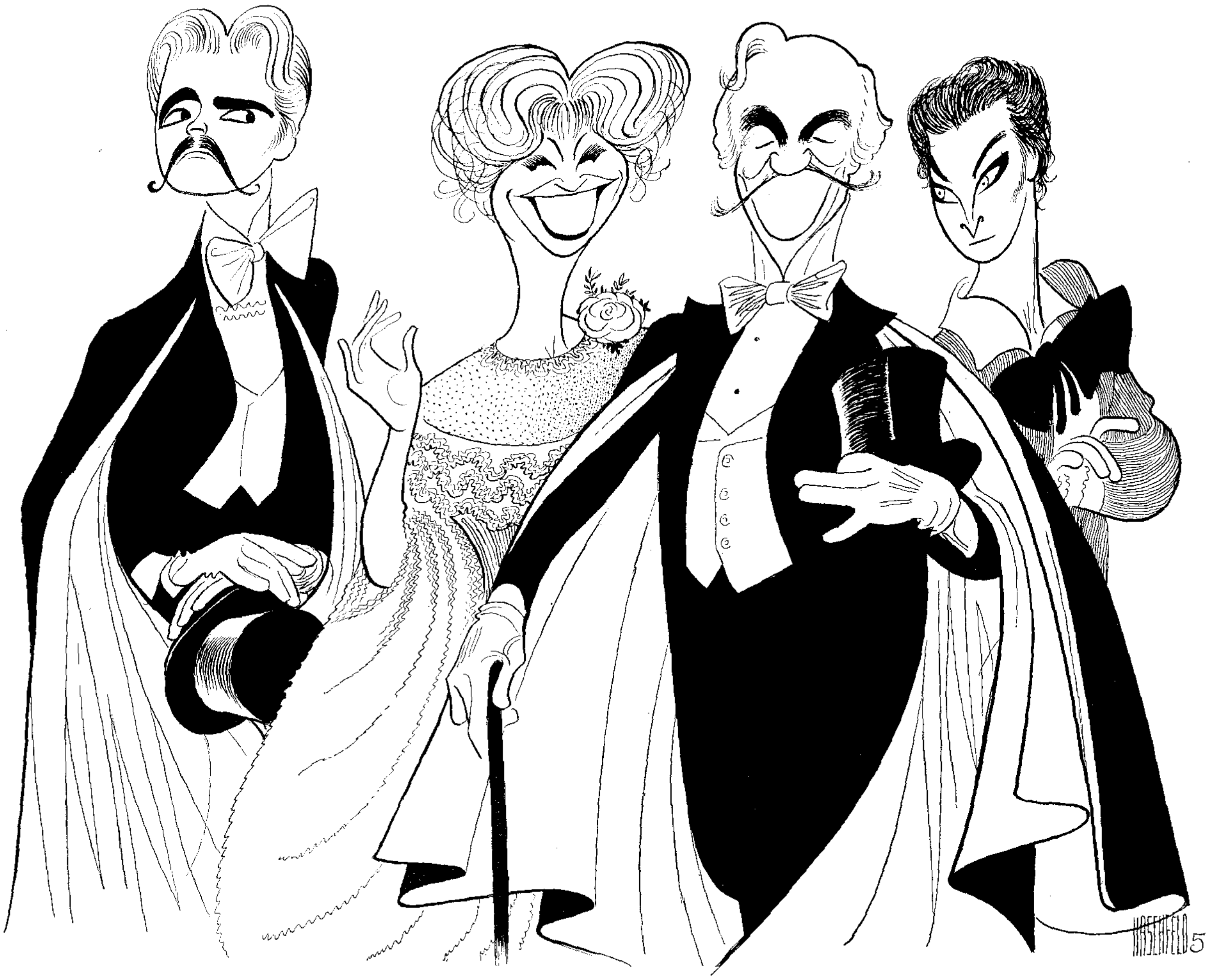

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brated letter to his stepmother beginning, "I am first a great charlatan," and ending, "I have all that is necessary save the money—but that will come." Most writers on Diaghilev cite this cold and witty letter; Buckle does not. He leaves out most of the canonical anecdotes and quotations ("*Étonne-moi!*") and still compiles more than six hundred pages of feverish activity. One feels that for Buckle just the record—facts that haven't yet decomposed into legend—is enough. He writes, "I am a great believer in the importance of dates, being sure that an exact chronology of Diaghilev's movements and decisions . . . must precede an analysis of his states of mind." No one could quarrel with that. But Buckle tracks down so much day-by-day minutiae that the movements and decisions become ends in themselves, and he never gets around to states of mind. Imprisoned within a mountainous bubble of memorabilia, Diaghilev seems loftier, more intransigently mysterious, and more remote than ever.

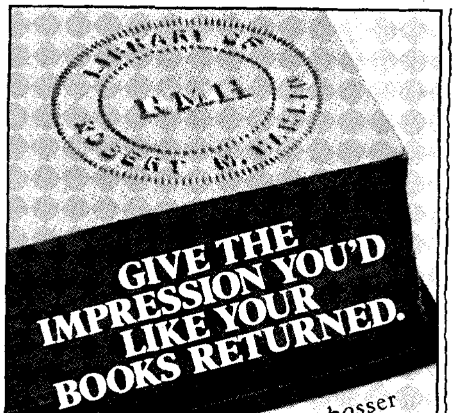
The jottings and cullings hardly ever turn into a line of thought. Buckle has trouble sustaining any single subject for more than a page. Open the book at random and this is what you get:

> Braque must come at once, half-price, to Monte Carlo. Auric must be stopped from coming, as his ballet could not be rehearsed yet, but he must send the score of "Les Matelots." (But Auric arrived three days later, all the same.) Idzikovsky wanted to return and would be free from the end of April: Diaghilev would take him back on the same terms as before. Who was to conduct at Barcelona at the end of April? The conditions of Defosse were absurd. Nuvel must enquire about Inghelbrecht and Baton. Was Ansermet free?

Or this:

> Diaghilev stayed about ten days in Florence, talking to Sitwell and lunching at Montegufoni. They also lunched once or twice at Fiesole and Sitwell took him to see the gardens of the Villa Gamberaia. Diaghilev, Kochno, Lifar and Berners went out to lunch with Contessa (Mimi) Pecci-Blunt at Marlia near Lucca, where photographs were taken among the statues on the stage of the open-air theatre. Balanchine and Dukelsky arrived together on 14 September.

This sort of thing makes the book heavy going, even though it is a light read. Big movements and decisions are difficult to distinguish from little ones. When Buckle writes that "the second turning point" is at hand, we can't remember what the first one was, and he doesn't remind us. A text so lacking in synthesis, in interpretation, can still



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be useful: future biographers will refer to the million and one checkpoints assembled in this source book. Even so, they will have to reckon with numerous small aberrations. Buckle is a name-dropper. The Ballets Russes avalanche of names is not enough; on top of *that* he dribbles names that don't even make news. The Ballets Russes plays Spokane, "where Bing Crosby was growing up." (The company played Boston, too, where Lincoln Kirstein was growing up, but although that fact would have made more of a point Buckle doesn't mention it.) Trying for historical breadth, Buckle can be bewildering. He gives us the bloodlines of the society folk who were Diaghilev's patrons. He interweaves the early part of Diaghilev's story with that of Mathilda Kschessinskaya, the politically powerful assoluta of the Maryinsky, with no apparent objective other than to prove that she wasn't the cause of Diaghilev's dismissal. The climax of one of the last pyramids of trivia is the request (refused) of a Mr. A. Eumorfopoulos that a performance of "Petrushka" be rescheduled so that he might see it on a certain day. We have to assume that this person, not otherwise identified, is nobody, and that Buckle has mentioned him *because* he is nobody; among the glittering names, he's there to amuse us, like the delivery boy who is invited to stay for the party. In 1954, Buckle organized a Diaghilev exhibition that drew a hundred and sixty-five thousand spectators in Edinburgh and London. He later wrote a good book about his experiences, "In Search of Diaghilev." When it came to the writing of his two ballet biographies, he seems to have relied on documents and their juxtaposition in much the way he would have in setting up an exhibition. In place of showcases, spotlights, blowups, and other techniques of differentiation and dramatization, he provides the reader with nothing—only the sporadic murmur of the tour guide telling us when to move on.

UNTIL Buckle's "Diaghilev," the standard biography in English had been "Diaghileff: His Artistic and Private Life," written by Arnold Haskell in collaboration with Walter Nuvel, a Diaghilev associate. Cyril Beaumont, in a stream of critical articles and reminiscence, has given the most reliable seismographic indications of the impact of the Russian Ballet on the British. Tremors have been registered by the Sitwells. The Bloomsbury crowd, who we know attended the ballet—John Maynard Keynes even

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married Lydia Lopokova—wrote comparatively little about it, but they seem not to have dissented from the prevailing reaction, which was one of thrilled fascination. The Russian Ballet, it seems, became popular with the general public more quickly in London than in Paris. By 1927, Ralph Vaughan Williams was complaining of "that dreadful pseudo-cultured audience." (Even if the composer was peeved by Diaghilev's rejection of his ballet "Job," Buckle should not have let the comment pass without investigating its validity.) If the annual volume of memorabilia printed in books or sold at auction is an index, Diaghilev's grip on the British imagination is still powerful. One reason may be that his name is almost an anagram of Svengali. He is seen today much as he was seen in his time—as a manipulator, charming or deceitful, of those under his spell. One has never had to know much about the inner workings of the Ballets Russes to cast Nijinsky as Trilby. And after the break with Diaghilev, it was in London that Nijinsky's first attempts to create for himself failed. Returning to the Ballets Russes, Nijinsky tried again: "Till Eulenspiegel," with décor by Robert Edmond Jones, was produced in America without Diaghilev; it was a distinguished work, but it was never seen abroad. The rumor grew that Nijinsky was a puppet whose strings had been dropped. In both England and America, the popular view of Diaghilev may have been influenced by John Barrymore as Svengali. By the time Haskell's book came out here, in 1935, Barrymore, then the greatest actor in movies, had also played a Diaghilev-like promoter (in "The Mad Genius"), in the same oily style. Diaghilev's personality as we know it is more Noël Coward suave than John Barrymore unctuous; still, it's unquestionably a star personality and almost fatally subject to lurid definition.

Like all men—producers, publishers—who fulfill themselves through the work of other artists, Diaghilev can never entirely escape suspicion. The most powerful contribution to his villainous reputation was made by the publication in 1933 of Romola Nijinsky's biography of her husband. Romola's death, two years ago, lifted a few veils of discretion from the work of biographers, but Buckle writing about Diaghilev in 1979 is unable to produce many more revelations than Buckle writing about Nijinsky in 1972. The sober historian finds no basis for the charge of the aggrieved wife that Diaghilev exploited Nijinsky and then destroyed him out of homosexual vengefulness. Neither can he prove that Nijinsky, once he left Diaghilev's side for Romola's, was ever less than totally faithful to her. The plain fact of the matter would appear to be that the Diaghilev-Nijinsky affair wasn't that sexually charged to begin with. What, then, did destroy Nijinsky? The temptation to blame Diaghilev has not been entirely avoided by Vera Krasovskaya, Nijinsky's latest biographer. In "Nijinsky" (Schirmer; $15), the malign influence is exercised largely in the creative realm. Krasovskaya writes of Diaghilev:

> It was he who opened up the Elysian fields of artistic creativity to Nijinsky. And it was he who took away Nijinsky's sense of inner freedom, his independence. *From the very beginning the relationship* was an unequal one; Nijinsky (to quote the proverb) had to eat out of his hands. The more clearly Diaghilev revealed, both for himself and for others, the dancer's precious artistic nature, the more he constrained Nijinsky's human nature, and, involuntarily, stimulated the seeds of a disease that perhaps need not have taken root.

This is a bit fancy. The causes of Nijinsky's schizophrenia can hardly be attributed to the abrasions of a classic master-disciple relationship. We can believe, as Krasovskaya does, that Nijinsky played out some of the humiliation of that relationship in "Petrushka" without having to take offense on his part. But Nijinsky seems to have been strangely susceptible to strong-willed persons who could organize his life. He may never have experienced the inner freedom that Krasovskaya says Diaghilev took away. When, later on, she says that "for all her genuine love of Nijinsky, the solicitous Romola became a hindrance to his art," Krasovskaya makes more sense. Nijinsky's fate seems to have been shaped as much by the passivity of his character as by his illness. Romola replaced Diaghilev as his mentor, but she could not offer him the life as an artist that he had led with Diaghilev, and Krasovskaya believes, as many do, that his breakdown was brought on by separation from his art. First, as an enemy alien he was confined by the war to his wife's country, Hungary. Then, when he returned to the Ballets Russes, he suffered from the back-seat status his marriage consigned him to in Diaghilev's eyes, especially now that there was Leonide Massine to be nurtured into a great artist.

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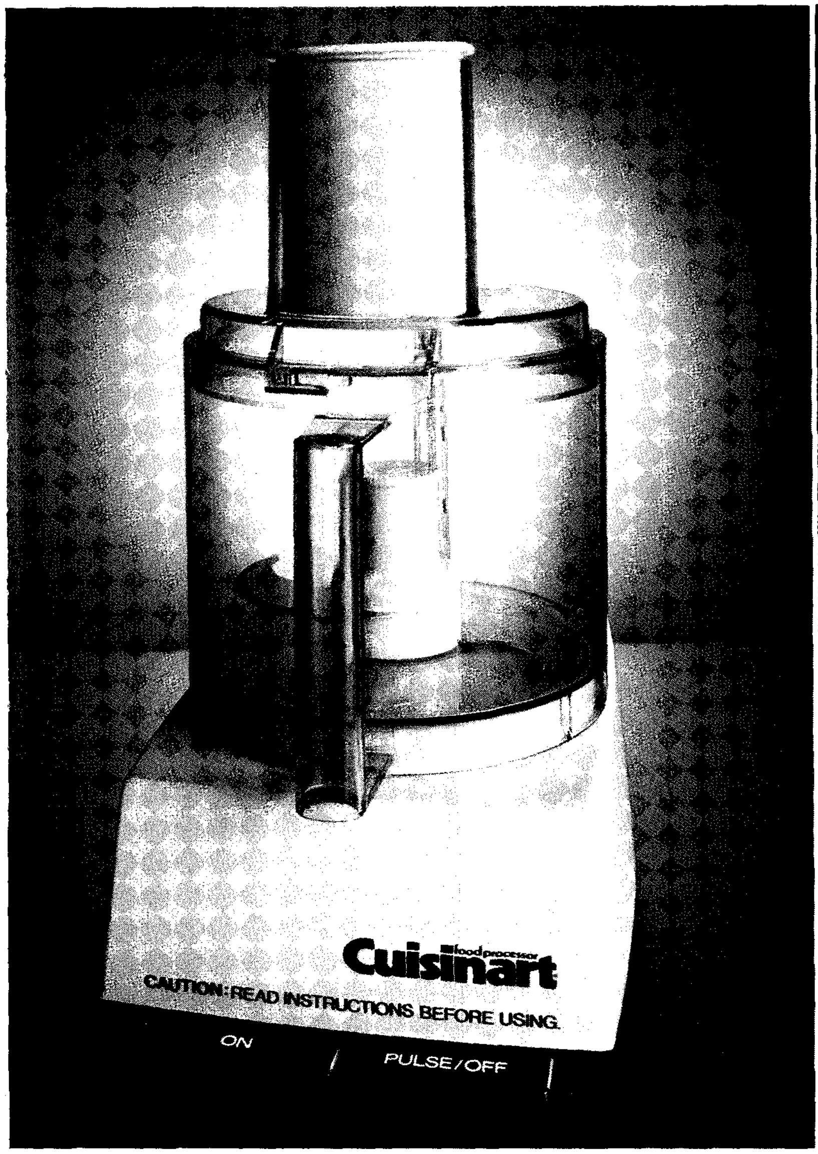

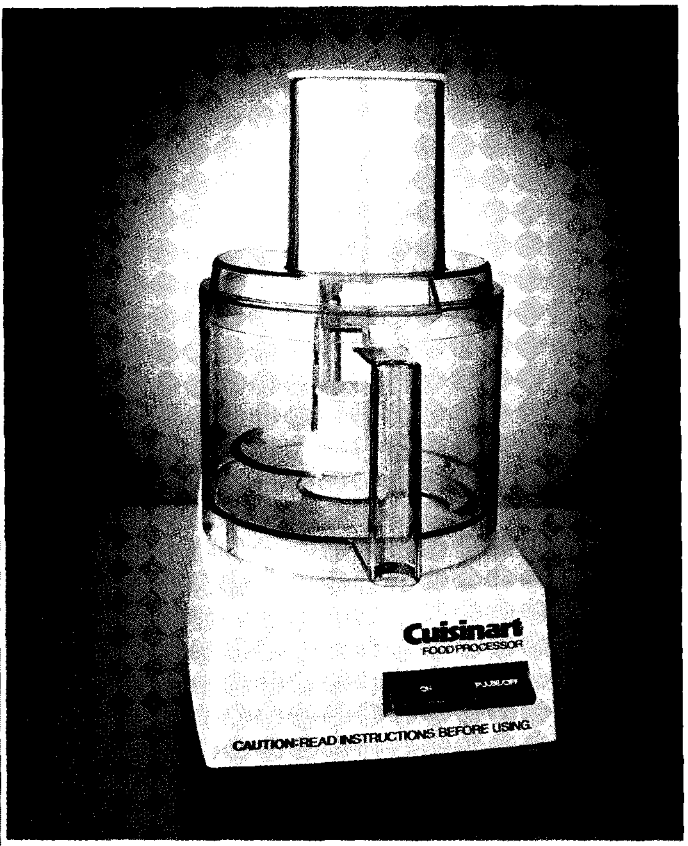

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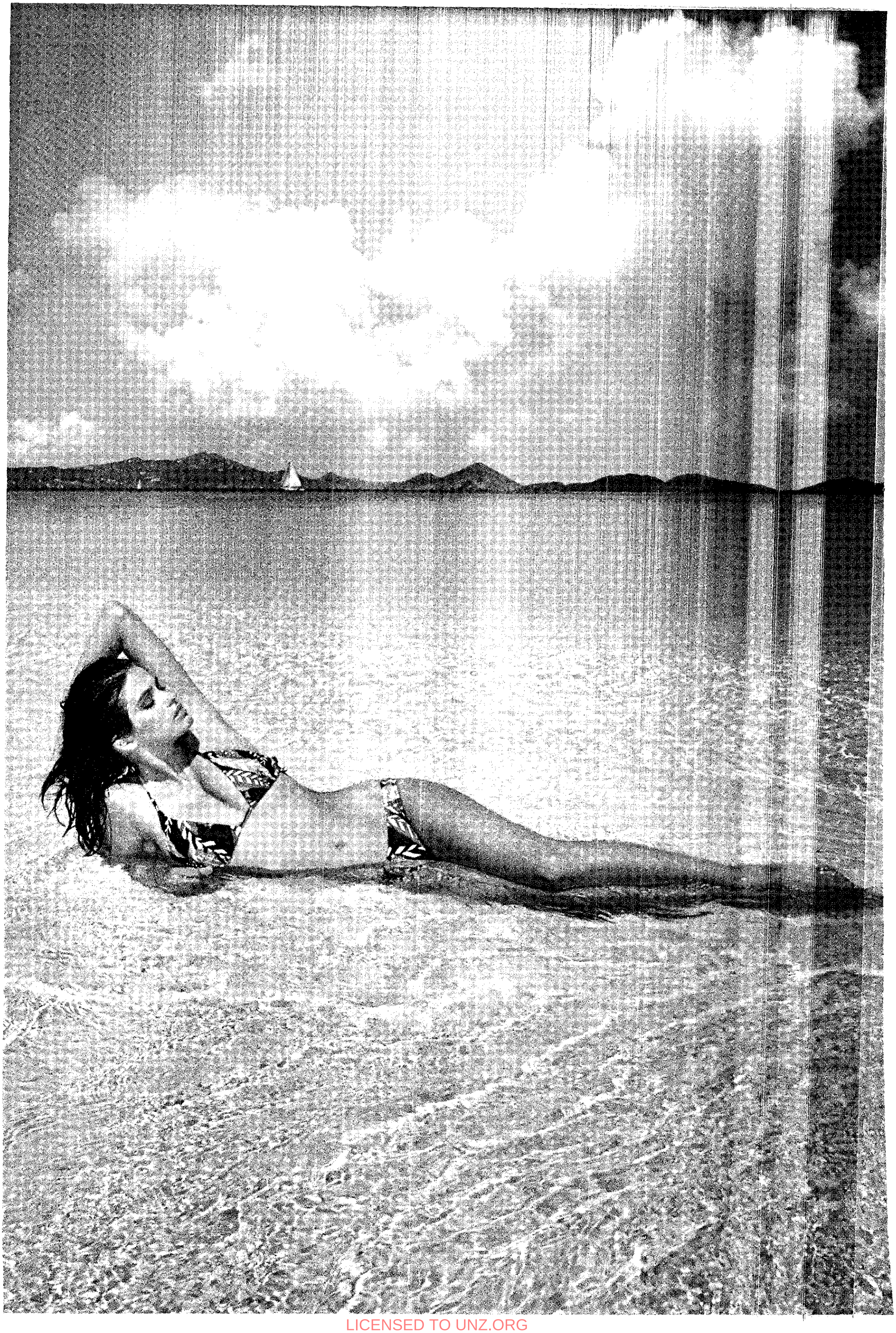

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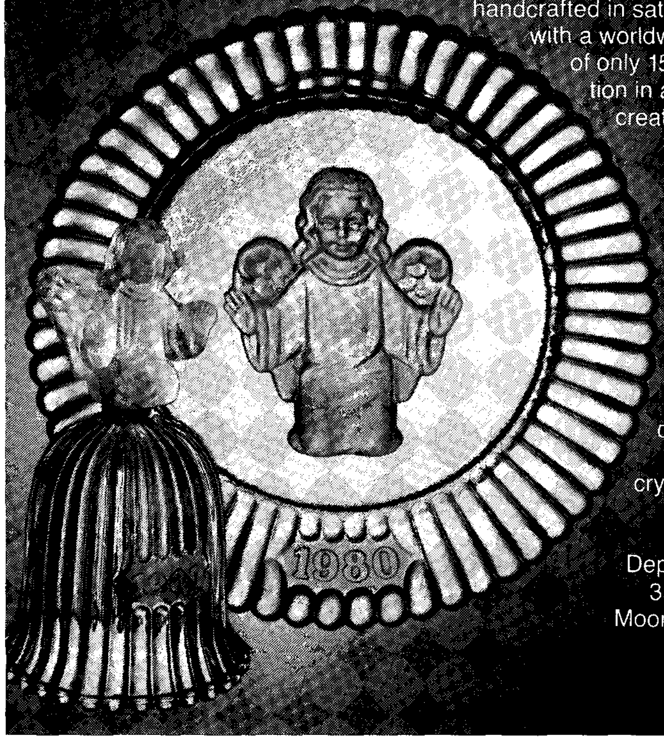
y to have been monstrous—both comial and dangerous. (When she sees he conspiracy of a homosexual Cominern in the initial rejection of her husand by Diaghilev's circle, she's right t least about the pervasiveness of the ejection: even Stravinsky, who was ot homosexual, fell in with it.) Diahilev had reason to be jealous of vomen around his men, and he could e savage when threatened. The story f how he enlisted detectives to tail Massine and Vera Savina during their ecret affair, and how, when proof of nfidelity was obtained, he had the deectives strip Savina and throw her aked into Massine's room is told in nany versions. In Buckle's version, it s Diaghilev himself who strips Savina, irst getting her drunk, and the whole pisode is only a bit of hearsay. The tory should have been either substaniated or laid to rest; it is the worst ncident of Diaghilev's violence I have eard of. (He once threw Bakst bodily ut of his apartment.) Too bad that Buckle, who seems to have interviewed very survivor of the Diaghilev era and sked all the embarrassing questions, lid not query Massine or Savina, who ecame Massine's first wife; both were live at the time the book was written.

Buckle's book is not so much about Diaghilev as about what others have hought of him. In another strange assage, he refutes Misia Sert's allegation of "Bacchanalian orgies" by saying, "She may have implied drink, drugs or boys, but it was against Diaghilev's nature to drink to excess and he was not promiscuous." Which leaves drugs. And on this Buckle is silent. It was part of Diaghilev's function to give scandal, as he was well aware, and he must have tolerated a good amount of evil gossip; it didn't hurt business. In Paris, he gave artistic scandal, saying of the "Sacre du Printemps" riot, "Just what I wanted." Although, as Buckle notes, he immediately became the leader of Paris's gay underworld, that was neither here nor there. For Diaghilev, the homosexual life was, among other things, a way of moving with extra speed within the tight intercontinental world of the prewar years; that is what it may have meant for Nijinsky, too, when he was first taken up by the elegant Prince Lvov and then passed on to Diaghilev. Prince Volkonsky, Count Kessler, Jean Cocteau: consciously or unconsciously, these men and others formed a chain that was to be Diaghilev's route to fame, and Nijinsky's right along with him. In England, too, there were contacts, but English society as a whole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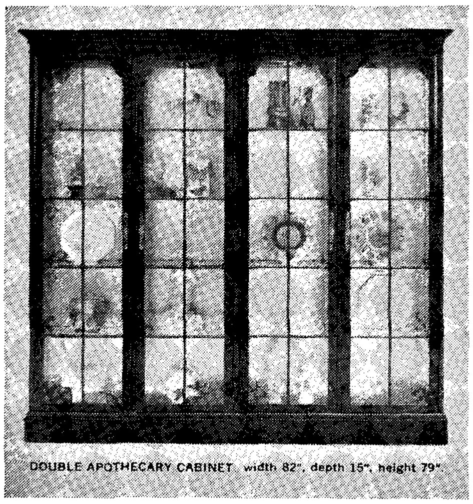
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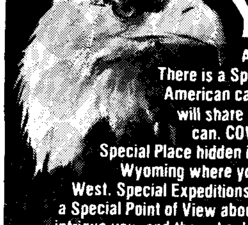
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was almost too generous, too welcoming. Small wonder: it was paying Diaghilev reparations for its treatment of Oscar Wilde. Of the two capitals that courted the Russian Ballet, London may not have been more vehement than Paris, but it has proved to be far more possessive. As custodians of the Diaghilev image, Paris has only his former lieutenant Boris Kochno, who writes too little, and Serge Lifar, who writes too much. Whatever Diaghilev may have felt privately about his English patrons—he appears to have remained fond of England—it was the Paris audience he worked for right up until the end.

That came suddenly in 1929, of complications following a diabetic attack. He was a worn-out old man of fifty-seven. As his life's work, he had taken upon himself the ordeal of seeing modern ballet through its first twenty years. A virtue of Buckle's crushingly detailed, workaday chronicle is that it cannot help showing us Diaghilev as the vagabond, beggar, and desperate man he must often have been. Krasovskaya's book tries to get at the truth about Nijinsky by going to the opposite extreme. She writes in a romantic, quasi-fictional style, entering people's minds and reporting conversations that neither she nor anyone else can have overheard. Vera Krasovskaya is Russia's most respected ballet historian. This, the first of her books to appear in English and, by all accounts, the least typical, is a monograph disguised as a docudrama. For all the highly colored prose, there is a core of reality which is not found in any other book on Nijinsky's life. Krasovskaya has imagined the whole career as a logical progression of events shaped by creative ambition. She is careful to say when that ambition is Diaghilev's and when it is Nijinsky's. She shows exactly how the Diaghilev repertory grew out of the Maryinsky one. She gives us a concise picture, hitherto unseen by Western eyes, of the great dancer performing for his home audience both before and after the triumph in Paris. She lacks the critical weaponry of a Lincoln Kirstein (whose "Nijinsky Dancing" located the dancer's career among the phenomena of modern art), but then she has written her book as if in defiance of distinctions not only between criticism and biography but between biography and fiction. Some of her conclusions may be overwrought, but they are not foolish; a pity she chose to compromise them by her method. In spite of that choice, though, and in spite of John E. Bowlt's artless trans-

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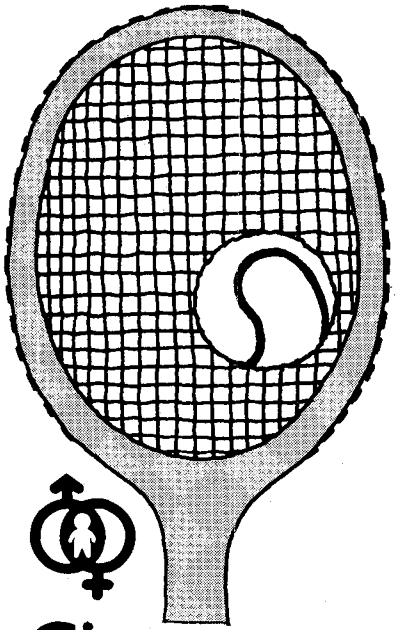

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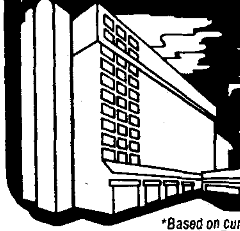

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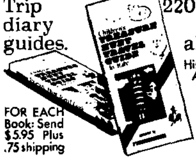

ation, her "Nijinsky" is a reliable uide to a life the full truth of which an never be known. The final testiiony has already been taken, in the iary that Nijinsky kept after he had one mad and after he had entered pon the religious passion that replaced ancing in his life. Romola's edition of he diary appeared in 1936; last year, he complete manuscript was sold at uction. If the expurgated portions are ver published, they can only give us nore of Vaslav Alyosha Karamazov Nijinsky—more of his tortured spirit. Even the obscenities that they are said o contain are not inconsistent with his iew of himself as "the clown of God" r with the priapic images that ran hrough his choreography, from the Faun to Till, and from the escapades f "Jeux" to the primitive rituals of 'Le Sacre du Printemps."

Although only "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" survives to be seen by audiences oday, Nijinsky's reputation as a choeographer stands very high, and his rtistic personality is not obscure. It is he nature of that personality, I think, ogether with the known facts of his ife—his affair with Diaghilev, his mariage and its consequences, his mental llness—that arouses unappeasable inerest. Because this artistic personality f his is of a piece with his life, it coninues to seem sensational to us. Niinsky made the relation between the lancer's sexuality and the dancer's art bsolute. Yet Nijinsky was not Isalora—or, rather, he was Isadora uoyed by the formidable apparatus of he Ballets Russes, its pool of dancers, ts collective wisdom. If the trilogy of 'Faune," "Jeux," and "Sacre" has ny biographical meaning at all, it is iography of the orgasm: at first selfnduced, later consciously manipulated hrough the piquancy and perversity of ntimate relations, and finally a vast nd sweated communal seizure, with leath and life occurring together in a hattering rhythm—what Jacques Rivière called "the terrifying labor of the ells." In all this, Nijinsky may not be eflecting his own sexual progress so nuch as responding to the pressures of is time. It was an age of revolution, nd in his own way he was as much a rophet as Marx or Freud. One may ay that the ballets form a parallel to Nijinsky's sexual life (adolescent soloist joins human race, fathers two). In "Sacre," though, there is also an opening out into the political world. Four years later, the individual destroyed in the name of the race would become the apocalyptic message of the Russian revolution. Indeed, the première of "Sacre"

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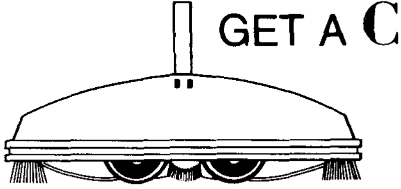

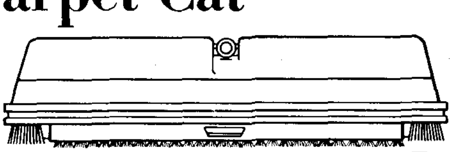

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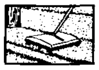

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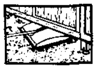

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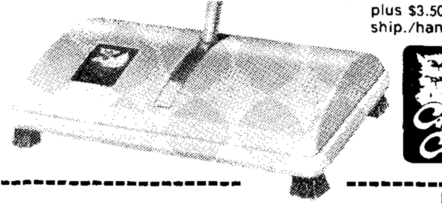

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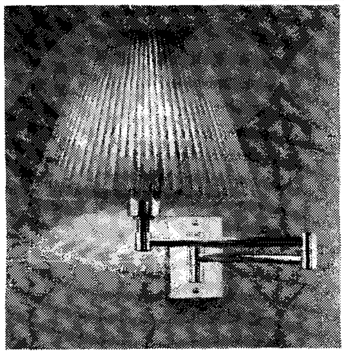

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came on the eve of the greatest bloodbath in history, in which that message would be ratified. Stravinsky's music (and, we must suppose, the choreography that went with it) can be interpreted as a sign that the end of civilization was at hand; yet, of course, it is also a purely musical prophecy. It seems that in that moment art was enormous—globally important, visionary—in a way that it has never been since. But if art was enormous, it was surely also true that the world to which its vision referred was not yet our megaworld. Today, all that is forgotten. We see the achievement of Stravinsky and Nijinsky largely as one of redesigning the art of dance; the sense of a new design has stayed with us, whereas the metaphysical impulse for it has not—and could not be recaptured even if, by some miracle, the choreography could be restored.

Nijinsky's diary, which records his obsession with the war, reminds us that if he had enacted fantastic and exotic creatures (the Golden Slave, the Blue God, the Spirit of the Rose) in many of the ballets that were made for him by Fokine, he himself was a man who had lived and danced in the real world. His next ballet after "Sacre" had been the saga of Till—Petrushka as revolutionist. The notion that a ballet dancer could be part of the intellectual history of his time is starting to seem less absurd to us than it once did, although the current film about Nijinsky is content to give us the standard movie portrait of a tormented and, in this case, homosexual genius. Truffaut once said that intellectuals recognize in movies only their own kind of meaning. The same might be said of intellectuals and ballet. Nijinsky was not an intellectual, therefore he did not *think*, he only suffered. Well, yes, he was not an intellectual. He was an idea.

Nijinsky's appearance offstage was nondescript, and he was a poor conversationalist, so he seems to have had few friends among Diaghilev's brilliant Parisian followers. Misia Sert might have understood him; she, too, was a Russian-born Pole, and she had an uncanny instinctive sympathy with the artists of her time, especially composers, but she considered Nijinsky "an idiot of genius"—not for cultivation. It was another Polonaise, Marie Rambert (born Miriam Ramberg), who drew close to Nijinsky and helped him in his work. Misia Sert, wealthy, influential, talented, was Diaghilev's handmaiden: she was there when he needed money for his first Paris season; she was ther when he received the telegram announcing Nijinsky's marriage; she wa there in Venice when he died. Gifte with musical insight (she had been piano prodigy) and a sense of the moment, Misia was more to Diaghile than a patron and a confidante; sh was one of his closest advisers—th only woman member of his cabinet—and a factor in the creation of some o his most important ballets. Misia Ser would have been a presence if Diaghilev had never invaded Paris. With th Ballets Russes as a focus for her energies, she became a force.

In "Misia" (Knopf; $16.95), Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale hav composed a full-length biography of woman who profoundly affected th cultural and social fashions that w have identified with Paris since the century began. The authors do not minimize her centrality and her importanc to Diaghilev. At the same time, th light and brittle tone with which the carry off their multiple and often flash tales of the Belle Époque makes u slightly uncomfortable in Misia's presence. Instead of the tolerant muse o Upper Bohemia lying back on he cushions as trays of dizzying anecdote are passed, she begins to seem a bright tart lady who would bring us to attention with a rap of her fan. That contradiction, to be sure, may be traced t Misia's own character. She was assertive and supine, glamorous and indifferent to glamour, a troublemaker an a diplomat, frivolous and serious, righ and wrong. She was, in short, a woma of passion; there was about her nothin of the spartan conviction that migh have been expected to animate a ric woman who pledged herself to art. The picture of her and Diaghile laughing conspiratorially in a trai compartment, which is printed both in "Diaghilev" and in "Misia," tells u much about the appeal that she held for him. Misia was a hedonist; pleasure was the source of her dedication, as it was of his, and it was what made both of them infallible and vulnerable at the same time.

Misia, born Godebska, the daughter of the sculptor Cyprien Godebski, married and divorced three husbands, which alone would have made her a cynosure. The last of these, the Spanish painter José-Maria Sert, was the one she loved best. When he fell in love with the young woman who would be his next wife, so did she; she could let neither of them go. Just as one longs for Virginia Woolf to

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have written about the Nijinsky whose mental affliction so closely matched her own, one wants Colette on the private life of her friend Misia. Proust portrayed Misia, in her social role, as Mme. Verdurin, the risen bourgeois hostess, and, though not the historical Mme. Sert (Proust used Misia also as the basis of Princess Yourbeletieff), it is this Mme. Verdurin-Sert whom Gold and Fizdale capture and who turns out to have the most meaning for us. Born in the same month of the same year, Misia and Diaghilev arrived just in time to propel the democratization of art into creative efflorescence, and Misia also assisted at the birth of a new social élite. Perhaps her greatest triumph as a hostess was the introduction into Parisian society of a peasant-born tradeswoman named Chanel. Unlike Diaghilev, Misia lived on into old age, but she was nearly blind when she died, a morphine addict mourning her lost loves. (According to Gold and Fizdale, Diaghilev sniffed cocaine.)

The many glowing full-color plates in "Misia" testify to the productivity of this singular muse. At the end of the book, the woman who sat for Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Vuillard, and Bonnard is photographed: a thin, rather tough-looking old lady in a sailor hat and sling-back pumps. She is standing in the Accademia Museum in Venice; her gaze is bleak. The times she saw, the work she inspired have long since become history. Yet her photograph—it is by Horst and helplessly a fashion photograph—shocks us; for all that we have been told, we cannot take her measure. What is it about Misia, Diaghilev, and their world that inspires intimacy, even vulgarity, in commentators? Because they reduced art to fashion and knowledge to taste, are they never to be taken seriously? Is the history of which they were a part to remain scandalous forever? Gold and Fizdale, the famous duo-pianists, are excellent gossips; probably no one else could have done this very necessary first study of Misia as well as they. But it is getting late. The old woman in the sailor hat has been dead for thirty years. We must stop hoarding and start sifting the ruins. —ARLENE CROCE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DRAGON'S VILLAGE, by Yuan-tsung Chen (Pantheon; $10). This autobiographical novel describes the efforts, in 1951, of an enthusiastic troupe of young Shanghai cadres, proudly sporting their new "soldier-style" jackets and caps, to carry Mao's theory of land reform to a remote village in a northern province. The story of their trials and errors features several fine portraits of the village's womenfolk (including an aging virgin, widowed on her wedding day, and a woman of ill repute nicknamed the Broken Shoe) and some striking scenes in which the cadres discover that the rural proletariat has never heard of Marx, Abraham Lincoln, or Chiang Kai-shek. From the start, the narrator (a teen-age girl who graduated from a Catholic missionary school) is wary of the village's "unexpected strain of anarchism and violence," and when it erupts in vicious attacks upon young girls and old men, she fears that she and her comrades are largely to blame. This is an unusually frank and perceptive chronicle, marred only by monotony toward the end, when Miss Chen (who worked on various land-reform campaigns in China for twenty years and now lives in California) begins to give equal weight to every recollection.

THE OLD JEST, by Jennifer Johnston (Doubleday; $8.95). The narrator of this slim novel is an Irish orphan (mother dead, father vanished), just turned eighteen, who lives with her fussy aunt and her doddering grandfather in a rambling house by the sea. Her thoughts and feelings are, not surprisingly, in turmoil: she may be in love with a young man who may be in love with someone else; she takes pleasure in flouting her aunt's injunctions about bare feet and bad manners; and she looks everywhere, all the time, for a clue to her father's identity and whereabouts. Then she meets a middle-aged man camping out on the beach—using a hideaway of hers—who seems both learned and wise; his erudition and his acquaintance with local lore seem at odds with his shabby costume and nomadic situation. It is at some point during the series of meetings that follow (even before she carries a package of his to Dublin and returns with a message) that the reader realizes that this is not an exercise in Freudian analysis but a tale of the Troubles in Ireland during the nineteen-twenties. That references to English soldiers and terrorist bombings do not in themselves date the action is an interest-

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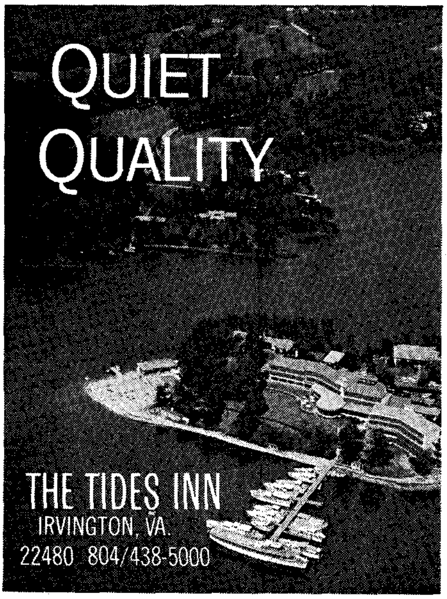

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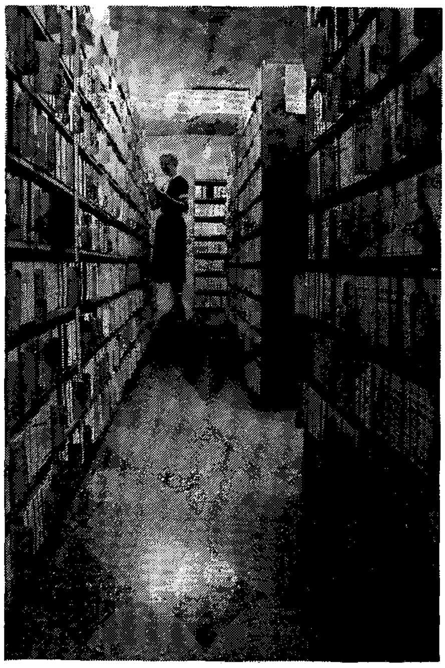

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ing twist, but the disparate alliance on the beach remains an implausible vision.

GENERAL

History of the Idea of Progress, by Robert Nisbet (Basic Books; $16.95). In this thoughtful and original reading of Western intellectual history from its beginnings to the present, the author finds that the ancients did indeed conceive of progress and were *not*, as is commonly thought, convinced that the world was steadily degenerating from a past Golden Age; that dominant Christian thinkers, like St. Augustine, also viewed the improvement of mankind here on earth as both likely and desirable; that Renaissance thought was pessimistic partly because it overvalued classical achievements; and that belief in progress, *returning with* the Enlightenment and the nineteenth-century awe of science, was almost invariably linked to some kind of faith. Mr. Nisbet attributes the current recession of belief in progress to Westerners' decline of confidence in Western civilization, and to a decay of religion. However, he forecasts a serious religious revival in this century. Throughout, he sees progress as a gradual, steady, incremental process building upon past progress, rather than as an overnight transformation or a radical break with the past, and he insists that the religious emphasis upon the unity of mankind was—and remains—essential to any vision of progress.

Island in Time, by Olga Carlisle (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). Olga Carlisle is the well-known author ("Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle") and translator. In the summer of 1939 (when she was nine years old), she, her mother, and her baby brother left their Paris suburb (an enclave of Russian émigrés of Socialist persuasion) for a holiday on the island of Oléron, off the western coast of France. Within days of their arrival, France was at war with Germany. In the months that followed, Olga's father and a number of other relatives managed to join them on the island, as did several hundred German troops, who paraded around, bought up the island's provisions, and set about constructing fortifications on the beach; everyone remained on the island until 1945. Oléron was no pretty resort, but the young Mrs. Carlisle grew to love its

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rugged beauty and to consider it her home, as émigrés and natives, young and old, joined in schemes to harass the Germans and to contrive meals and clothes from their own dwindling supplies. A pretty and pushy woman, a friend of the family, is at the center of the story, because she was the object of Mrs. Carlisle's instant and thorough dislike—for good reason, as it turns out: she alone of the émigrés collaborated with the Germans for the sake of her own comfort and security. This is an enthralling story; the island seems a microcosm of Europe, and Mrs. Carlisle a microcosm of the island, as she learns to see herself as a relative among relatives and a neighbor among neighbors.

AUTHORITY, by Richard Sennett (Knopf; $10). A brief study of an issue that has steadily become more acute since the decay of the traditional hierarchical, primarily agricultural, and inherently patriarchal society in which most of mankind lived until about two hundred years ago. Mr. Sennett is both exact and wide-ranging; he uses concrete studies of real families, say, or of existing businesses to demonstrate the misunderstood nature of authority, its abuses, and the unwholesome demands upon it and responses to it. The recognizability of these case histories—their everyday Americanness—makes his larger generalizations about political dependence and authority the more persuasive. His style is admirable.

THE FATE OF THE DOLLAR, by Martin Mayer (Times; $15). This is not easy reading for the nonspecialist, but Mr. Mayer is as lively as the dismal science allows. He begins with the economic decision, made after the Second World War for essentially political reasons, to let the dollar become an international currency—a policy whose perils, it appears, were foreseen by only one economist, Robert Triffin. As Mr. Mayer points out, fashions in economic policy vary as they do in hemlines. The dollar's problems have arisen from a complex of misjudgments (like the midiskirt), which include our inability to change economic policies in response to changing circumstances. Foreigners, Mr. Mayer believes, are only partly responsible for our present difficulties—despite their restrictive trade practices, their willingness to let Eurodollars run wild, and, of course, their raising of oil prices, the finan-

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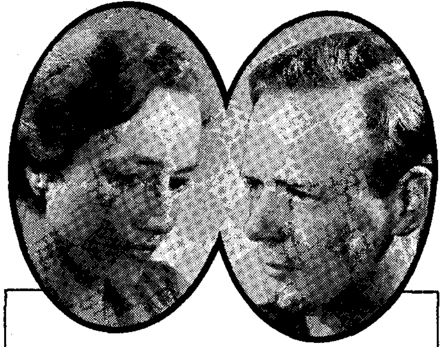

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cial community of nations to which we belong has, by and large, been supportive in recent years. It is also true that our institutional arrangements—such as the openness of our securities markets—have made us at once attractive and vulnerable to foreign speculators, but Mr. Mayer thinks that the difficulty of the dollar has a national, or domestic, component in that we have been following a fashion in economic thought that stresses distribution and assumes that production and productivity will take care of themselves. The next decade's fashion may well be Puritanism: austerity and hard work.

Iwo, by Richard Wheeler (Lippincott & Crowell; $12.95). Iwo Jima, a five-mile-long island about seven hundred miles south of Tokyo, was the first Japanese soil invaded by the Americans in the Second World War, and the five weeks of fighting over it—February-March, 1945—saw some of the most intense combat in history: 20,000 Japanese dead, 28,686 American casualties, including 6,821 killed. This account of the battle is by a military historian who, as a Marine in the famous Easy Company that raised the flag on Mt. Suribachi, was wounded on Iwo Jima and saw the entire action at platoon level. It is first-rate. With the coöperation of former combatants in Japan, the author has been able to give us a good idea of what the battle looked like from the Japanese side: the Japanese soldiers, from the commanding general down, he says, were convinced they would never leave the island alive, and their only resolve was to kill as many Americans as possible before dying themselves, as a foretaste of what would happen to an American invasion of the homeland. Many photographs, taken by both sides during the fighting.

•

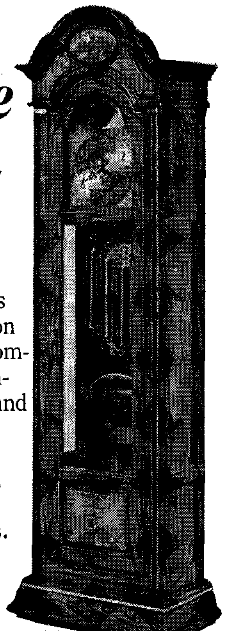
The Harvard doctors were not sure why saccharin makes rats sick but not humans, but they speculated the reason may simply be that rats are different from people.—*Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.*

It takes a Harvard man to put two and two together.

•

Deaf viewers with the special decoding device will see the picture with the captions; to others the TV picture will appear exactly as it does not.—*Boston Globe.*

Hmm. A step forward.



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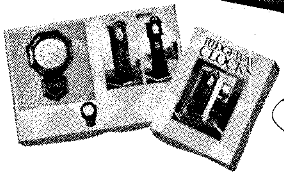

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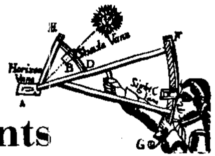

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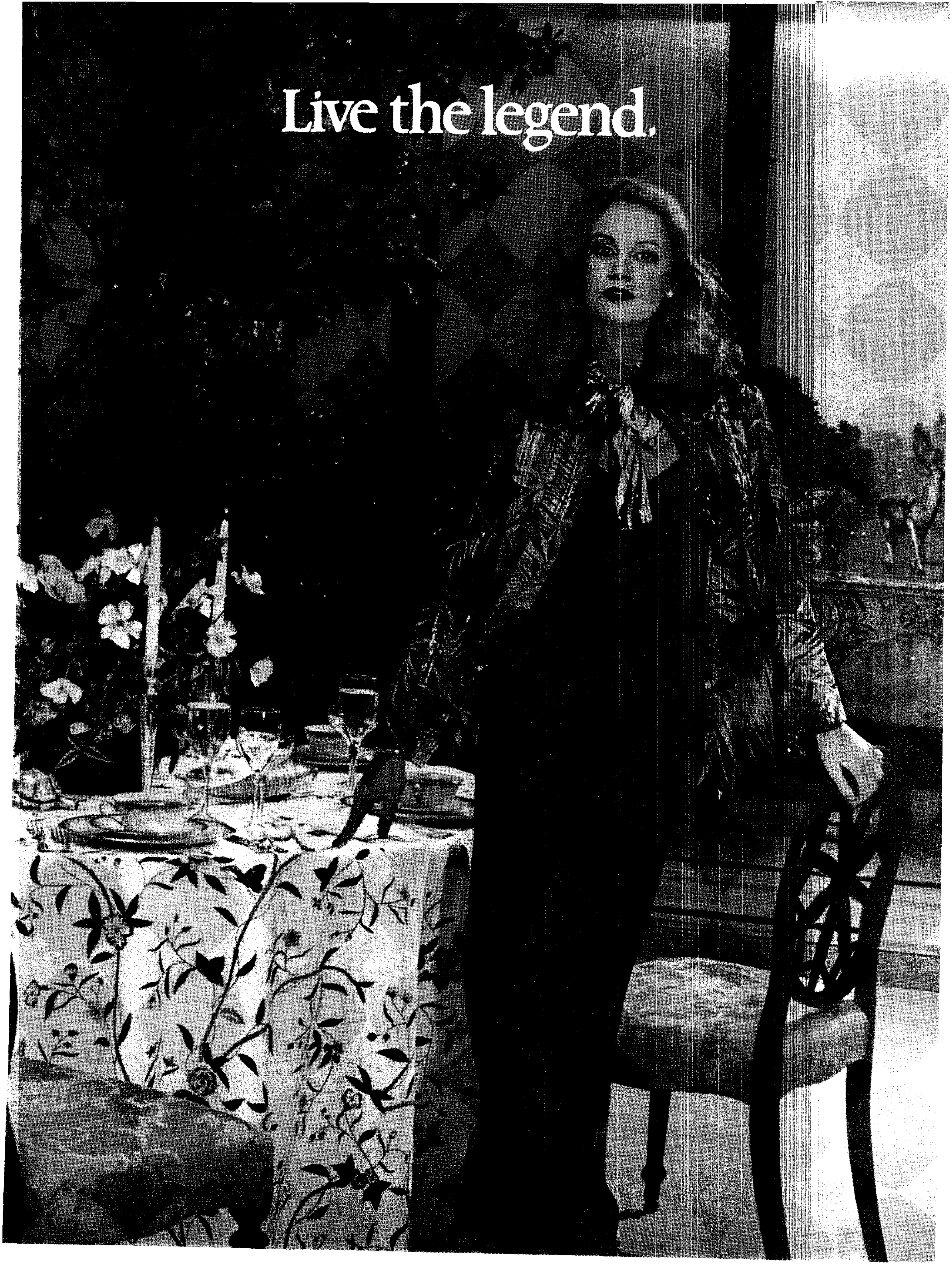
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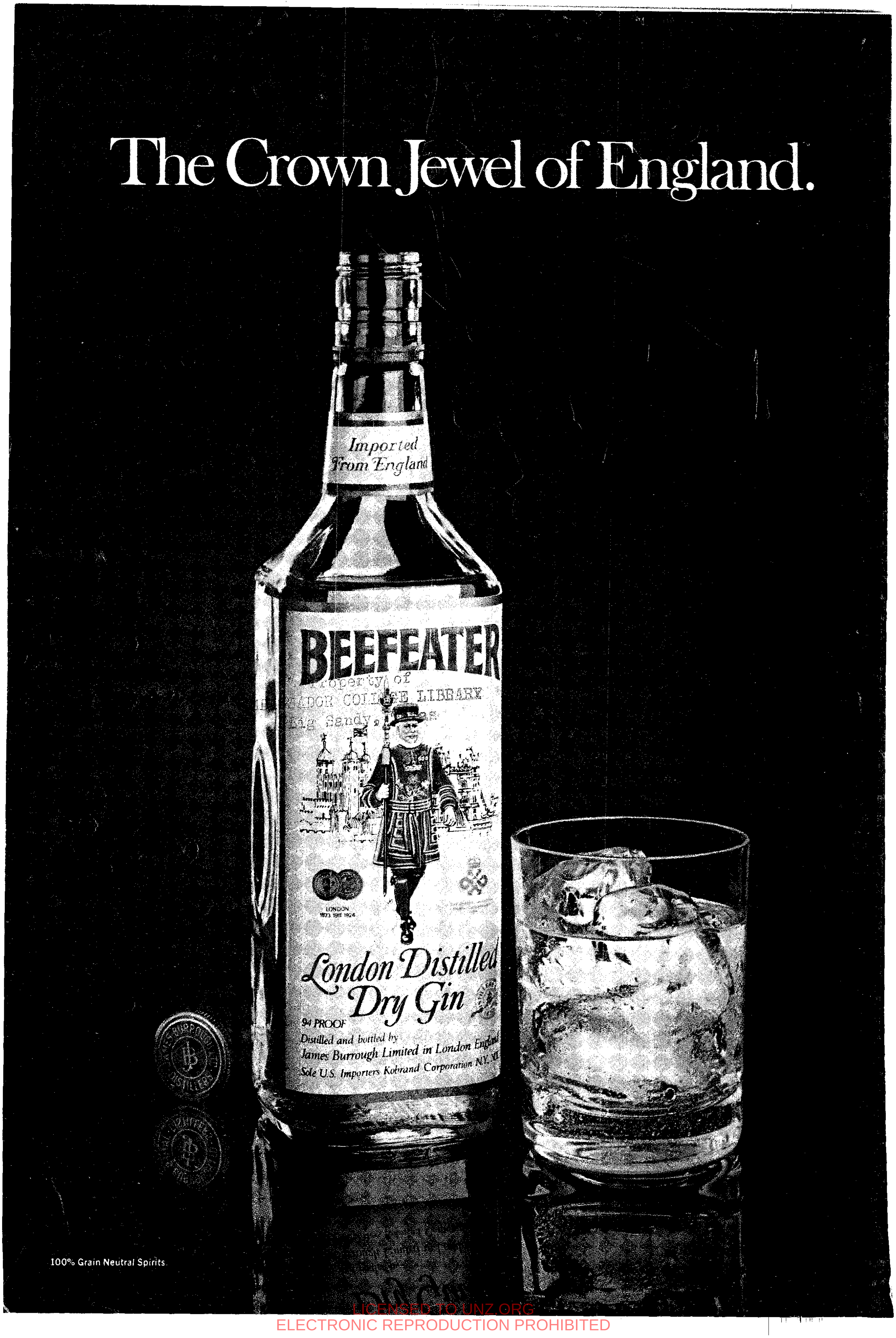
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